

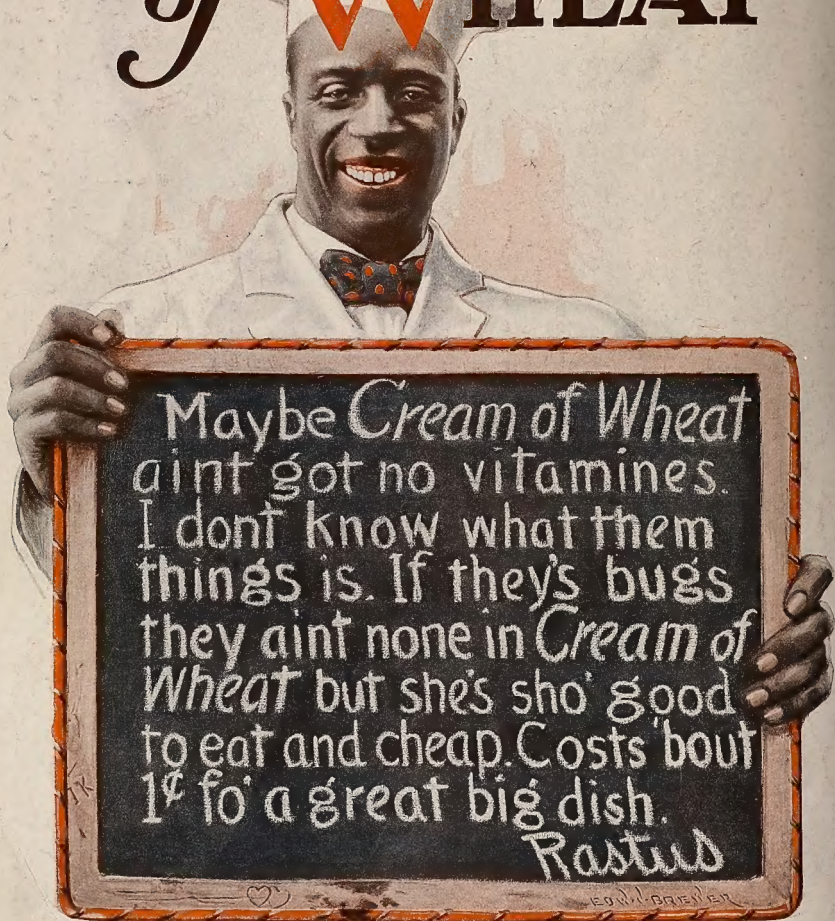
THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
PICTORIAL REVIEW



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DECEMBER 1921
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aint got no vitamins.
I dont know what them
things is. If they's bugs
they aint none in Cream of
Wheat but she's sho' good
to eat and cheap. Costs 'bout
1¢ fo' a great big dish.

Rastus

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Edited by Arthur T. Vance

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December, 1921

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Dec. 31

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S BIGGEST JOB

Let Us Be Good Citizens First Before We Begin to Worry About Politics

BY MRS. THOMAS G. WINTER

President of General Federation of Women's Clubs

THE greatest duty of American women is to become citizens, not politicians. We should learn to know the difference. The politician is one who sees public affairs piecemeal, in terms of his own interests, or the interests of his organization, his locality, his business. The citizen is one who regards society as a unit, a whole. Aristotle said, "The state is a natural understanding of friends." Emerson said, "Civilization is the power of good women."

Government and society are primarily great human organizations, and as such their only permanent basis lies in the kindness, and decencies of human relations; or, in other words, the mutual understanding of friends. Law and order continue to exist only when hatred and distrust justify kindness; the wall revolutions sweep governments into the dust-heap and a new structure has to be built up.

During the past year or two the civilization of which Emerson dreamed has become an actuality. The power of good women has been realized and it is under test. It is for us to answer as to what kind of civilization we are going to make in the use of our new power.

I believe that if this power we have acquired—the power of the good women of America—is, in truth, to be a civilization-saver, it must be because our citizenship goes back to the old standard set by Aristotle, and establishes in America a mutual understanding of friends.

If we women are to save civilization we must recognize and realize that citizenship is a far bigger thing than a study of the structure of government, or even than the agitation for better laws. These things are only the corollaries of the huge proposition.

We are in great danger of overestimating lawmaking in this country. What the United States needs more than she needs laws—many, many times more than she needs laws—is the law-abiding spirit. When this spirit permeates the letter of the law we shall have order, but not before. In the old club days we women used to meet and pass resolutions and think we had done something. Now we know better. We call our resolutions our "working program." Much of our lawmaking parallels that old resolution-making, for the statute is a dead letter on the printed page unless the community mind and heart think and beat in accord with the law.

The note of warning I would sound to women's clubs everywhere is that the new citizen should not dissipate her energies. Big things do need doing in this country of ours, and we need our full strength if we are to do them. Let us select the major matters and concentrate on them; work for the laws that we need most, always conscious that our chief job is to stir into activity that great dormant public conscience which is the final voice that cries "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not!" We women are learning that citizenship is a harder thing than we first thought. It goes down into the very roots of life, but like all great things it is worth the price of energy and wisdom and love that it demands.

IF America is going to become like unto that state of which Aristotle dreamed—a mutual understanding of friends—we organized women have a very definite relation to the dream, for we are a great cross-section of American womanhood. Into every lonely little town, into every big city our organization reaches. It embraces the rich and the poor, college women and those who have missed the advantages that education brings, radical and conservative, Republican and Democrat, prohibitionist and anti-socialist, Catholic, Protestant, and Jew. We all belong. We respect our differences, but we feel our unity. Our women are the broad-based, solid, clear-thinking, clean-living mass of home women.

Some of us are interested in the agitation for laws and legislative reforms, and these the spotlight turns and the public fixes its eye. But behind these few comes the push of the millions—keen vocal, less

spectacular, but none the less powerful in its effect upon public life and public thinking. East and West, North and South the great mass of home women organized into clubs are doing that more fundamental work of citizenship, *creating the law-abiding spirit*, without which the spotlight's labors would be in vain. Slowly but very steadily the whole mass of women are getting away from the piecemeal view of public responsibility; slowly but very steadily they are growing away from the local view and the group prejudices. More and more women are seeing the whole problem as a national problem.

We club-women have watched the little self-culture clubs begin to reach out into community life. We have seen small groups grow and merge into larger groups. Town clubs have come together in county organizations, and counties have stretched forth their hands until the States have realized their interrelations as expressed in the national federation. Each step has marked a change in psychology, and each step has been a definite contribution toward the realization of that dream of a state as a mutual understanding of friends—that foundation upon which every true national community must build.

EVERY destructive energy in the United States is working to create hatreds and misunderstandings. We begin to look askance at our fellow as we walk on the streets, as we work in factories and mines, or buy and sell in the market-places. Everybody is inclined to knock the other fellow or the other group. We who are nominal believers in democracy are talking more about classes than we are about "we the people." Every faction is like a knife carving deep into the structure of the nation. The only cure lies in the alization in America of a state that will be, in fact, a mutual understanding of friends—nation-wide friends. And if the understanding is really to be reached we women have very much to do to bring it about.

Our club work would mean little if we were simply a huge organization. But the coming together of a million or two of us women with our many minds, our many interests, and our many experiences makes of our organization a great healing social agency. Our clubs have many little manifestations, many little absurdities, but on the whole they are big, not little; broad, not narrow; good, not bad. And these clubs are transforming the point of view of this myriad of women from that of the local politician or the gang to that of the citizen.

First of all we women citizens must face with open

mind this old world dressed in new garments which may look fantastic to our eyes. Age-old and long-accepted things are disappearing and in their places strange and perplexing forms appear. Old standards are dropping away and we are living in a time of upheaval that taxes our faith and our strength to the utmost. When we wake up in the morning and say, "Good morning, Old World! How are you?" the Old World seems to reply, "Mighty sick!" Mobile-minded we must be, and not stupidly sure that the past is the yard-measure of the future.

IN a town in the Middle West in the year 1828 a school board passed this resolution, "You are welcome to our schoolhouse to discuss reasonable matters, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are rank infidelity. If God had intended His people to travel at the frightful rate of fifteen miles an hour it is a device of the devil to lure immortal souls down to hell." Blessed are they who realize that there is no vitality without movement!

Yes, mobile-minded we must be; and yet we must not forget to hold fast to the fact that while the froth and waves on the top change their form, there is nevertheless a permanent and invincible and steady current below the surface.

We were told long ago that the test of democracy lay in its ability to create a great public. We women are half of that public. If we are to do our full duty in making the test of our democracy positive, we must familiarize ourselves with the wisest thinking of our time and translate it into terms of our common life. This is why every club should be both a study club and an active club. Study without relation to living is stultifying, and activity without information and wisdom is apt to be dangerous.

The outlets of our activity are many, but the same principle lies behind them all. Some clubs are working on one phase and some on another. Here we find groups developing community spirit as against the gang; there are clubs facing the citizen's test of the educational problem; here we find organizations relating the activities of art and literature to the life about them. Others are interested in the family with its complex of readjustments in sex relations and relations between parent and child. Some are deep in the agencies working toward public health or the surroundings and laws that touch women and children in industry or the newer conceptions of the home. Many strands there are to this club life of ours, but all are wrought into one cord.

Our federated women's clubs, perhaps more than any other organizations of women, are free from sex antagonisms. The clubs are made up of wives and mothers and often grandmothers who have always regarded life as a joint job for men and women. While the mass of them are suffragists, they feel that the suffrage fight was not a contest of women against men, but the tug of forward-looking men and women against backward-pulling men and women.

We club-women feel that our problems are, in essence, race problems rather than sex problems, and we believe that they are problems to which all of us must give the best energies of which we are capable.

Let us avoid waste—waste of energy most of all. And how much energy can be wasted in antagonisms! The great majority of our problems to which all of us must give the best energies of which we are capable. Let us avoid waste—the most spectacular perhaps, but still only one—manifestation of the forward march of women. They believe that the vote was won not only by those who agitated single-hearted for suffrage alone, but also by that great army of women who have made good in medicine, in education, in literature, in theology, in industry. This again is the citizen's and not the politician's point of view.

We believe that, in the last analysis, making good in the various activities of our club life will be the final test of the quality of our citizenship. Let us first become good citizens before we think of being politicians.



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A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. WINTER

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Look for the Name "Schoenhut"

With Schoenhut Toys in all good stores, no mother need put in the hands of her child carelessly conceived or cheaply constructed toys that break a few days after Christmas; toys with paint that comes off; toys that confuse the child's growing thoughts. Every Schoenhut Toy means education cleverly interwoven with amusement. Look for the name "Schoenhut" which appears on every toy or package.

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A new feature this year is a Schoenhut All-Wood Doll with movable eyes so firmly pivoted that they can't come out.



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Eclairs are filled through a slit cut
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You can fill the shells as you use
them.

The paste for eclairs is made sim-
ply by beating flour and eggs into
boiling water and shortening.
There are no tricks of mixing and
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tered as in making pie crust.

The only thing that requires espe-
cial care in the making of eclairs
and many other fine holiday pas-
tries is the selection of the short-
ening. It must be rich, so that the

pastry will be tender. It must be
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Crisco is the choicest vegetable oil,
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CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making



BRIGHT WHILE IT LASTED

A Christmas Poem by ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

EVEN the Little Christ's Star—Bright Star of the East,
Can not emblazon a Perpetual Feast!
Neither by any Miracle of the Near or the Far
Can Man reproduce for himself a Celestial Star!
But why fuss?
Fume? Feet?
Work yourself into a huff?
Merciful Heavens, Man! Isn't it enough
That for almost two thousand years of Work? And
Worry?
And War? And Tears?
For one brief Night at least that little old Star of the East
Is still so amazingly able
To kindle the Ten-Cent Tinsel Star
On your teeming table?
Merciful Heavens, Man! Isn't it a hunch
That out of 365 days—the whole drab bunch,
There is one Gay Day at least—one Day of Frolic and Feast
When you can be tired to death without being ugly?
And in debt without worrying overmuch about it?
And under obligations to strangers without sweating?

NOW take that Chauffeur of yours, for instance;
You're more than half convinced he's a crook,
And beyond the matter of grease-cups and gears
He hasn't an idea in his head
Except cigars! And more cigars! And more cigars!
And Movies! And more Movies! And more Movies!
That when he asked for twelve hours off
The very day before Christmas,
You came within an ace of firing him then and there.
Didn't you?

And the thing that made him feel so Warm and Shining
All of a sudden
Wasn't at all, you understand, because
You were giving him the cigars,
But because he was giving you the androns!



AND that Cook of yours?—If there ever was a Mutt
in the kitchen!
And mean?—Oh, Lordie!
But the day before Xmas when she heard you rummaging
'round

Through the Sideboard
Bewailing that there wasn't a drop of anything to
Burn in a nice, bright, sniffy blaze
On top of the Christmas pudding,
She put on her black plush coat
And her green feather boa
And hiked 'way off across the city somewhere
To see a cousin of hers who "usually manages
To keep a drop of flavoring on hand—somehow—
somewhere."

And brought it home in her muff! Through the Subway!
At the most joggly—jostling hour of the day
Risking the Volstead Act—And the White Wine Act—
And the Red Wine Act
And being shot at Sunrise
And all the other Penalties;
And when you said, "Oh, Katie,
I take it all back about the Iceman;
You can have him come every evening in the week if
you want to!"

She most chewed the corner off her apron.
"Oh, quit your kiddin'," she said.
"But what's the sense of hangin' in the Parson
For fear the Sexton'll run amuck?"

AND the Newsboy out on the street-corner?
Young Imp of Satan! Short-changed you more
than once!

And spit on your new boots!
But when he asked you, Christmas Morning,
About Fishing Through the Ice
And you routed out some old hand-lines for him,
He had a sprig of holly in his buttonhole,
And when you handed him the nickel for your Paper
He said, "Can it, Old Top! This is Christmas!
I'm agivin' 'em to-day to my Regular Customers!"
And just for that second—in the swagger and pride of him,
You were a Kid again!—But he was a Man!

AND the Wife Herself—God bless her!
When you said to her, "Well, Old Lady,
What's the toll this year?
Let me see—last year it was a Rolls-Royce,
wasn't it?"



And the year before that a Trip to Bermuda?
And the year before that a Diamond Pendant?
And the year before that—?"
"Oh, hush!" said your Wife.
"In the whole wide world there's only one thing
That I want for my Christmas
And that of course happens to be
Something that I can't have!
—It's your Saturday Afternoons that I mean,
Same as we used to have 'em
The first year we were married.
—Prowling round old wharves to watch
The Ships come in!
Climbing to Seventh Heavens in
Queer gaudy theaters!
Supping on strange viands to the still stranger twang
Of some old harp or violin!
Kemping out now and then into the
Blossomy Byways!
Laughing our way home together in the late hours,
Still just a little bit incredulous that we had the right!
Plundering our own ice-chest! Plundering—
—But, of course, now—"
"Yes, of course, now!" you said;
What else was there in creation that could be said?
—But Say, Boy!—When you tore all the Saturdays
Out of the New-Year's Calendar
And put 'em in a foolish-looking little envelop,
And handed 'em to her the very first minute you two
Were alone together Christmas Eve—?
—Oh, say—B-O-Y!
Talk about the World being new again!
Talk about young love being the only love!
Talk about—Talk about—!"



As well as telling him once for all just exactly
What you thought of him?
But it was sure of lucky you didn't, wasn't it?
Because he took that day you gave him
And went 'way up-State somewhere at his own expense
And in a train too—which he considers rather slow,
And asked the whole Town over! And the Town next
to that!
And the Town next to that!
To find the Twisted-Top Androns that you'd happened
to admire
In a Junk-Shop Window one day last Summer
When you were Motoring by and couldn't stop
Because of a Thunder-storm.
And when that Darned Cuss brought 'em
Into the Library to your Christmas Morning
Grinning like a Chessy Cat, you were so surprised
That you gave him a box of your Best Cigars!
And just for the flash of an eye—the twitch of a pulse,
You saw that after all he was pretty much
Of a "regular feller!"
And just for that selfsame flash of an eye
And twitch of a pulse he saw, perhaps,
That after all you weren't so far removed
From being pretty much of a "regular feller" yourself!
But the thing that made you feel so Warm and Shining
All of a sudden
Wasn't at all, you understand, because
He was giving you the androns,
But because you were giving him the cigars!



Oh, yes—of course—you're no fool;
You understand perfectly
That by to-morrow morning at the latest
Your Chauffeur will begin all over again
To tell you that you need three new tires—
And you know he's lying!
And by Tuesday, anyway, Katie the Cook
Will have started in once more to
Flavor the Filet of Beef with kerosene!
And by New-Year's that little News Boy
On the Corner
Will most certainly have short-changed you again!
And some Saturday Afternoon long about April
—Just as sure as shooting—
You're going to hand your Wife's New Hat
For no other reason whatsoever
Except that you did so want to Play Golf
With the fellows Instead!

BUT Oh! Go chase yourself! This is a spiel
About how you feasted, isn't it?
Not how you fasted?
Tinsel? And Holly? And the sputter of Little
Candles?

Well, yes—it was bright while it lasted—wasn't it?
Bright while it lasted?



THE SCRIBE

Sing a Song of Sleepyhead

A Christmas Play for Children and Grown-ups

By James W. Foley

Illustrations by Gertrude Kay

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHILDREN			
SLEEPYHEAD	MISS MUFFET	JACK HOSNER	
SANDMAN	TOPEY	PIPER'S TOM	
CAPTAIN KIDD	ORPHAN ANNIE	BABY BUNTING	
BLUEBEARD	BOY BLUE	CINDERELLA	
MARGERY DAW	TOM TUCKER	SCRIBE	
GROWN-UPS			
MISS QUESTION-MARK	OLD WOMAN	SANTA CLAUS	MOTHER OF SLEEPYHEAD

PLAY in rime with well-marked rhythm which is to be emphasized in the reading of the lines. Gestures and movements to be rhythmical and in tune with the rhythm of the spoken lines. Costuming to be in keeping with the popular conception of the characters portrayed. Costumes of the children in the show to be significant of need, to lend the play the only touch of the pathetic it has. Scribe's costume to be of appropriate long coat, knee trousers, silk stockings, and shoes with great buckles, and topped with a powdered wig. Gnome's costume to be of green cloak and cap, shoulders broadened, and tapering down to thin legs in tights, with toes of shoes turned up. Hour-glass about the size of ordinary lantern. Slate to be of papier-mâché, attached with cord that it may be lifted off table and up through window. The accompaniment of rhythmic movement and gesture to the rhythm of the lines makes one of the interesting and fascinating elements of the play. Thus in Sleepyhead's speech,

I've scratched my head and I've scratched my slate
Till nine o'clock from half past eight,
tap smartly with pencil on table at words "scratched," "scratched," "nine," and "half."

In the speech of the ten children on their entrance, We thank you, Ma'am, and we're glad we came, a bow at the word "thank" and another at the word "glad" will mark the lines with rhythmic gesture.

THE PROLOG

[Enter Scribe from wings, with parchment and quill pen, and reads.]

SCRIBE

This is the preface—it goes before
The book you buy in the shop or store;
It's not the tale, for in every kind
Of thing the tale always comes behind.

I bid you welcome and hope you'll stay
To see the whole of our children's play;
I'm sure you'll say when the play is through
That we have acted as well as you.

We're all in place, for we start on time,
And the whole of our play is done in rime.
I'll come and tell when the play is done,
For you might as well be asleep as you.

I'm going now, but I wish to say
We hope you'll like our children's play.
We're not as old as some folks may be,
But if you act nicely, so will we!

[Exit, keeping step with rhythm of verse.]

[Drawing-room scene. Door center. French windows right and left. Large fireplace, corner left. Door left. Easy chairs either side of fireplace. Easy chair inside door, left. Huge settee right center. Dressing-room table right. Window right above. Full clock right corner. Huge wicker basket right center. Easy chair by table. Sleepyhead, with dressing-gown, slippers, sits in easy chair by table scratching his head with left hand, scratching slate with pencil in right. Open book of songs before him. From doorway of window at right above table, face of Gnome peers at Sleepyhead. Gnome has tall cap, gray beard, snow on cap. Full clock marks nine.]

SLEEPYHEAD

I've scratched my head and I've scratched my slate
Till nine o'clock from half past eight—

[Scratches slate vigorously as if computing.]

Oh, sums are such troublesome things!

I wish this old red slate had wings!

I wish it would fly to some place

I can't see.

And stay there forever and not

bother me!

[Yawns. Slate rises slowly from table. Head of Gnome disappears instantly. Sleepyhead looks in amazement as slate continues to rise through the air, and finally disappears through window above dressing-room table.]

Now, would you believe it?

It's gone, I declare!

It flew off the table and up

through the air!

Well, good! ridance to it and

good-by to sums!

[Throws book high in air and lets it clatter to floor. Rapping heard at the door center.]

There's a rap at the door and

I wonder who comes!

[Gets down from chair and marches to door center and throws it open. Disheveled, queer, gnome-like figure, with cap and gray beard and dressed with snowflakes on. Gnome bears an hour-glass, carried in right hand from ring at top. Sand runs slowly through.]

Good evening, Old Fellow, and

who, pray, are you?

My goodness! How funny! And

who, pray, are you?

[Gnome enters with Sleepyhead, sets down hour-glass, and shakes snow from cap and coat. Makes profound bow.]

I'm very well, thank you. I'll just look about.
I won't stay a moment. I'm going right out.

SLEEPYHEAD

If you go so quickly, then why did you call?
I don't understand why you came in at all.

GNOME

You'll know in a minute.

[Picks up hour-glass.]

No, please do not frown.

Just come over here to this chair and sit down.

[Falls with Sleepyhead to chair by table. Sets hour-glass on table. Thus turns with smiling forehead.]

I know what your name is. Your name's Sleepyhead!

It's nine o'clock now and time you were in bed!

SLEEPYHEAD

[Rests elbows on table and watches running sand intently.]

I am getting sleepy! I'm tired from play!

I worked at my sums till my slate flew away!

Right out of that window, just then as you came.

My! I'm getting sleepy! [Yawns deeply.]

Pray, what is your name?

GNOME

They call me the Sandman! When

there's a hard sum

Too hard for to-night, then it's

time that I come

And send slates a-flying, for hard

sums will keep.

But boys will keep better if they

go to sleep.

SLEEPYHEAD

Did you see my slate fly?

GNOME

I gave it the wings!

For I do all manner of marvelous

things.

I dance with the letters till they

are so blurred

You can not read stories—not even

a word!

And I stick your eyelids together

so tight

You fall off to sleep without say-

ing good night!

SLEEPYHEAD

My eyes are so heavy! Please turn

out the light!

[Sandman turns off light on table, leav-

ing room dimly lighted.]

Good night, Mister Sandman!

I thank you! Good night!



SLEEPYHEAD

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(Sleepyhead sinks back in depth of easy chair asleep. Sandman picks up hour-glass and figures in rhythm to door. Stops and turns.)

SANDMAN

He ate a great piece of mince pie, did he?
Now, what will be dream of? Ha! Ha! We shall see!
(Exit by door center, leaving Sleepyhead asleep in easy chair. Fades out.)

END OF PROLOG

(Strike enters and reads before curtain as before.)

INTERLUDE

SCRIBE

Now, that was the prolog—that goes between
The preface and what is the major scene.
But I can't tell what it's all about;
You'll have to wait till it's acted out.

It's all a dream, as you may surmise.
Out of plum pudding and hot mince pies.
So watch the chimney and grate because
You may, if you do, see Santa Claus!

The next is the longest scene of all.
But after they let the curtain fall,
Please keep your seats; there's a short one then.
And don't go home till I tell you when.
(Exit as before.)

THE DREAM

(Scene same without change. Sleepyhead asleep in easy chair. Light on scene suddenly becomes brighter. Sound of school-bell ringing. Enter Miss Question-Mark door center. She wears prim hat, curls, vest and—rimmed glasses, prim gown, and carries bag. Advances to center of stage.)

MISS QUESTION-MARK

The school-bell is ringing—bark!
Yes, I am Miss Question-Mark!
I'm two times two and three times three,
For I am the schoolma'am, don't you see?
And at nine o'clock I come
With table and rule and sum,
I set every boy a difficult task,
And I ask and ask and ask and ask.
(Takes book from bag, opens, and sings.)

THE SONG OF THE QUESTION-MARK

What did Columbus do
In fourteen-ninety-two?
Why does the earth turn round each day?
How many stars in the Milky Way?
How many feet in a yard, please tell?
What's the degree of an ickeckel?
How many hours on the clock?
Who came to Plymouth Rock?
Make haste and answer me—
Where did they throw the tear?
How many pints will a quart-cup fill?
What did they do at Bunker Hill?
What is the arctic zone?
Where is your collar-bone?
Where is the sun when it's out of sight?
Why is it dark when it is not light?
And that's why I go on from dawn till dark,
And that's why they call me Miss Question-Mark.
(Takes to remove hat, and set book and bag on table. Sets Sleepyhead sleeping in the chair.)

My goodness me! Here's a
boy I see
Who's sound asleep as a boy
can be!

(Hears Sleepyhead vigorously. Sound of school-bell is heard again.)
Come, Little Boy, it's time
to tell
Your lessons now! Don't
you hear the bell?

*(Sleepyhead opens his eyes, rubs them,
and wakes.)*

MISS QUESTION-MARK
*(Sits time on table with pencil and
viewer.)*

What did Columbus do
In fourteen-ninety-two?
Why does the earth turn
round each day?

How many stars in the
Milky Way?
How many feet in a yard,
please tell?

What's the degree of an
ickeckel?
How many hours on the
clock?

Who came to Plymouth
Rock?
Make haste and answer me—
Where did they throw the
tear?

How many pints will a
quart-cup fill?

What did they do at Bunker Hill?

What is the arctic zone?
Where is your collar-bone?
Where is the sun when it's out of sight?
Why is it dark when it is not light?
What's two times two and three times three?
Hurry, make haste and answer me!

SLEEPYHEAD

Oh, Teacher, sums are such troublesome things
For me to do, and my slate took wings.
I saw it go up through the air,
And fly right out of the window there!

MISS QUESTION-MARK

You naughty boy, to have done no sums!
What will you say when Santa Claus comes?



"I'M AWFULLY SLEEPY! PLEASE TURN OUT THE LIGHT!
GOOD NIGHT, MISTER SANDMAN. I THANK YOU. GOOD NIGHT!"

A dunce's cap you should surely wear
And not move out of that easy chair
Till you've answered my questions and done
your sums!

Or what will you say when Santa Claus comes?
*(Hears rises from behind easy chair at right of fireplace.
Pirate's heriot, great mustaches, face grinning
viciously at Sleepyhead, who points and cries in fear.)*

SLEEPYHEAD

Oh, Teacher, Teacher, Teacher, see
That terrible man who is grinning at me!

*(Pirate chief comes from behind chair toward center of
stage, muttering. Miss Question-Mark turns and
sits Captain Kidd, with pirate's parol, red sash with
knife in belt, great boots, and odd and cross-bones in
white on black shirt.)*

MISS QUESTION-MARK

(Advances and leans over Captain Kidd.)
Well, this is a pretty howdy-do!
Pray where did you come from, and who are you?

CAPTAIN KIDD

*(Looks up dazedly at Miss Question-Mark, who retreats
a step and snags with hand on hip. Sings.)*

PIRATE'S SONG

(Captain Kidd and Sleepyhead.)

I'm the terrible Captain Kidd!
You know all the things I did!
A terrible, terrible man am I,
For once I quartered your friend, Mince Pie;
I quartered your friend, Mince Pie.

SLEEPYHEAD

Oh, you terrible man, so cruel and grim!
What an awful thing to do to him!

CAPTAIN KIDD

I'm the terrible Captain Kidd!
I quartered Mince Pie and I did!
I quartered Mince Pie and I heard him groan,
And then I scuttled an Ice-Cream Cone!

SLEEPYHEAD

Oh, you terrible man, to make him
groan,
And then to scuttle an Ice-Cream
Cone!

CAPTAIN KIDD

I'm the terrible Captain Kidd!
I scuttled the Cone, I did!
And Ginger-Cake went floating by
And I bit him in two with a terrible
cry!

SLEEPYHEAD

Oh, you awful man, pray tell me why
You should bite him in two with a
terrible cry!

CAPTAIN KIDD

I'm the terrible Captain Kidd,
And now you know why I did.
I scuttled the Cone and quartered
the Pie
And bit the Cake with a terrible cry.
I'm a terrible man, that's why.

SLEEPYHEAD

I'll never, no, never be friends with
you—
What terrible, terrible things to do!

MISS QUESTION-MARK

*(Advances and takes her torch from
Captain Kidd.)*
Do you know how many are two
times two?
That's a four—big fibs we have heard
from you.
You never quartered my friend
Mince Pie!
You never bit Cake with a terrible
cry!
You never scuttled an Ice-Cream
Cone!

Go stand in the corner there alone!
Go stand in the corner, one, two,
three!
You think you are awful, but look
at
I'll give you a page of sums to do
And you'll think I am terrible when
you're through!

CAPTAIN KIDD

I'm Captain Kidd! I'm a villain
bold!

MISS QUESTION-MARK

You exactly as you're told!
Go stand in the corner there alone!
You never scuttled an Ice-Cream
Cone!

*(Takes Captain Kidd by the ear, leads him
to the corner, his table, gets book from
table and thrusts it into his hands,
head rises from chair at sight of fireplace, with feet, white hats, blue beard,
and arm comes up with book. Sleepyhead points in fright.)*

SLEEPYHEAD

Oh, Teacher, Teacher, Teacher, look!
Who stepped right out of that story-book!
I read last night, and he's hiding here!
I saw him peep from behind that chair!

(Hears disappears.)

MISS QUESTION-MARK

You stay right there and I'll go and see
What mischievous personage he may be.
(Marches to easy chair and looks behind it.)
Come now from back of that easy chair!
How long have you been hiding there?

*(Bright intruder from back of chair and leads him to center of stage. He
has Turkish costume, with green, horned and silver.)*
Why, your hair is gray and your beard is blue!
Say what are you doing and who are you?

BLUEBEARD'S SON

Oh, how can you ask me who am I?
I am the ghost of a hot mince pie.



THOSE CHRISTMAS EVE DREAMS

Drawings by
C. H. TWELVETREES

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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, NEW YORK

LITTLE Sister's dream was just the sweetest ever. She was in a chocolate boat going down a river of strawberry soda. Gingerbread men were the sailors. The trees, the rocks, 'n' everything were made of the most wonderful candy. Little Brother's dream was almost—but not quite—a nightmare.

Big Brother's was just wonderful. He got everything he asked Santa for. Big Sister could hardly believe her eyes, she was so surprised—the cutest doll. It not only talked and walked but danced! It was a real live person.

The Baby—well, the Baby didn't dream at all. Who could dream or even sleep when he is hungry?

John, the pup, dreamed he had a great big dish of his favorite ice-cream all for himself and no snoopy cats hanging around.

Tom, the cat—Oh! my! what a dream!—a stocking filled with the loveliest, fattest mice you ever saw.

But the "Rings Around a Rose" with Santa Claus was the best dream of all.

A
CHRISTMAS
PRIMER

Give me complacence
A sweet settled sense
That things that are
Are good things, in the main
Give me a mood
To close enfold the hours
Their smiles and tears,
Their sunshine and their rain

Give me a kiss
A woman's kiss and warm
Ne'er chilled by stress or pain
And lingring long;
Give me two arms
About my neck entwined
And in my heart
Love's wondrous, deathless song

GIVE ME

Give me a friend
Not two, just one, for this
Was all that Jesus had
And was content;
Give me a dream of truth
And wake me not,
For I a man
For dreams, not gold, was meant

Give me a task
These muscled arms were made
For honest toil
Twixt daybreak and the gloam
Give me a path, uncharted
Dangered, long,
But set for me the dear,
Bright lights of home

By
RICHARD
WILKINSON

Decorations by
J. E. B. Ford
1921



Along the Friendly Road
on the Way to the Mill

The Mountain School Teacher

By Melville Davisson Post

A Christmas Allegory

Pictures by E.F. Warr

In Two Parts—Part I



forest was there. Great hickories shot up sixty feet without a limb, and so close that a man putting out his hands could reach from one tree to another. A gigantic poplar now and then arose, a sugar, an

oak—huge at the butt, deep-rooted in the good soil. The afternoon sun, excluded by the forest, seemed to pack itself into this abandoned path. The leaves fallen from the hickories, under the touch of waning Summer, took on now, by the magic of this sun, golden tones of red and yellow. Woodpeckers hammered on the great trees along this path. Insects moved between the branches, the wild bee, the hornet, the yellow butterfly, as tho the aerial life of the woods had been drawn here to the sun.

A man was coming through the forest along this abandoned path. He walked slowly, his hands behind him, his head bare. He was a very young man, at that period of life when, within a day, as by the crossing of some unmarked line, the boy becomes a man. There were about him the vigor, the freshness, the joy of youth under a certain maturity. He was not above middle height, his face was oval, his eyes gray-blue, his hair of that soft, rich brown which a touch of the sun burnishes into a living yellow; the mouth was sensitive and mobile.

There was a marked contrast between the man and the wild, rugged, primitive country in which he appeared. His hands were firm and white, and his skin was not in the least discolored by sun or weather.

Now and then the man stopped and looked up at the dappled woodpeckers, and the swarms of yellow butterflies, gathered here along this sunlit path as tho to welcome his arrival, and his mouth relaxed into an eager, luminous smile, as tho, despite his maturity, he retained a child's sense of some universal kinship with all living things. He came down the long ridge toward the place where the mountain road crossed the low gap.

HALF a mile below him a patriarchal ox was plodding slowly up the mountain road. The ox was old. His red hair was worn away in a number of places by long labors at the sled and the plow. His ancient horns were capped with brass knobs. Astride the ox sat a small boy dyed yellow with coppers. The little boy guided the ox with a piece of old rope tied to the left horn below the brass knob, precisely as the driver of a four-horse team directs it with a single line.

The boy could not have been above six years old. He wore two garments, a little blue shirt of the material called "hickory" and short trousers, with tiny, hand-knitted



That Evening at Meat in the Good Miller's Home



voted "gillies." He was now engaged with an extreme difficulty. For more than a mile, under the ox's rolling pail, the corn had been moving over to one end of the sack. To keep the bag from falling the boy had added his weight in the descending end. As the corn moved, he shifted his seat a little farther out on the sack. He sat now well over the ox's side on the very end of the sack. His little mouth contracted.

It had been a long, painful struggle—this fight against the corn. Every inch, every fraction of an inch contested. The grains had crept slowly over, and the child had considered and estimated the change, and moved with it. He had attributed to the corn a certain malicious intent, a certain infectious hostility, and he had resisted with dogged courage. It was all in the set of his little mouth, in the clench of his tiny brown hand.

FOR the sack to fall was a calamity which the child well understood. He could not lift the sack. He could not save the ox and go for aid, because Berry, altho a member of the family, was an eye servant and not above making his dinner on the corn when the master's back was turned. Neither could he leave the corn lying in the road and return with the ox. Some one might carry it away and, besides, it was this bale of stuff, the cargo with which he had been entrusted, and he could not leave it.

The mountain road was deserted, and the evening sun was beginning to descend. The child's whole energies were centered on his desperate struggle with the corn, and the ox traveled on leisurely as he liked. Presently, as he neared the top, the ox stepped on the root of a tree remaining in the road, and fell, carrying with it the boy and the piece of carpet.

The ox instantly stopped. The boy rose and sat down on the sack; he rested his elbows on his knees and his chin in the hollow of his tiny brown hands.

His features retained their set, his eyes began to trickle slowly down over his determined little face. He sat with his back toward the mountain gap, looking out over the vast wilderness of tree-tops

below him. The ox stood before him in the road, a figure of unending patience.

The day waned, long shadows crossed the road, the sun withdrew to the high places. Far away through the deep wooded gorges night began to enter the mountains.

When the man came out into the mountain road, he saw the little boy sitting on the sack of corn beside the red ox, and he smiled as he had smiled at the hammering birds, at the yellow butterflies. He turned down toward the tragic picture, lengthening his steps. The sun, by some trick of the moving world, seemed to follow him out of the abandoned path.

The little boy did not see the man approaching, but he observed that the ox, apparently resigned to passing the night on the mountain, was making ready to lie down, knees first, after the manner of cattle. And the comfortable assurance of Berry in this, the hour of their misfortune, was more than he could bear. He arose and began to beat the ox with his little fists.

"Get up, Berry!" he cried. "You ole dog! You ole scilewag! Get up!"

The ox slowly rose, and the child turned to find the man beside him.

"Poor, Berry," said the man, smiling; "is he a very bad ox?"

"He's a lazy ole pup," replied the little boy, his wet eyes catching and reflecting the stranger's smile. "He's spilt!"

THEN he crowded his little fists into his eyes to remove the traces of weakness with which he had been taken unawares.

"Do you reckon," he said, "that both of us could put the corn on him if we lifted together?"

"I think so," replied the man; "at least we will try."

He took up the piece of yellow carpet and laid it over the ox's back. Then he stooped down, put his arms around the

sack, linking his fingers together under it. The little boy took hold of the corner. The man raised the sack with scarcely an effort, the child contributing his tiny might. Then, as the child's help were essential to the task, he nodded.

"Now," he said, and with a swing lifted the sack onto the ox's back.

The boy straightened up, and put both little hands on his hips. His face was now radiant.

"We got it up, all right, didn't we?" he said. "Both alittin'; an' now," he paused and regarded the ox with some concern, "I've got to git on somehow-er-nuther."

THE ordinary man would then have lifted the child and set him on the ox, but this man did not. He seemed to know and regard the self-reliance which was so dear a thing to this child. He stood back and looked over the patriarch. "Berry is a big ox," he said. "We will lead him up to the bank." The little boy walked across the road with a bit of a swagger.

"Yes," he said, "Berry's a big ox."

He liked this strange man who understood and considered him.

The man led the ox to the roadside, and, standing by the boat's shoulder, set his knees against the bank. The little boy put his foot on the man's knee, caught hold of the ox's shoulder, and climbed up onto the sack of corn. He panted with the effort.

"Berry's everlastin' big," he observed in comment. Then he set himself squarely on the sack.

"We're goin' to mill," he said; "where are you goin'?"

"If you don't mind," replied the man, "I shall go along with you and Berry."

"I don't mind," he said, "ner Berry don't neither."

Then, as a sort of condescension, as a sort of return for the man's kindness, he gravely handed down the bit of ancient rope.

"An' you kin lead Berry if you want to."

They crossed the low gap and began to descend the mountain on the other side. The man walked in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55





PAINTING BY WALTER R. EVERETT

DECORATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

The Hope of the World

An Open Letter to The International Conference for the Limitation of Armaments



HE heart and the eyes of the world are turned toward you. In you the hope of humanity is centered. On you the fate of Civilization rests. Never in the history of mankind has so much power been concentrated in a single group of men.

You are spokesmen for the greatest nations of the earth. You speak with the voice of peoples possessing power such as Rome

never conceived; power never even dreamed of in the philosophy of the Cæsars, Napoleons, and Kaisers of all time. This power of the great nations has been pooled, concentrated, intensified, multiplied, and placed in your hands to use as you may see fit.

A few words from you, and War in all its hideousness will forever perish from the earth.

If you so will, Pestilence, that ruthless, inevitable, inescapable twin brother of War, will never again exhale its burning breath to wither and torture and strike down the little children and the helpless ones of God's world.

By your simple grace the gilded letters that

adorn many a church and many a shrine will take on a new luster, and the words of the God-given text, "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men," will glow and become, instead of an empty platitude, a living thing.

YOURS is indeed a tremendous responsibility, for you are responsible to the dead as well as to the living.

In the names of millions of our dead we, the women of the world, implore you to do something to end war—we who were their wives and their mothers and their little children.

You are responsible to every sick and disabled soldier in every hospital and in every camp. In the names of these men we challenge you to do something to end war.

You are responsible to the dying millions in the devastated areas of the war-stricken world. Their emaciated hands stretch out to you; their weary eyes beseech you; their faltering voices plead with you. Hear their dying cries, see their wretched faces, and then do something—oh, strong men of strong nations—to make war and all that follows in its fearful wake impossible for the future.

You are responsible to millions of babies that are yet unborn. What sort of world are you preparing for them? A world of strife and confusion and hunger and death? Or a world of peace and prosperity and happiness? Upon the result of your deliberations rests the answer. What is it going to be?

WE recognize that the task that has been set for you is a gigantic one. We know that you are beset on every side by complications and machinations and perturbations that must tax to the utmost your ability and your courage and your strength. But we ask you to see through the maze and the mist of it all what any woman would see if she sat with you—the rain-beaten white crosses on the fields where once the golden grain was growing. To many a woman the War really began in a brave good-by and ended in a small white cross in France!

It was a great vision, a marvelous skill, a high technique that made it possible to send wave after wave of men across the seas to fight those battles and to die those deaths! You foresaw it all, you planned it all, you executed it all, and the completeness of the victory shows how excellently you worked. You did the unthinkable, the inconceivable, the impossible. For centuries to come tech-

nicians and historians will be marveling over the magnitude of your achievement.

In 1914 you mobilized entire nations for War. In 1921, when the world is facing a crisis infinitely greater than it faced in 1914, can you not mobilize entire nations for the constructive work of Peace? Can you not apply the same unflinching intuition, the same unerring judgment, the same unswerving loyalty to-day that you applied seven years ago?

If you men of the International Conference will but sound the call there are millions of men and women in every country who will answer. There are millions of people who passionately long for peace and for the alleviation of the pain and suffering incident to war. A Peace army would not have to be drafted. How gladly would the people volunteer if you men leaders would but sound the rallying cry!

THE opportunity is now before you. You can reason together calmly. No din of war distracts you. If you are big enough, in your souls and free enough from prejudice and cant, you can settle your national differences on a high and firm basis. Such things have been done. We have a transcontinental boundary over three thousand miles long between the United States and Canada upon which there has not been for a hundred years need for a single gun, a single soldier, or a single fort.

For four hundred years the leaders of men have been saying with their tongues that right-thinking nations should arbitrate their differences just as right-thinking individuals do. Do not tell us it can not be done. Within the last century two hundred and fifty International disputes have been settled by arbitration. It is in your power to make arbitration the rule for the settling of all International disputes, and the time has now come to do so in order that the barbarism of war shall forever be relegated into the limbo of forgotten things. An era of International Peace can be established throughout the Earth right here and now if race prejudice, false patriotism, blind passion, and national arrogance are left at the door of the conference chamber, and if in their stead a spirit of good-will, mutual respect, and tolerance is admitted.

May God Almighty give you who represent the world's hopes in this conference at Washington the courage to carry out fair and just decisions, the power to withstand pressure from all reactionary interests, and the vision to perceive the world's great need.





SANTA CLAUS PASHA

BY DONALD MCGIBENY



UAD looked up from the slipper he was mending to where Abu Farid sat dozing in the sun. Abu Farid's head lolled back slowly and his mouth sagged open. A fly buzzed around his face looking for a place to light. Fuad watched the fly nose and settled on the tip. With a jerk Abu Farid brushed at the fly angrily and opened his eyes. Fuad bent to his task once more with a sigh, piercing the worn leather of the slipper with a heavy needle. "Hast thou not finished thy task yet, beard?" Abu Farid growled huskily, blinking sleepily at the boy.

"In the winking of an eye it is finished, master," the boy replied.

Again silence as Abu Farid leaned back to finish his siesta. The savory dish of "koos-koos" and mutton he had enjoyed at dinner made sleep imperative.

A mangy dog came nuzzling along the wall. Fuad, with quick aim, shied a handy rock in its direction, and it yelped with fright and scuttled down the street. Nothing else moved in the bright, yellow sunlight of midafternoon. The whole city seemed asleep, save the small boy in tattered rags who bent over the slipper he was mending.

Again Fuad glanced from the corner of his eye at the aged cobbler who owned the stifling little shop in which he worked. Then he turned with glad surprise. The fly had settled on Abu Farid's face and was making a leisurely examination of the yellow, pock-marked surface, unblinded. Abu Farid was asleep.

With caution inbred of fear of the man who sat dozing, Fuad crept softly to the open doorway in the back of the shop, stopped for a moment to rummage under a loose stone block for an old piece of burlap, and then sped away.

Every afternoon he had died a thousand deaths in making his escape from the irascible Abu Farid, but a holy zeal urged him to 'brave the danger.

The boy hurried through the cool arches of the bazaar, not even stopping to tempt himself with the pans of sweet "bakleweh" at the stand on the corner. It was fast

him. This he noted at yesterday.

ALEXANDRETTA, December 13—The United States Collier Titan has arrived with the load of Christmas toys sent by the children of the United States to the children of Syria.

of the night the Greeks have reached

Husseini Khadi, who is the present

ALEXANDRETTA, December 13—Persistent rumors of an uprising of the Mohammedan population have caused great uneasiness among the authorities. Christmas day is said to be the probable date determined upon for the massacre of Christians.

CONSTANTINOPLE, December 13—The Russian government has directed

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. SOULEN

approaching the hour of prayer, and he had a long way to go. He turned down some steps leading into a dark and fiftly tunnel, and finally came into an open space. On all four sides of the place stone and plaster walls of great age raised their craggy surfaces to the sky. It was directly behind the mosque of El Akhar and had the advantage of not only being near holy ground, but of having the water, which overflowed from the foot-basin in front of the mosque, purling through the gutter of the court.

Fuad whistled low, and at once three other urchins scrambled from their hiding-places in a disused cellar and joined him. There was Mustapha, who brushed flies from the patrons in the barber-shop; Sadich, who carried hot coals for the marghiles in the café; and little, crippled Adib, who acted as guide for his blind, beggar father. All of them had escaped from servitude for a few moments, but none had taken the chance of Fuad. This they knew, for Fuad had dwelt at length on the awful event of discovery; therefore he was their actual leader.

With the gravity of old men, the three boys saluted before Fuad touching their foreheads to the ground in sign of submission. Fuad accepted their fealty with haughty dignity, signaling them to arise. At the same moment the muezzin, high above them, broke into his weird chant, announcing prayers. Not speaking a word, the four hurried to the gutter and washed their feet—the inveterate custom of the Mohammedan before addressing his God. Then Fuad spread his dirty burly on the stone paving—the nearest approach to a prayer-rug his poverty would permit him—and knelt facing the east, the other boys ranging themselves behind him. Three times he bowed low, touching his forehead to the ground, then in a weak treble which quavered with fear at the thought of his longings, he was committing, he gave voice to his longings.

"Santa Claus—Thou, the great, the holy—Thou who art richer than the Vali of Aleppo—greater than the greatest sheik of the desert—Whose voice is like the thunder—bring to us the good things Thou hast bestowed on Thy children a twelvemonth past. To me send a new turban and silk vestments that I may win the love of Abu Farid's daughter; to Mustapha a boat that he may

be a great fisherman; to Sadich a gun that he may kill the whist that eats his father's sheep, and to little Adib—"
His voice died away and his brow furrowed with thought.
"An 'aoud' and 'baklewed,' Fuad," Adib spoke up tremulously.

"Hush!" Mustapha warned.

"To little Adib give—O Sandoa Clos—a straightening of the legs that he may walk like other men."

"And an 'aoud,' plaintively spoke up Adib.
"—and an 'aoud' that he may play," Fuad continued; then in a louder tone, "and to us all give the 'baklewed'—"
They all crossed their arms and crossed their legs in a twelvemonth past.

Then, O Sandoa Clos, God of the Americans, Who art greater than the mountain Jebel Sunnin—"
A black-garmented figure with harsh, yellow features and a nose hooked like a vulture had emerged from a low doorway and passed across the court before he noticed the four kneeling figures. He stopped to listen to the prayer, and at the name "Sandoa Clos," he hurried over, his scraggly beard trembling with anger.

"A-yah!" he squealed, slapping the kneeling Fuad with the palm of his hand. "What is this? Infidel dog! Devil's son! Praying to the Christian God!"

He strode among them, slapping and kicking them as they scrambled to get out of the way. Escape would have been easy for three of them; in fact, Fuad, after the first slap, was scared for the turn when the plaintive cries of helpless little Adib smote his ear. He ran back, the blood rushing to his head at the sight of the man mistreating the helpless, prostrate cripple. With muscular little fists swinging wildly, he hurled himself at the giant's tormentor.

"Stop, thou sore-eyed cow!" he cried, blind with fear and hatred. "Thou dung! I spit on thee. N'yaharadinek—y'aharadinek."

Zimrun, the informer, the most hated and feared man in Alexandretta, turned on the boy, his face livid with anger, his eyes dilated with astonishment. Fuad faced him resolutely, biting his lip to keep it from trembling as his blood rained to water within him.

"So—" Zimrun screamed in a shrill gurg. He started for Fuad, who retreated before him, covering his head with his hands to ward off the blows he knew were coming. After a few minutes, the man pounced on the boy, threw him down, kicked at him as he tried to scuttle away, lifted him up and threw him down again, beating him unmercifully around the head.

"So—" he panted as he stopped for lack of breath. "By Allah, thou shalt die for what thou hast done. Thy bones shall not in prison; thy mother shall sleep with the dogs in the street. A curse on thy dead father. Thou shalt pray to keep him company ere what thou hast done this day is forgotten."

Fuad lay half-conscious as Zimrun gave him a final kick and walked away. He was sick and dizzy from the beating, but a thousand times worse was the thought of the vengeance that would fall on his mother's head for his rash action. Better had he attacked the Vali himself than Zimrun, the informer, who by his lies in court had dragged a thousand men from places high and low and sent them to years of living death in stinking prisons. Two small arms stole around his neck and a tear-wet cheek caressed his own.

"Fuad, thou art not dead!" little Adib wailed dismally.

Fuad slowly sat up, brushing his eyes with his sleeve. "Better that I were," he sobbed tremblingly. "Oh, little Adib, knowest thou who it was that I attacked? It was Zimrun, the terrible, the black death."

Adib gaped long as he heard the name. His beggar father had whispered many stories of the streets into the ears of the little cripple when the pains in his crooked limbs had driven sleep away. With sudden courage Adib hugged Fuad's arm.

"He shall not hurt thee. I shall kill him if he hurt thee." Fuad rose, swaying dizzily. With great effort he picked up the boy in his arms.

"No matter. What has happened has happened. What will come will come. Selah!" he sighed with resignation.

THE consul rubbed his head vigorously with the palm of his hand and puffed angrily at his pipe.

"It do be the world how quick storms can blow up in this fool country. One minute, everything peaceful and lovely, cool breeze blowin' from the sea; next minute, a hail of fire and death from the desert, with your teeth full o' lead and the temperature like high noon in Hades."

"I don't know," I remarked casually. "The weather has been pretty decent this year."

He turned and eyed me grimly. "Young man, when I sign 'ciken' about the weather, as such, merely I mean wrath. I'm referin' to the attitude o' these here heathen for stirrin' up trouble when there's no cause."

"What's wrong now?"

"Nothin' at all. Just a massacre at Bayas, another at Biliat, a few murders right here in this city, and two attempts made to break into the consulate."

"What was all this?" I asked, sitting up. I had been to Beirut on business for the American Oil Company and had only returned to Alexandretta on the steamer that afternoon.

"Started about a week ago and been growin' worse ever since. The thing I can't understand is why they should be turnin' against me." He walked over to the lamp standing on the table and puffed his pipe into a glow, then resumed his pacing. It was the first time I had seen him so upset. "I've lived with these people night into forty years, and up until a few days ago I thought I understood 'em. But you can't do it. It's all surface understanding. They don't show what they really think, to anybody—least of all to each other."

"Turning against you?" I laughed. "Why, you

can do more with these people than their own officials. You're imagining things."

"So?" he muttered gravely, turning and going to his desk. He came over and handed me a short knife, curved in its saw-teeth down one side. "That was found sticking in my door day before yesterday morning."

I examined the dagger with interest.

"Was there any message with it—any warning?"

"This," he replied, handing me a small, green flag.

"Very practical," I remarked.

"Very practical," the consul grunted. "That's the signal for a Mohammedan uprising. I've seen it twice—once during the last war, when it didn't work, and at the time of the Adana massacre, when it did."

"But what have the Moslems got against you?" I questioned, impressed with the gravity of the situation.

"I'm best if I know—and that's what I've got to find out 'pon'to. This massacre business has got to stop. It all started since the *Tilsen* came into port last Thursday. I think that's got something to do with it, but you can't tell. They may think I'm givin' the evil eye to their sheep, or that there's a devil in the consulate here, or any other fool thing. They put a man to death three years ago for bringin' the locusts; they killed a biologist a long time ago 'cause, they said, his diggin' in the mountains let loose a devil that give 'em all smallpox."

There was a faint, dull buzz in the air, like the whispering of the wind or the distant roar of the sea.

"What's that?" I cried, jumping to my feet.

"Put out that light!" the consul ordered.

I blew out the light and walked over where the consul stood in the open doorway leading to the garden.

Outside, the mist hung thick around the olive-trees and the light from the pale, winter moon filled the world with ghostly half-light. From afar, but coming nearer every minute, a rude chant broke the stillness of the night.

"What is it?" I queried in a hushy whisper.

"Go!" to give us a serenade," the consul replied.

There were several shouts outside the walls by individuals who had probably run ahead. A rock rattled against the house.

"Better stand back out of danger," I warned the big man, whose huge bulk was limned black against the grey square of the doorway.

"They ain't goin' to do anything—
—not when they advertise themselves that way," he retorted.

As the mob turned the corner and came past the walls the air was filled with the noise of their chanting and yelling.

A shower of rocks lit in the garden, one slipping across the walk, directly at the feet of the consul.

The noise diminished as the mob turned the corner, and I left the doorway, realizing for the first time the danger of spring profusely.

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"Let's light the lamp," I murmured huskily. "This darkness gets my goat."

The consul moved over to the table, and a match spluttered and flared.

"What were they singing?" I asked.

"I didn't catch the verse," he growled, the grim lines of his strong face outlined as he cupped the match in his hands, "but the chorus ended up, 'Oh, how pleasant; oh, how pleasant to cut the Christian's throat!'"

"Nice little sentiment," I laughed weakly, the damp night making me shiver in spite of myself.

"Reglar ballad," he grunted.

I thrust myself into one of the big wicker chairs, trying to quiet my jumping nerves. Call me a coward if you like, but there is something overwhelmingly terrifying in a mob. It is bad enough when you are in your own country, surrounded by friends and all the complex safeguards of the law, but when you are two foreigners far away from any possible help or chance of escape, the effect is doubly terrifying.

The consul was still bent over the lamp, adjusting the wick, when I became aware of a hurried rapping somewhere at the back of the house. As the consul looked up, there was an explosion which would have lifted me out of my chair had I not already jumped to my feet.

There was a shrill scream, several shouts, and the sound of a scuffle in the garden—followed by low moans.

"Don't go out there!" I yelled as the consul started for the door. He paid no attention to my warning, but disappeared into the murky night.

I looked about for some weapon, grabbed a rhinoceros-hide stick from the wall, and followed him.

COMING from the lighted room into the misty, gray outdoors, I was confused for a second and stood helpless in the gravel walk; then, hearing a sharp question by the consul, followed by an unintelligible stream of Arabic, I hurried toward a corner of the garden.

Before I had gone half-way I made out the big man coming up the walk, half dragging, half carrying a smaller person.

"Who is it?" I demanded sharply, grabbing my stick firmly.

"A little boy," the consul chuckled.

"Did he cause that explosion?"

"No—that was my boy Sadich and his blunderbuss. I put him in back there to guard the door, where they've tried to get in before, and when he saw this youngster he fired."

"Is the boy very badly wounded?"

"He's pretty badly hurt, but so is Sadich—
—so it's fifty-fifty between 'em. It was Sadich who yelled 'yarin'."

That old gun ain't been shot for fifty year, and it darn near kicked him into the middle o' next week."

As we stepped into the big living-room, I examined the boy curiously. There wasn't a whole garment on him. He was barefoot and dirty.

His face was smeared with the marks of tear-stains, and the dirt and his pinched features only increased the size of a pair of the most beautiful, intelligent, brown eyes I've ever looked at.

As the consul said, he was badly frightened, but there was an independent bravado in his bearing as he turned his anxious gaze, first on the consul and then on myself.

"What were you tryin' to do, sonny?" the consul questioned gently, sinking into a big chair by the lamp.

For a moment the boy hesitated, uncertain whether to talk or keep silent, but the

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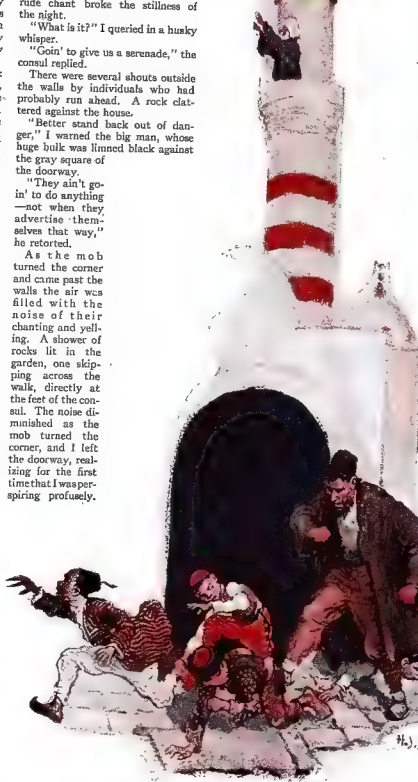
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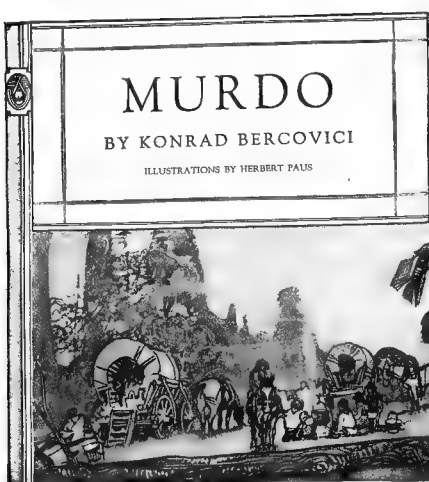
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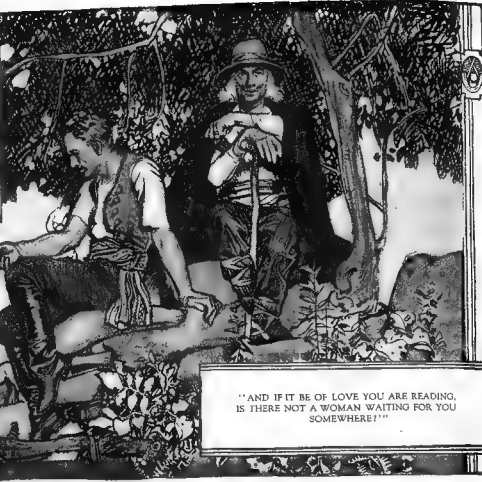




MURDO

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT PAULS



"AND IF IT BE OF LOVE YOU ARE READING,
THERE'S NOT A WOMAN WAITING FOR YOU
SOMEWHERE!"

YOU read again from a book, my friend, the old Gypsy chief asked, sitting by me on the grass.

"I do, Murdo," I answered, without taking my eyes off the printed page.

"And why do you?" he addressed me sternly. "Are you blind to the blue sky over the mountains yonder? Are you deaf to the song of the valley, to the gurgling of the brook, to the call of the she-wolf, to the clucking of the pheasants in the marshes of the birch forest? Are you blind and deaf that you must read of the things around you, tell me? And if it is of love you are reading, is there not a woman waiting for you somewhere? Have I been deaf when I heard kiss of lips behind me, in the wagon on the road hither? Come, let others write of love. It's the business of old men, when they no longer kiss and embrace, to speak of love."

I closed the book, lit my pipe, and turned my face toward Murdo. We were up in the Karpathians, trying to enter Hungary by an unknown path in the mountains. We traveled at night and rested during the day. It was our last stage before descending on the Pustia along the Tisza River leading to Tokay.

"Books," continued Murdo, "books. Why, if they be so wise, have they already told you how the first man was born, have they? No, they have not. But I know, because I have thought about it since early childhood. I have looked for signs everywhere. My eyes are not yet too dim to see them even to-day. My hair has turned white, but my ears can perceive all sounds, all signs. I can hear the crawl of a worm and can tell the weight of a horse by the hoof-beats a mile away. I am alive from toe to head. It is thought that has kept me alive. To-day I know how the first man was born. I, Murdo, the chief of Lupin's tribe, know. It's from the kiss of the eagle and the snake. The head of man is eagle; the rest is snake. The eagle in him longs to be on the top of a high mountain. But to reach it he can not soar; he must crawl. And when there, the snake in him drags him down until he falls. When the voice of the snake speaks, it's wisdom. And when the blood of the eagle rushes to the feet, it's dance. You have looked on when they dance. But have you seen them? I ask. They rise from the mud. And when the eagle has rushed down to the limbs the snake has crawled up to the head.

"Man was born from the kiss of the eagle and the snake. He can not free himself from that. There was Stan, my younger brother. He loved Tina. So he said to her, 'My chest is broad, my shoulders are wide, and my arms are strong. I have prepared my tent for thee. Come to me when thy body is warm and we shall embrace.'

"She loved him, but she wanted him to say other words than the ones he used. She wanted him to tell her, 'Come and I shall sing a song for thee, so that she afterward should soid and cry. Thou hast called me only to hear a song. Thou hast told me a lie.' But Stan did not want to lie. He wanted the child to be hers as much as his. For years and years he waited in his tent, while she waited for him to tell her the lying words, proud to make him suffer so much. About women, I tell you that they measure man's love by how much they can make him suffer. Have you ever thrown a stone

in deep water? You can tell the depth by the width of the ripples on the surface. The longer it takes the stone to reach the bottom the wider the ripples spread.

"Have you ever seen how dealers measure the thickness of fat on a live pig? They take a long needle and push it into the animal's side until it reaches flesh, when he begins to squeak.

"It's what woman does with a man. She pierces through until she comes to live flesh; and when the man cries she sits back and reckons: mother of eagle and snake.

"And another thing I tell you. It is not the man who plays a beautiful melody who is always moved by it, but more frequently the man who hears that melody. The wine does not become drunk of itself. The man who drinks the wine alone feels its warmth and the tingle which drives him to dance and frees him for a while of the snake in him. When the wine dances alone it sours. This I tell you, The best wine sours when it dances alone.

"And of day and night I have to tell you this. Light is seen only in darkness. White against black. Black against white. It's because night is on earth that we see the light of the sun. So night is made into day. The earth is always dark. You can see a raven in the daytime and a white pigeon at night; and what is between raven and pigeon—what is dirty—at dawn and dusk.

"So I ask thee now, art thou a raven or a pigeon? There is Genitza. She is of the warmth that matches thine. Oh, I know she has lied when she has not answered and when she has not lifted her head that thou might kiss her with greater ease.

But bend like a reed or the wind will break thee and roll thee in dust and mud. It is better to yield to the wind than wait for the wisdom of the snake.

"WOMAN is afraid of man's love because she fears it will die. But I tell thee, What does not die has never lived. Man knows it. Woman does not. What burns turns to cinders, to ashes, to dust. What is bred in dust crawls. I tell thee yet another thing. Too many children are bred in the ashes of an extinguished love. That is why they don't look one in the eyes when spoken to. That is why they are as slow to take fire as wet wood; why they fill the places with smoke when they do burn, and drive one out blind in the cold. It's the wriggling of the serpent.

"There was Genitza's mother, my son. Rosa was her name. I remember her well. Remember her from the days when her face was as smooth and clean as amber and her eyes as black diamonds. There came a man from another tribe one day. And he played the violin beautifully. There were as many songs sleeping in his violin as drops of blood living in his veins. And a man has just that many songs and no more. When they are spent he dies. Jorga played for us. There were times when he awoke two and more songs at once and let them sing together.

"But there always was one very sad one, as if reminding

of fate, of death—no wails, but cries; the kind of which man chokes in himself.

"One day he came to me, Jorga, and said, 'Do let me marry one of your women; Rosa is her name.' I loved the man, so I said, 'If thy wailing in doing you have my "yes!"' When he first played near her tent she came out dressed in her best and smiled at him. When he returned from his camp the following day and played she listened quietly. The third time he played she asked him to play something lively so she could dance with the other boys. When a woman meets a man for the first time she thinks he is gold; the second time, he is silver; the third time, dross. Then Jorga broke his violin on a stone. But he returned again and played on another violin.

"One day Rosa came to me and said, 'Tell him to leave the camp.'

"'Why?' I asked.

"'Good, I said. "It shall be different from to-morrow."

"I TOLD Jorga the woman did not want him. We shall meet Jorga in Tokay; mad and drunk, as usual; he looks twice his age. He will come to see us and will play for us as no man ever played. The woman has put a thousand more songs in his violin with her 'no.' Her 'yes' given joyously, her kiss, her warm arms, her soft throat, would also have put a thousand songs in his violin. But what song? Life is like a cash. It's the kind of wine you put in that gives it price.

"And Rosa! She chose and waited. The amber of her face wrinkled and her mouth dried. Happy, indeed, when blind Stancu gave her issue. Stancu was black and powerful, Genitza is his daughter. It's what she was from her father that makes her so lovable. But she looks exactly like her mother. If I were younger she would be mine. You would have to fight for her with me. She knows that. I can see she knows it to be so from the manner in which she skirts my tent when she passes by. Too late now. Before next snowfall I shall be buried. I shall die on the desert of the Jalmotiza, this side of the Karpathians. I shall take Jorga with me from Tokay when we return! I want to die listening to his songs.

"I know the fire of hell of a man in love. The dimming in the ears during sleepless nights. The sudden heats that go to the head. The thirst of every blood-drop. As if every drop were a thirsty mouth crying out, 'Where is she? Where is she now? Where is she at this moment?' You rush out and plunge into the waters to cool yourself. But you set the water on fire.

"Oh, why does woman plague man so much? Why does she not come when he first calls her? When he makes her more beautiful than she is! When what she says is honey and what she does wine? Why does she go to waste? Why does she trifle with a man's heart? Why does she choose so badly between spit and blood?

"These are the seven questions I have no answer to. Not even the snake knows the answer. Is there any answer to that in yonder book? No! It's as I thought. Man fights. Woman tortures. And yet how we love them! For I have loved and bred children with women I loved. It is why you will find men in my tribe looking straight in the eyes when another man speaks to them.

"There was Zima; the last love. She was very young when her father and mother died. For five years I kept her near me as we trudged the roads and opened her eyes and her ears and showed her all the signs of life. As I



"THERE CAME A MAN
FROM ANOTHER TRIBE
ONE DAY."

"AND HE PLAYED THE
VIOLIN BEAUTIFULLY."

"WHAT HAS HE SPOKEN TO YOU?" "OH, ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN AND OTHER THINGS," I ANSWERED, "EMBACINO HER."



spoke to her she blossomed out and became a young beauty to day to day. Men began to swarm about her. But she would always be found where I was. Then one day, when I could no longer hold out, I called and she came to me. But after a while she longed to join the dances of the people more than to be with me. When I forbade it, her body became cold to my love. So one day I told her to go and dance with the young men. She came back to my tent at midnight and loved me as she had never loved me before. The young men had ceased her, whipped up her passion. I did not have a word of reproach when she went again to the dance the following Sunday. Instead I waited for her intense love. The Sunday following I begged her to go and I watched her dance with the younger men. Then one night I felt her kisses were not meant for me. They were meant for Duro, Janca's twenty-year-old son. So I let her go her way. I have aged twice as fast since she has gone. When a woman leaves you for another man your last days of love are over. You are getting really old. And this too, I must tell you. A strong man does not run from one woman to another one to keep his heart warm. A sick man changes food frequently to keep his hunger alive. It's why young men are more faithful to their women than old men are. And now, my son, go. Forget all I said if my words are setting. I want to be alone here." Murdo dimmed me curtly.

I WENT down the slope to the gulch, in the valley where the tribe had made camp for the day. The men were pulling the wheels of the wagons, watering the horses, patching and fixing the harness, busying themselves silently with preparations of travel. The women were gathering the flock of children playing in the adjoining meadows. It was Murdo's order; no noise of any kind until beyond the Romanians held out.

I found Genitza standing near my wagon. "You were talking to the chief," she said. "What has he spoken to you?"

"Oh, about men and women and other things," I answered, embracing her. She yielded her lips readily to mine, but insisted again, "And what else has he said? Tell me; he has spoken about me."

I turned sharply. "How do you know he has?"

"I know. I watched your face while he was speaking to you. You looked at him all the time but once, when you turned toward the valley. So I knew he was talking about me. Unless you already have somebody else in the valley."

I tried to embrace her again. She slid away and called playfully, "And now I know even what he said."

"No, you don't."

"I do. You have never been so daring before. He has given you surety with his advice on the ways of women. I know he has."

"No he has," I answered. "Will you let me kiss you? Come here to me."

"I will not. I shall see in Tokay whether you are a man," she hissed between her teeth as she crouched before me for a fleeting moment and darted away to a group of women making incantations to the early moon.

An hour after the sun had set, Murdo, having inspected every wagon, jumped on the seat of the leading one, took the reins in his hand, and drove onto the narrow path leading through the forest. There were eight tent-wagons in all. Mine was the second in the order of march. At about midnight Genitza climbed near me and whispered, "I have come to tell you not to be afraid of what is going to happen. No matter what you see or hear keep your wheels in the rut of the chief's."

Before I had recovered from the surprise she had jumped down and was away in the darkness.

There were two moving lights ahead of us when we had come out of the forest. Murdo's wagon came to a standstill. A few minutes later I heard the howl of a wolf, followed by another howl louder than the

first one. An oppressive silence ensued—a silence that was even more gruesome than the blood-curdling howls. And then, as if the mountain had suddenly become alive with a thousand wolves, the howls resounded and reechoed from all directions. Panic-stricken, Murdo's horses rose on their hind legs, poised, then stretched low and darted away. My own horses became unmanageable. The terrible howls of the man-eaters merged with their own echoes. I remembered Genitza's advice, brought down the whip on my horses, and let them have their heads in pursuit of Murdo, whose wagon I could hardly distinguish in the dark.

The lights I had seen disappeared. The howls grew louder and louder; Murdo's team set a terrific pace. My little horses, whipped, waged, urged, did their best to keep up with Murdo's young stallions. I don't know how long the mad race followed by the wolves lasted, but when the light of the stars was losing in intensity and the rim of the moon in sharpness, Murdo's wagon halted.

"Where are our men? Where are our horses?" I asked, noticing that Murdo and myself were the only males of the tribe and that our spare horses were not with us. Murdo laughed and slapped me on the shoulders.

"How many more years until you should know all our ways? Until you forget what is written in books?"

"Genitza, you tell him where our men are. Kiss him wise."

"Food!" she cried. "Did you think wolves howled? We had to get by the frontier guards. Haven't you seen their lights? So we scared them! How they hid when they heard the wolves!" she laughed and giggled. "Pigs, gardeners, cowards. They have courage only when they meet unarmed people."

An hour later the other men on horseback joined the camp, following one another at short intervals. The horses were rubbed down, fed, and watered. We continued our ride, at a much slower pace, along the Tissa River. Toward noon we reached a little village. We stabled our horses at the inn's parking-place. The whole tribe invaded the inn proper for food and drink.

There was great merriment from noon to late in the night. Young lambs, roasted whole on spits turned over slow fires on the green around the inn, were eaten, standing, by the men, women, and children. Big pitchers of foaming white wine, fresh from the cellar, followed one another. After sunset two fiddlers dropped down as from the skies. It started the dance. The villagers, the men with long white shirts over their narrow white trousers, and the women, feet

bare, with skirts barely to the knees, bare arms, and hair hanging in braids over their shoulders, had only come to look on and greet the Gipsies. But as they tasted the wine they too began to dance and to sing.

I had danced with Genitza several dances. She was much in demand by the other fellows, and even Murdo had danced with her. She was the most beautiful girl of the tribe. Tired, exhausted from the long wild ride and the emotions of the previous night, perhaps also because of the heavy eating and the strong wine, I fell asleep on the grass as I watched her dance. When I awoke the sun was high. The tall wheel of the water-mill was turning round and round, and ox-carts with plows rattling in them were driven to the neighboring fields.

The innkeeper's daughter, a heavy blonde of about sixteen, looked at me as I was rubbing my eyes and yawned and said, "Was the good?" She helped me to my feet, but ran away before I had kissed her.

We traveled on for several more days, resting at night in the village inn, eating and drinking moderately, without bartering with the villagers.

GENITZA seemed to have forgotten my existence during these days. She said a few words to me here and there, but she deliberately avoided my wagon and gave me no chance to speak to her. When I pursued her she retreated to Murdo's seat and sat by him. She was an orphan and therefore under the protection of the chief. I knew of no reason why she should run for protection, and I wondered why she avoided me.

I consulted myself, remembering that Murdo had told me, "A woman measures a man's love by how much she can make him suffer." I was determined not to show it to her at least. Neither was Murdo as friendly as he had been before. Wherein had I failed? I questioned myself without finding any answer.

Early the following afternoon we camped before Tokay. I expected great merriment and another drinking and eating bout. Instead of that the men kept unusually sober, devoting all their attention to currying and cleaning the horses.

The great fair of Tokay was beginning the following day, Sunday. From between false bottoms of the tent-wagons appeared large rolls of homespun silk which glittered in the sunshine, packets of tobacco, demijohns heavy with liquor of all kinds, trinkets in gold and silver, and a mass of other articles which should have paid heavy duty at the frontier. The women, anticipating the joy of the following day, were singing and dancing, telling funny stories, laughing and munching sweets they had bought at the inn.

I was too busy to pay any attention to Genitza. My wagon and my horses were in bad shape, needing cleaning and repair. To the newly improvised smithy, toward evening, I brought an axle to be straightened out. I found Genitza pulling the bellows. She laughed as she let go the handle and danced away.

Miserable, angry, disappointed, I sat on a broken wheel that night and looked at the river. If she meant to play with me that way, she was due to end out

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

"GO, FIGHT FOR ME, GENITZA! URGED, UNSHEATHING THE KNIFE I CARRIED IN MY BELT"





SHEER SILK

And Every One of Them Rolls Her Own

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH



I AM afraid we men have but a slight knowledge of what our wives have to battle with these days. Take Jane, for example. I often tell Jane she is the most wonderful woman in the world, but also I try to put my whole soul into the saying, I am only speaking of surfaces—the things that meet my eye—and it is only occasionally that I get a glimpse into the fathomless depths of her complex problems.

When I tell Jane she is a wonderful woman I mean that I marvel at her ability to keep abreast of the times and manage her home and our daughter and son and still remain so young and chipper and cheerful.

"Jane," I say, "you are a wonderful woman. I can not understand how you manage it. When I stop to think that you have an eighteen-year-old daughter, and a six-year-old son, and a whole house to manage and still remain as young and chipper and cheerful add pretty as a bride, I can not understand it!"

"Henry," she says then, "at the present day it is one of the duties of even a great-grandmother to be as young and chipper and cheerful and pretty as a bride. If you knew all you might indeed wonder."

I take Jane's word for it, but occasionally, as I have said, I do get a glimpse into the tremendous complexities of her problems, usually through some unexpected window such as Emily's sheer silk stockings, and then I am astounded and abashed.

I do not want to suggest that Jane is ever hysterical. She is not. She is thoroughly normal in that respect, but, of course, there are moments when one more straw has its usual effect and Jane becomes a little more normal than usual. I mean to say that I have often thought that the really normal thing for a me widow to do at the end of a perfect day would be to lie flat on her back on the parlor rug and scream violently while she kicked the legs of the Heppelwhite table with her high heels. Not that Jane is ever that normal. Few women are. But I do not understand why they are not.

I reached my home in Westcote about nine o'clock on this first of August, and this was all right, for I had telephoned Jane, and she had said it would be eminently convenient for me to have dinner at my club.

"I think it will be just as well," she had said, "for Mrs. Moskowsky says she may send out a new Marjatta this afternoon."

We call all our maids Marjatta, you understand, because that is a good Finnish name and all our maids are Finns, that being the only kind Mrs. Moskowsky can persuade to come to Westcote. We call them all Marjatta to save time, most of them not remaining long enough for us to learn their names.

There are two times when Jane is apt to be a little less placidly twice than usual. One is when she has no Marjatta and the other is when she has one. I can understand this. It is exceedingly annoying to be without a maid, and it is also exceedingly annoying to have to manage one of the sort we can get in Greenpoint. The other kind refuses to locate more than one mile from Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

From one angle Jane's life appears to be divided into three periods. These are the few briefly consecutive minutes during which she possesses a Marjatta; the weeks during which Mrs. Moskowsky is trying to persuade a new Marjatta to come to Westcote, and the *ad interim*, as the old Romans would have called it, *ad* meaning advertising and *interim* meaning the time between Marjattas, the whole meaning the time between Marjattas when Jane advertised in the *Westcote Courier* with a baseless hope of snaring a real maid. She never did.

WHEN I reached home this first of August my little place made a charming picture. The lawn had been recently cut by a colored gentleman who charged me only two dollars an hour, the fireflies were sparking with a fat spark (as the garage man says), and the white paint of the house shone beautifully in its frame of green boughs. At one end of the screened veranda dear Jane sat at the veranda table, an electric throwing its soft glow on the blue lisle sock she was darning. The light on her hair as she bent to bite off the darn from

was delicious. She looked as young as on the day we were married.

I went up the few steps and fanned away the mosquitoes from the screen door with my hat and entered briskly, closing the door behind me quickly, but not slamming it, because this was the first of the month and I feared Jane's nerves might be troubling her a little. The first of the month is when Jane receives the grocer's bill and the butcher's bill and the ice bill and the vegetable man's bill and all the other bills. It is not a time to slam a door. So I closed it quickly but silently and, stepping to Jane's side, kissed her gently.

"Well, dear, I'm home," I said.

I felt that this was a perfectly safe thing to say, even on the first of the month and whether Jane had or had not a Marjatta. "Well," was a fairly safe introduction, suggesting that what was about to follow was not of immense importance and could be ignored if necessary, and yet it contained a certain gently optimistic cheerfulness. I often introduce my sentences with a "Well." I think it is more soothing than otherwise. The "dear" I considered about right for the time and place. It could not hurt Jane's self-respect as "poor thing!" might have hurt it, and it was not as untimely in overfulness as "darling" or "sweetheart." Nor could Jane, I hoped, object to the simple statement of the self-evident fact that I was home. I felt that the greeting, "Well, dear, I'm home," was safe and yet sufficiently warm, without being irritating. I believed that, no matter what the footing of the grocer's bill had been, Jane could find nothing in my greeting to jangle her nerves. Not that I mean to say she has any, you understand.

When I had thus greeted Jane I paused a moment, and I was delighted to observe that she did not burst into tears, and I became a little bolder.

"It has been a very warm day," I ventured.

Jane did not answer me directly. She dropped her sock in her lap and clasped her hands a little more tightly than I cared to see. When she drew a deep breath I was sure I had gone too far. I took myself to task for my thoughtlessness. "Of course it is a warm day," I told myself, "but you need not have told Jane so. She knows it is warm. While you have been doing your paltry work in your office, cooled by an electric fan, your wife has been struggling here with her trials and troubles, and you come, like a thoughtless creature, and remind her that the day has been warm. Shame on you!" But Jane did not arise in anger. The poise of the modern wife is marvelous. She learned forward, looking past me, and spoke toward the far end of the

veranda. Her voice was rather tense and vibrated a little as—if I may say so—the camel's back may have vibrated under the last straw.

"Emily," she said, "if you wish to please me, do not scratch your ankles."

I turned then and saw, in the dusk of the far end of the veranda, my daughter and a young male seated in two porch rockers that I may safely say were adjacent. I greeted her, and she said, "Hello, Father," and the young male said, "Hello, sir," and I knew he was Bob.

Bob is, I am sure, the least objectionable of the herd of young males who cluster around Emily. Jane has often said so herself. I will not say he is unsophisticated—that being none such—but he is a nice boy. There are whole minutes during which he can do without a cigarette, and he has been arrested only eight times for speeding. I have noticed myself that he wears Lisle socks no better than mine, and I do not believe his shoes cost a cent over fifteen dollars. He is just a simple, clean-minded, boyish boy. I think I can explain him when I say he is one of the few boys I know who would rather play baseball than craps. While I am not able to state it positively I believe he is engaged to Emily, or was, or will be when there is a vacancy. Since her eighteenth birthday Emily has not bothered to mention her fiancé to her mother and me.

THE tone in which Jane had asked Emily to refrain from scratching her ankles assured me that Emily's ankle-scratching was the dreaded last straw, and with a husband's intuition I knew at once why Jane had spoken. When a man and a woman have been husband and wife for twenty-one years this ability to read the other's inmost feelings becomes a second nature. I knew, without further words from Jane, that the high cost of living was nipping at Jane's nerves. It always aips on bill day. I knew, too, what was in Jane's mind when she asked Emily to stop scratching her ankles. The young female of the present day must love silk stockings and she must have them sheer, and just after the monthly bills have arrived it does annoy a mother to have a daughter scratch mosquito bites through sheer silk stockings that have cost from \$7.50 to \$10 per pair. With nails manicured in the modern style a few scratchings on the ankle can utterly ruin such stockings. Our great-grandmothers little knew how simple their lives were when they had nothing to do but raise families of ten children, cook for eight harvesters, spin yarn, and knit stout stockings that no blantly cut nails of that day could scratch holes in. My sympathy was all with Jane, yet I felt for Emily, too.

"The mosquitoes are bad to-night," I said casually. One can always say this in Westcote. Even when they are mosquitoes are always bad here. Even when they are few in number they are bad mosquitoes. So it is safe to say so. The Westcote mosquitoes have no friends, and I felt that when Jane was thinking of the sheer silk on Emily's ankles it was safe to slur the mosquitoes. And it seemed so, indeed. Jane did not deny the worth of my remark.

"I can't understand how they get inside the screens," I said, venturing a little.

"Emily," said Jane, in a voice charged with emotion, "I have asked you not to scratch your ankles. Will you please not do so?"

"Oh, Mother!" Emily answered. "Please!"

You can understand the feelings of a husband and father when such things are said. I felt with Jane as you feel when the weight of the high cost of living as typified by sheer silk stockings of tender fabric behind which, so to speak, were the monthly bills, the expensiveness of Marjattas, and the knowledge that any day might bring to pass the dreaded time when father's income would be less than enough to meet the cost of milk, embroidered underwear, hair-remover, and shoes. Yet I felt with Emily, too, who was but a tender, young child and who must have been annoyed to have Jane mention her ankles when Bob was then

Girls of Emily's age believe that ankles are to be seen and not mentioned. What I mean to say is that they feel that they should appear to think that scratching holes in ten-dollar silk stockings is nothing in the world.

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Girls of Emily's age believe that ankles are to be seen and not mentioned. What I mean to say is that they feel that they should appear to think that scratching holes in ten-dollar silk stockings is nothing in the world.

I was sure that Emily felt chagrined



"EMILY, SHE SAID, 'IF YOU WISH TO PLEASE ME, DO NOT SCRATCH YOUR ANKLES.'"

that Jane had suggested that ten-dollar silk stockings were to be considered of value.

It put me in a rather unpleasant position. At any moment Jane might appeal to me, saying, "Henry, will you please ask Emily not to scratch her ankles?" If I then said, "Emily, please do not scratch your ankles," I would further humiliate my daughter before Bob. If I said, "Why worry, Jane? Let her scratch!" it would be a sneer at Jane's noble efforts to battle against the high cost of being a wife and a mother. It was a moment calling for my best diplomacy. "I think I will go inside and hang up my hat," I said. "I had no sooner said it than I was ashamed. I saw I had not been diplomatic, but cowardly. It was a method of escape. I was, in fact, shirking my duty and running away from it. But I went in, just the same. And I did hang up my hat."

As I stood in the hall, wondering what to do next, I was sure I heard a sithering sound as of bare feet on the kitchen linoleum, and I knew thoughts with Jane than I had feared. She had a new Marjatta in the kitchen. Her cap of troubles was indeed overhurl.

THE modern wife, with a pair of children, a husband, a home, the desire for culture, the need of maintaining a social position, her political duties, and the high cost of everything from pins to potatoes, is not to be envied. My heart beat for Jane. I saw her brain as a gray sea madly tempo-tossed every moment of the day. What tremendous decisions she was called upon to make each day! Shall she discharge Marjatta or wait until to-morrow and let her quit? How many inches of Emily's legs must be shown to be stylish and how many not be shown lest she be indecent? Is asparagus at sixty cents a bunch a necessity or a crime? Is Harding the right man for the Presidency? Will her new ball gown be cut to the mole on her spine or not? Shall Tad be educated by the Piffle Child-culture Method or by the Goof Rough-house System? Is Ibsen more advanced than Brashkeppig or not, and who is Brashkeppig?

Had she better smoke cigarets and train with the Morethane horse or denounce them and be one of the Looschawes? What meat for dinner? Which of Emily's hair-combs is best likely to be worthless? Shall she take up croquet or rose-culture? Is pink silk underwear going out? Did Tad clean his teeth this morning? Did all the shirts come back from the laundry? What is really wrong with her puting?

This was passing through my mind when Jane came in from the veranda. One glance at her face told me that the worst I had feared was about to happen.

"Henry," she said.

I moistened my lips nervously. There had been a time, years ago, when I had said "Henry" in that voice I would have known she was reproachful because I had forgotten to kiss her on my arrival home. I knew this was not the trouble now.

"Yes my dear," I asked gently.

Jane dropped upon one of the hall chairs. She clasped her hands and unclasped them and clasped them again nervously.

Then, as I had feared, she began to weep gently, who as her great-grandmother might have wept at midnight as she sat in her spotless kitchen after a day that had begun at four in the morning and that had included a dinner for harvesters and the knowledge that in two weeks her sixth child would be born. It was the weeping of an utterly weary and worn woman. I bent down and put my arm around her.

"Don't cry, dear," I said. "It will all come right some time."

Nothing, I think, is so comforting to a distressed woman as to have a male assure her, in that gentle tone one uses with a child, that it will all come right some time. The cheerful optimism of the assurance uplifts and cheers while she finds comfort in the thought that the words of wisdom are spoken by one whose machine knowledge of the world and its ways is and must be deep and broad.

In extreme cases, when the wife seems to see her whole world falling about her head in chaos and feels that nothing will ever be right again, it is sometimes wise to accompany

the assurance that it will all come right some time with a couple of gentle pats on the back or shoulder and the use of a pretty pet name, such as "Snookums." The use of the comforting words "There, there!" is also desirable. Nothing so appeals to an intelligent woman as to give her two or three gentle pats on the shoulder, followed by "There, there, Snookums, don't cry! It will all come right some time."

As Jane did not cease weeping immediately, I patted her on the shoulder. "There, there, Snookums, don't cry!" I said. "It will all come right some time."

"But you don't know," Jane wept. "You can't understand."

"Yes, yes!" I soothed. "I understand everything. It will all come right—"

"But I must have Tad shoes in the trenches!" Jane wept. "I don't care if Marjatta is a Finn."

I understood everything then, of course. I said, "But she will leave anyway, won't she?"

I meant, as Jane knew, Marjatta. It is necessary for a man of family to have a certain amount of husbandly intuition, and I immediately saw the whole trouble. Jane had been attending a course of six afternoon lectures, at ten dollars the course, on "The Meaning and Motive of Disarmament," and had very properly agreed to secure signatures to a petition urging the utmost possible disarmament. She was the more willing to do this because Tad is a dear child and Jane did hate the idea of another war coming in ten or twelve years, when Tad would be of draft age. I saw such thorough disarmament that there would be no more wars whatever, thus doing away with all danger of Tad being shot in the trenches or elsewhere.

This was entirely proper, and had my fullest approval, but not the approval of Marjatta. The Marjatta was had the moment was, I am sorry to say, warlike. She was a militant Finn.

It is my understanding, also I am somewhat vague as to the facts, that Finland is now a nation, and I believe Marjatta is a member of the "Finnish Fine" association and holds the opinion that the time has come when her native land should lay in a supply of guns and swords and other warlike instruments and secure her rights. However this may be, I know that Marjatta asked me to sign my name to a petition opposing disarmament until Finland had secured her rights in the north pole, the island of Yap, or some other desirable place.

It was, therefore, quite clear to me that this warlike Marjatta had decided an ultimatum to Jane that she must sign the anti-disarmament petition or she would leave the home immediately. It was for that reason I said,

"But she will leave anyway, won't she?" "They all leave," Jane said, with something like a sob, "except those that come. And the ones that do come are worse than nothing."

JANE had often told me this, so it was not entirely new to me. In our unfortunate village domestic help appears to be an inconvenience that must be borne when it is not a catastrophe that must be suffered.

"Then," I said soothingly, "it is all simple. If she is sure to leave, why worry?"

But Jane did not agree. She put her hands along her cheeks like a frame and pressed her fingertips against her temples.

"Oh, you can't understand! You know nothing about it!" she cried. "When I think that even the screens will not keep the mosquitoes off the veranda I just feel like getting a pair of rubber gloves and not caring about international politics at all!"

I knew what she meant. Every woman will know, too. By her reckless threat about international politics she meant she was tempted to throw down the entire structure of modernity she had built for herself—all the bareness of back, and super-liness, and auction bridge, and admiration for poetry that is not poetry and that can not be admired, and earrings that clamp on like paper clips, and glued hair, and forty-dollar corsets, and thirteen clobs, and interest in the wrongs of the small people, and eight thousand seven hundred and sixty-four other activities of the modern wife.

By getting a pair of rubber gloves she meant she was tempted never again to try to get a Marjatta, but to do her own dishwashing and be as *declassé* as that implied. By the mention of the porch-screens she meant that the whole weight of the high cost of everything was driving her half mad, and particularly so because it was something over which she had such slight control that she could not even keep her own daughter from scratching holes in ten-dollar sheer silk stockings. She meant that things

had come to a pretty pass in the world when a mother who was trying to be all that a modern mother should be could not ask Emily to help battle the high cost of living and refrain from scratching mosquito bites through sheer silk without being talked back at.

A wife does not have to waste words with a husband. I knew all that Jane meant. She meant that the grocer's bill, despite her utmost care to provide the proper amount of calories and at the lowest price, was larger than ever before. I knew that the butcher's bill was worse this month than it had been. I knew, too, that the undertaker's matter of all was that Emily, her own daughter, had shown no willingness to co-operate in the matter of fighting the high cost of stockings. That was the cruel hurt.

"I don't blame you, Henry," Jane said, wiping her eyes. "You are earning more than you are worth already."

"I will try to earn more," I said, touched by her words. "I must. That is all there is to it."

"No," she answered. "That is not all there is to it. It is Emily. I thought I could depend on Emily. I thought Emily understood. I have told her so often how hard it is for us—for every one—to live the life that costs so much. I thought she would be as understanding as I, and think deep before we double no-trump hands, and especially save on stockings."

"Golf-balls we must, of course, be decently reckless with and not hurt them in the rough so they will be more seen penurious, but on stockings we can save. I have told her so again and again. I thought she understood and meant to help me there."

I COULD say nothing of course. Women, even the most modern women, come to have these pet economies, even as men do.

I have known a man to wear one pair of eighty-cent suspenders eight years and patch them with tape, and still have ten twenty-five-cent cigars before lunch each day, and ten more after lunch.

"Stockings have to be so sheer now," said Jane. "Decency requires that they be quite indecently sheer, of course, and I never complain about that. Nor the price, either, that hurts some. The ten-dollar quality is cheaper in the long run. I want Emily to have the best we can afford; she is our only daughter, and before she is married long skirts may come in again and stockings not matter. I want Emily to have them sheer and I want her to have them the best we can afford, but I do think, Henry, after all I have told her, she might have sufficient self-restraint to refrain from scratching. One scratch too strong and ten dollars is gone forever. A little restraint is all that is needed. I do not scratch my ankles."

"You are a woman of all women, Jane, dearest," I said proudly.

"I am a disappointed and broke-broken mother, Henry," Jane replied. "My daughter does not heed my words." "My dear," I said firmly, touching her cheek with my hand, "I will speak to Emily myself, and sternly, too. When I think of all you have done for that child, and that she should repay you by scratching her ankles through the sheerest stockings any mother ever gave her for a daughter, when you have distinctly told her—"

I stopped then because I heard the scraping of chairs on the veranda floor, followed by Bob's stout tread as he departed.

The next moment Emily stood in the doorway in all her tall, maidenly beauty. She cast a glance of reproach at Jane.

"Mother," she said, "I do wish you would not shout at me not to scratch my ankles when young men are calling on me. It is most embarrassing. I nearly died of shame."

She bent and scratched one of her rather nice ankles viciously.

"I imagine how I must have felt," she said, "with Bob there and you calling attention to my ankles. It was awful, simply awful! Especially when I did not have any stockings on!"

Jane leaned forward and stared at Emily's ankles. It was an embarrassing moment for all of us. Luckily, Marjatta, in the kitchen, dropped a dish just then. It sounded as it broke, like a twelve-dollar meat-pitcher. This relieved the tension, and Jane went into the kitchen.

"Emily, dear," I said, "why did you not tell your mother at once that you had no stockings on?" She was so upset about it.

My daughter laughed lightly.

"How could I tell her with Bob there, Father, dear?" she asked, and patted me gently on the top of the head. "And anyway—"

She raised one foot and guided my hand to her ankle.

"Emily! Emily!" I reproved her. "You should not tell fibs to your mother, not even to soothe her!"

For, after all, she did have stockings on. They were, indeed, very sheer. Everything is very sheer these days.



"AND ANYWAY—LOOK!" SHE RAISED ONE FOOT AND GUIDED MY HAND TO HER ANKLE



"I DON'T BLAME YOU, HENRY," JANE SAID, WIPING HER EYES; "YOU ARE EARNING MORE THAN YOU ARE WORTH ALREADY."

The Story of the Story

The ouija-board had a strange message from "Grace" for the group assembled around it. "You must go by Burehons," it had insisted. What was it all about and who could interpret it? It meant the M. A. to Mrs. Lombard, the young American wife of an invalid Scotsman of title, who lives in retirement with her husband in a small New England suburb. Her great-grandmother was a Grace Delafield!

It is a mysterious warning that concerns the following people: Mimi Warren, ward of the Curran family, an unspoiled heiress; sedate Stephen Winslow, her lukewarm lover; Fred, the apple of Stephen's eye, a pleasure-loving young brother; and "Lady" Lombard.

In the preceding installment Sir Allen Lombard dies very suddenly. His wife has mixed his medicines and overdosed him with morphin. Stephen is summoned to explain the tragedy to the coroner. In his hunger for narcotics the husband has changed the box-lids. Silent and aloof, Mrs. Lombard sets Stephen wondering. He finds himself unaccountably drawn to this unhappy woman—such a contrast to Mimi.

THE LOVE OF
LUCRETIA LOMBARD

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

COMPLETE IN FOUR INSTALLMENTS—PART TWO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR L. KELLER



MARJORIE! Mimi said suddenly, out of a peaceful silence.

Miss Rutger, buttoning a muffin, eyed her expectantly. The mountain visit had ended a fortnight earlier, but there had been a dance the night before, and the girls had come home weary and happy, to sleep together in the Curran mansion, and waken late in a still, warm May morning. Nancy, Mrs. Curran's square, motherly, middle-aged maid, had brought them up a luminous tray, and they were sharing it in the pleasant south window. The soft morning air poured over Mimi's window-sills, and reflected light from the green of the motionless maple-boughs gave a pleasant summery gleam and glint to Mimi's gay clothes and wicker chair.

Outside, in midmorning, the atmosphere was summery, too. The chickens, up the Judge's old-fashioned side lane, were fluffing in the dust, with serious little undertone duckings; the rusty old bay carriage-horses were standing at the barn, Toby's nose against Dandy's cheek, long tails swishing now and then at the season's first flies. Over this quiet, residential part of town the plummy tops of trees rose against a deep-blue sky, and homelike glimpses of brick walls and colonial dormers showed through the steadily thickening foliage. Now and then a motor spun down the wide street, and the breakfasting girls could hear the mellow note of its horn as it turned into Washington Street.

Two children clipped by, talking clearly: the screen door of the kitchen banged, and Emma's laugh was heard over Bobby, the chauffeur's, deep voice.

"Marge," said Mimi, pushing her basket chair back from the table, and tossing her crumpled napkin on top of the litter of dishes, "you've known Steve Winslow all your life—now, tell me—I'm awfully worried."

She halted, choked. Marge regarded her with a mixture of amusement and scorn.

"For Heaven's sake—" she began, amazedly.

"No, I haven't!" Mimi said, hastily regaining self-control. "But this is what I mean. Now you know the house out in Kinnicut Road—we couldn't live in that old West Maryland Avenue house, with one bathroom for nine bedrooms!"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" Marjorie said, frankly.

"Well, you know I bought that Kinnicut Road house?"

"Well, certainly. Doesn't he like it?"

"Oh, yes," said Mimi, dubiously. "I think he does!"

"Why, he seemed perfectly delighted about it, to me!" Marjorie said.

"Oh, did he, Marge?" Mimi asked eagerly. "Tell me what he said!"

"You heard what he said when we were all at Belle's?"

"I remember." Mimi's tone had fallen somewhat flat. "It didn't seem to me that he was very enthusiastic," she added, in a sorrowful tone.

"I don't know what he wants," observed Marjorie. "There isn't anything handsomer or lovelier in town."

"No," Mimi said, in the same tone. "It isn't that."

"Do you mean that he'd rather fix up the old West Maryland place, Mimi? You could stick in a few bathrooms, you know. And of course the trees are older! But that's yours, too, as far as that goes!" reasoned Marjorie.

"Well, that's just it!" Mimi, looking rosy and earnest, and charmingly disheveled under her tumbled dark hair, threw herself back in her cushions, and linked her hands behind her head. The ribbioned laces of her loose, lace, transparent morning-robe fell back from her bare ankles and dappled feet.

Marjorie, now perceiving the delicate nature of this affair, was a little flushed too as she looked seriously at her friend.

"You mean that Stephen doesn't like the idea of your being rich?" she asked slowly.

"I'm not rich!" Mimi protested, with an uncomfortable little laugh. "There was a balance there, when I was twenty-one, nearly two years ago. And I had always said to Uncle Sam that some day I would buy a home with it!"

"Did Steve say anything that made you think he—he can't like it?" Marjorie pursued.

"No—no. But he looked a little—firm," Mimi confessed.

"Oh, Mimi, you imagine it!"

Marjorie rose, tossed her own napkin upon the breakfast tray, and began to saunter superbly about the room, expressly conscious of the wondrously draped Indian wrap that she had wound skillfully about her silk nightgown. As she passed Mimi she gave the top of her head a reassuring pat.

"My dear, you have a beautiful home," said Marjorie firmly, "and if Stephen doesn't realize how how lucky he is, he will some day! Father says that there's nothing to prevent him going straight on in politics; he says Stephen is right in line for Senator—he did say so! And this man I was telling you about—a perfectly fascinating man—a Californian, but he's lived in New York for years, and he's been everywhere—"

Marjorie's friends were all of this distinguished type, and Mimi did not listen. Her eyes were troubled, and in her heart she was suffering the pain of the first real check her gaiety and confidence had ever known.

Steve valued money, but he valued other things more. He had worked hard for his own prosperity; he knew the value of every dollar that had come to pay his father's debts, to help educate Fred, to make Winslow & Winslow what it was, one of the trusted younger firms of the city. Stephen had refused his uncle's help at sixteen, had studied and struggled tirelessly and successfully to bring order and profit out of his father's tangled affairs, had divided his college years with hard sessions of responsibility and legal instruction.

Mimi's face flushed with shame as she saw exactly what her airy purchase of the too handsome wedding present might seem to him. It was insufferable to her that she had been so stupid and so impulsive, and generously and quite as impulsively, too, she began to rack her brain for the right answers.

She and Marjorie had planned the inspection of a certain set of Pembroke dining-room furniture to-day, but Mimi was restless and absent-minded, in the rosy, odorous dimness of the big furniture-store, would come to no decision, and left Marjorie early in the afternoon, with a plea of faint headache and Spring languor.

SHE would sell the hateful house—I she told herself, driving rapidly homeward, and she would never say "house," again until Stephen had found something that he was wild about, something that *they*—not she—could afford. And then—Mimi felt tears behind her eyes—that might put the wedding off indefinitely!

Her heart rose with a great spring of joy and reassurance when she saw the rough two-wheeled overcoat in the hall and heard his voices in the dining-room. Mrs. Curran was loitering over a late lunch; Stephen had evidently just come in, and as they sat down he announced that he must immediately go off again.

"I've got to go out the Hadley Road to see a man," he said, his big, warm hand still over Mimi's, who was beside him, "and then Uncle Sam wants me to see Lejeune—the old second-hand bookman, down Kingsway near Lejeune, wants a room on the first floor there for his overflow stock, and I'm going over some old trunks and stuff of my father's—stored in there. I don't think that there's anything worth shipping to the Kinnicut Road house," he added, with a smile for Mimi, "nothing 'period'—nothing 'colonial'—only some walnut chairs and a bureau and the boxes."

She did not brighten, the sweetness of his attitude toward

the new home choked her, and she looked down at her own fingers, held in his, with suddenly suffused eyes.

"Why, look here—look here!" he said gently, exchanging a quick, surprised glance with Mrs. Curran. "What's the trouble, little girl?"

"Nothing," said Mimi, with a gulp. And with a laugh, half angry at herself, she added desperately, "Talk!"

Stephen and his aunt immediately began to talk at random.

"Steve, will you leave a little note for me with Mrs. Lombard? I tried to tease him about her a little, but you know what a funny child he is when it comes to anything serious! I don't believe Fred will ever marry!"

"She wouldn't look at Fred," Stephen said positively.

"Wouldn't?" Mimi said, animatedly, looking up with slightly roved eyes, but with perfect self-control.

"Well, do you think so?" Stephen asked, more moderately.

"Fred says," Mrs. Curran contributed suddenly, "that she pays only sixteen dollars for that house—imagine that!"

"Oh, *hello!*" Mimi said faintly, with her thoughts upon the colonial house in Kinnicut Road. "I was thinking of the prices of some of the things Marjorie and I were looking at to-day," she smiled.

Stephen smiled back, encouragingly.

"And what did you see that you liked?" he asked.

"Oh, I adore you when you are so sweet and generous, and when I am such a spoiled brat!" Mimi said, but not aloud.

Aloud she said, as his aunt vanished in the direction of the kitchen, leaving them alone:

"Steve, you feel happy about the new house, don't you?"

"Why, what do you think I wanted—the city hall?" he asked, bringing his chair a little nearer her own.

"But you will like it," coaxed Mimi, "when the old rags go in, and the chintzes—I thought, just plain net curtains, Steve?" And the four oil portraits in the library. And *several*—she added, making her own pretty mouth severe, and widening her eyes childishly.

Stephen was close enough to give her an unexpected, quick kiss—two kisses—upon each cheek.

"You're very cunning about your new house!" he said.

"And here I am, loafing," he added, jumping to his feet, "at almost three o'clock! What do you do to-night—the Jenkinses?"

"Yes, and Grace will come here and go with us, so be early, won't you? For it's Margaret Anglin afterward, Steve."

Mimi followed him into the hall, "have you a minute to-day to see that Pembroke set?"

"If you like it—" he began eloquently. But as she came closer, and he laid one hand lightly on the overcoat that he was buttoning, her face was clouded, and she did not raise her eyes. "I may be a little late," he said, dimly conscious of her mood: "where is this set?"

"Oh, never mind!" Mimi said lightly.

When he was gone she stood looking wistfully up at the closed front door, and after a few moments went slowly upstairs to her room. It was the most hateful hour of an extremely warm Spring day. Everything was glaring and glittering,

though Mimi fretfully; she was nervous and excited, and she was too early to make any plans for tea or calls. "I'm not tired!" she said, resentfully, throwing herself down in the steamer-chair, where the bright day had begun so happily a few hours ago. Again she locked her hands behind her head, staring absently at the brilliant pair of behind-the-heads that were an engagement present from California, and that she had thought would be so wonderful on the white mantle of the new house—

The new house. The thought of it brought her mind instantly to Stephen, and tears of bewilderment and disappointment came to her eyes. Why wasn't he most interested in it? Didn't most men love to fuss and fuss over chairs and tables, colonial mirrors, and Chinese and Japanese prayer-rugs?

Finding the house, she had had a vision of Stephen and herself delighting in its furnishing. She had seen them halting through shops, excited over an antique bureau or a Bokhara prayer-rug.

And suddenly Mimi began to cry, got to her feet, stumbled blindly to the door and locked it, stumbled back to bed, and cast herself among the pillows, big and little, pressing the lacy-lace and embroidery to her streaming eyes, whimpering a little audibly sometimes, and at others nervously conscious that if Aunt Bessy heard the least suspicion of a tear she would be frantic with concern and curiosity.

At half past four Grace and Suzanne came in, to carry Mimi to the Country Club, and Mimi, just brushing her hair, was pale, quiet, interesting. The girls asked no questions, let the little hint of trouble cast a new glamour over Mimi, which she appreciated in spite of herself. She had decided by this time that it was just Steve's adorable, big, lovely way; he was far too deep in his work and his responsibilities to worry about eighteenth-century ventering! As for herself, she was an "idiot," and if she wasn't extremely careful she would be one of these jealous, exacting wives who made life a burden for every one!

Refreshed by the storm, and rapidly regaining her bright color, she chattered and drank tea in the very center of the group at the Country Club, and she said to take, from that time forward, a more rational tone with Stephen, and show him how sensibly and frankly she could appreciate his indifference to the lesser points of house-keeping.

The cloud on Stephen's own spirit, still she did not suspect it, was far darker than that on Mimi's own. He hardly realized himself exactly the significance of the half-lit and half-resentful feeling of which he was conscious now and then, when the material aspect of his engagement to Mimi was considered.

MIMI was rich, but not rich enough to tempt a rising young politician of Stephen's caliber to anything like fortune-hunting. Mimi had always quite frankly trusted and admired and loved him, but for years that had not been enough. It was not until a new feeling for her had stirred him, not until his protective, brotherly feeling had been blotted out by that sudden impulse of devotion to her, and of need of her, that he had put his arm about her, and asked her what the world usually thought of the guardian who carried off the heiress.

And then the storm of complications had begun; every one was so delighted—too thoroughly delighted, in several instances, to be quite conscious of the prospective groom's point of view. Aunt Bessy had said that now, thank God, nobody could marry the child for her money. Uncle Sam had prophesied that there was nothing to keep the boy out of the Senate, now, if he wanted to go to Washington! His own record, exalted the old man, his political backing, and his new life's money!

And Mimi had bought the Kinnetric Road house—

Driving out toward Hadley, Stephen mused upon these things with a rather cynical smile—a smile that Mimi had never seen there, on her fine, grave face. If the girls had

been vaguely disappointed in her ideal of engagement days, perhaps he was a little disappointed too. This might have been the time of so much earnest and anxious and happy planning, he thought—they might have solved together the problems of what rent, what service, what entertaining they might afford.

On his own modest income they might have taken a small apartment; Mimi would have had to do her own housekeeping, or a great part of it, for a while. A good case, for Winship & Winship, would have been caused for rejecting; they would have gone together to get the new kitchen table or the six Canton plates.

But now—!

HE RALLIED his common sense as resolutely as Mimi had done; after all, this was utter absurdity. Mimi, as heiress went, was sweetness and unsuspiciousness itself, and she grew sweeter and more reasonable every day. Struggling with all sorts of financial tangles ten years ago, would the old Stephen have recognized this exacting gentleman, rising in his profession, commanding a fair-sized income, driving his own car, and betrothed to the finest girl of his acquaintance, who also happened to have wealth to bring him?

Stephen laughed. But there was a little sentimental, simple streak deep in his soul, nevertheless, and this simple and sentimental Stephen would have liked to be giving more, and taking less, now, less envied by the world, but prouder in his own heart. The deep sweetness of the May woods, the hazy softness of the Spring afternoon, roused in him a certain ache of longing, and a sense—the keenest in

whose roofs were shining in a dim haze of motionless smoke, with here and there an occasional window catching a gleam of full sunlight.

He crossed the Oldchurch Street bridge, moved more slowly through the cañons of the railway town, where trucks were backed against open warehouse doorways and the air tainted with raw coffee and oils and straw packing. It was just four o'clock when he stopped outside of Lejean's second-hand book-shop and looked about for the old man.

In the pleasant hour of the Spring afternoon all the Square was alive.

Shawled women and running babies lined the park benches, rejoicing in warmth and greenness and in the balmily lengthening day. The shining, shining light lay tenderly upon the balconied, old, faded brick houses; doves circled the tower of old St. Thomas's, and walked with rapid, little twisting motions of their tiny bodies where cats had been spilled near the curb.

Stephen looked up at the windows of his grandfather's house; there was a little cardboard sign, "Rooms," in what had been Madam Curran's beautiful bedroom. The French windows of the drawing-room—and what a pleasant room it had been, long and plain, and filled with a New England captain's sea-plunder of Chinese chairs—were now were sealed now, and he could see the raw, chalked back of a bureau pushed against one of them. On the top floor the plain small casements were lined with striggy geraniums and dry vines in rusty tin cans.

Outside the book-shop long tables filled with shabby books were ranged in the brick area; mildewed, old books, green and brown and faded black, topped with ink signs, "Any Book Five Cents," "Any Book Ten Cents—Two for Fifteen."

A woman in black was standing by one of these tables, her plain hat, with a narrow rolled brim, smothered in a thin, transparent mass of veiling; her slender white hand sharply outlined against the usual leaved black of her plain dress. Mrs. Lombard.

She was turning the pages of an enormous old fashion-book, held in half-idele, half-amused absorption by the beaded mantillas and fringed shawls and tipped little flat hats. She looked first at Stephen's hand, then up at his face, and then gave him her own hand, with a surprised smile.

Stephen had an odd, unmistakable impression that he had done exactly this thing before, and with it a quite indefinable sensation of lightness and joy. The afternoon, softly descending toward twilight, seemed suddenly luminous and exquisite; heavenly with the opalescent lights that are not of land or sea, lights that had nothing to do with the dingy books, and the running and shouting children, and the decayed, old mansions, yet that embraced and enclosed and illuminated all these, and all life. There was something a little weary, a little drooping and relaxed, about this end of the long, warm, untimely day, and Stephen was conscious of a corresponding languor in his own heart; a creeping sense of warmth, and the pushing of green grames, and the drifting odor of lilac.

Her voice—he had forgotten its extraordinary cadences. He gave her his aunt's note, and explained his errand in Kingsgreen Square.

"Sure enough, this was your grandfather's home?" she smiled. "I remember, Fred—or Mimi—told me!"

"They looked up at the windows," Stephen took from her the heavy books she was carrying.

"No, you mustn't hold those!" she said. "I'll have Monsieur Lejean send little François across to the rectory with them! But look at them first—what a treasure I've found!"

There were six of them, piled in three, securely tied several times about with strong cord. Stephen read "Lives of the Queens," in dull gold upon the dark-blue backs. Books and string were equally dusty, and gave forth an acrid, stale odor of olden decay. The stout tops of them were



"MY GOD!" HE WHISPERED, OVER AND OVER AGAIN, "HOW I HAVE MISSED YOU—HOW I HAVE MISSED YOU!"

life—of having missed the true flavor of living, of having been cheated of what is a man's richest heritage of love and service and labor shared.

Along the country roads bridal-wreath and acacia were in bloom; maples were painting tender shadows again, across the rain-patched brown roads. Everywhere were the delicious rustle and gleam and shine of new foliage. Stephen, his errand concluded, was sorry to turn back toward the town,

discolored a dark brown, and the cloth was crisp and splitting with age.

"This is a treasure, eh?" he asked, expectant eyes on her face.

"Oh, rather—I don't dare open it here, because—as you can see!—they've been tied up for ages. I'll have to clean them, and brush them up a bit. But I was so pleased to find them! I was putting about in the back of the store, putting it in order, really, for old M'sieu Lejeal, when I came across them, jammed under a counter for dear knows how long. He wanted to present them to me—I don't imagine that they have any real market value—but I wouldn't let him do that. So I set a price of three dollars upon them, and rang it up in the cash-register myself."

"Three dollars apiece," Stephen smiled, with an instant relieved thought that there could be no real financial need for a woman who could spend eighteen dollars so easily.

"Oh, dear—dear!" she said in an amused undertone, as if to some third person, "what frightful standards he has! No, no—three dollars for the set!"

Her composure, her tone, her beauty, and the fact that she wanted these presumably dry, old historical volumes, reassured him pleasantly. He had not seen her since the night of her husband's death a month ago, and in the meanwhile Fred's reports, and his own thoughts, had often brought her to mind. It had been an odd episode, and Stephen had more than once told himself that theoretically he had had no right to vouch so high-handedly for this unknown, beautiful, mysterious woman, who had herself admitted to carelessness, if to nothing worse, in the matter of administering a dangerous medicine.

But he told himself now that this was a gentlewoman; everything about her inspired confidence, respect, admiration. The circumstances of her husband's death had been unfortunate, in their implication of youth and beauty driven desperate, yet here she stood, using her long-jeopardized freedom for no more sinister purpose than to live in old St. Thomas's rectory, and buy second-hand histories from Lejeal.

Before they could more than greet each other, Lejeal himself came out from his dim, book-cluttered lair; he was delighted with the landlord's prompt appearance, and promised that the junk-dealer who was to buy and carry off the old furniture would immediately join them. Mrs. Lombard was evidently a great favorite with the old Frenchman, and murmured to him in his own tongue, while she consigned the precious bundle of books to his care.

Solari, the junk-dealer, descending from a disreputable wagon drawn by an almost collapsed, dirty white horse, opportunely arrived. He was a stout, patched, jolly old man, unshaven, and bristly, brilliant smiles following each other upon his oily dark face. All four—for Mrs. Lombard was as frankly interested as a child—went up-stairs together, and entered together the musty, dusty, darkened old room where moths and decay had had their way for so many years. At the long windows shutters had been closed, and tied with strips of cloth, and odds and ends of sunburned paper had been further tacked across them, to exclude the light.

Stephen jerked these down with a gingerly finger and thumb, opened the French windows, and let in the fresh air. The sense of romance and adventure was still strong upon him. Any door might open into fairyland to-day; Solari and his dirty horse might turn into the chariot of the sun; He hardly looked at Mrs. Lombard, hardly spoke to her, but there was not a movement nor a word of hers that escaped him.

THE streaming light revealed furniture piled against the walls, just the commonplace bureaus and chairs that he had described to Mimi, forlorn and dirty and discolored, their scarred and unfinished backs exposed to view. Nondescript and moth-eaten draperies enveloped some of them, and in a grooved and shiny old wooden kitchen table Mrs. Lombard's casual investigation unearthed a worn vegetable-knife and one rolling nutmeg.

She stood at the window, looking out, while the men negotiated. The back yard was evidently the playground of children of all sizes. There were dolls and dishes upon a soap-box in the shade of the largest maple; a small home-made wagon and various bottles indicated a dairy industry in a corner; two goats were tethered to a pole; a rickety ladder, rising into an elm, ended at a rickety platform, and whatever the children of poverty-stricken Kingsgreen Square could collect in the way of planks, ropes, wires, wheels, boxes, chains, and pulleys was distributed generally about the place.

But the soft sunlight was shining down upon this disorder through the scarcely unfolded foliage of the trees, and at the backs of other houses all about, women were chatting and airing babies and hanging out clothes. In one grassy enclosure a delicate old woman was sitting, yellow-white hair strained away from a waxen scalp, peaceful, bloodless hands folded together.

"Isn't it pleasant?" said Mrs. Lombard to Stephen at her shoulder.

He did not answer immediately, and she looked up at him

obliquely in surprise. The smile on his face was almost one of confusion, but immediately it changed into his kindly, familiar look.

"Nice to have things opening up again," he said. "It has been a long Winter!"

In her turn she smiled a little bewilderedly, some flutter of her own senses surprising her. She said to herself that Stephen Winship had a fashion of making one feel young—and beloved—he was like some affectionate, proud uncle or big brother, confident that one deserved, from all the world, his own generous estimate. He made her feel that she signified something in life—that she meant something as a human being.

The business with Solari concluded, she delighted the old foreigner with a few sentences in Italian.

"I've forgotten half of it!" she smiled to Stephen. But the junk-dealer would not permit this. The signora spoke beautifully: like a Roman lady, indeed.

The room was to be cleared; Lejeal should have immediate possession; Solari should cart away everything but the little trunk of letters.

And for the little trunk of letters Mr. Winship would ask his brother to send at once; they were probably of no value at all, but there might be something worth saving among them. Mr. Winship was to be married, and some day would take the trunk to his own home.

Solari beamed his satisfaction with these arrangements; the gentleman was to be married? They understood that he was congratulating them both.

"Oh, hear him!" Mrs. Lombard smiled amusedly, without confusion. She set him right, maternally, in Italian, and Stephen thought her lack of any self-consciousness admirable. No, she was not to marry the signor. No, another *signorina, bella, ricca, giovane*. "I think he is actually disappointed!" she finished, to Stephen, calmly. "And why not store the trunk at my house?" she suggested immediately. "Then you can send for it at any time!"

So it was arranged, and at five o'clock she and Stephen walked across the Square together, and went up to the familiar sitting-room, unchanged except for the absence of the big chair. Hannah, soberly smiling a welcome to the friend in need, was sent for tea. Mrs. Lombard went into the bedroom, returning without her hat, and with her magnificent crown of fair hair a little crushed, and curling in the unruly little ringlets that he remembered, on her softly brown forehead.

The windows were all open to-day, and there were jonquils in bowls and the odor of violets. And whenever he smelled violets afterward, Stephen thought of this hour, and of the beginning of this friendship.

Yet nothing about it was extraordinary; a quiet call upon a woman recently widowed, in this odd, homely little establishment. Nothing in their even ripple of conversation, or in the bent bright head and the idle creamy hands, accounted for the subtle disquiet that ran in his veins.

They spoke of Mimi, and of the excitement at the Curran house, and of the mountain cabin, which Mrs. Lombard hoped some day to see. And they spoke of Mimi's father and mother, and of Stephen's own people—all early dead.

She told him her plans; she would be obliged to stay on for a while—a year at least—until Mr. Lombard's small estate was settled. Fred was attending to the matter for her; there was a good deal of red tape to be gone through with. She thought to remain where she was; she liked Sanbridge, liked existence in the old rectory with the devoted Hannah, liked the pleasant, quiet life of Kingsgreen Square. She had books, and her Red Cross work, and just the few friends that she needed; she wanted the peaceful interval to recover balance and to restore nerves.

"The care of an invalid must have made your life extremely hard," Stephen ventured.

"Not if one loved the invalid," she answered simply. "If Allen had been—what I thought he was, years ago, then *nothing*—nothing—would have been too much, nothing enough! But long, long before the rheumatism began, I knew—and I think he knew, that our marriage was a mistake fatal in both our lives."

It was evenly said, in her liquid, quiet voice, but the frankness of it shocked, and a little distressed, Stephen. After all, the man had died less than a month ago!

"I had—for years the sensation that I was not living, that I had somehow lost touch with real life," she added, after an untroubled pause, and quite as if she were thinking aloud. Her echo of his own thoughts, a little earlier to-day, quite softened him again. "Now, it is all beginning to come back," she said. "Women in the neighborhood—books—children—they all seem to me what they did when I was a girl!"

"It is rather extraordinary that you should say that," Stephen said when the thoughtful voice died away. He was astonished with the readiness—more, with the eagerness—he felt in talking to her. Every word that she said seemed to inspire in him the desire for a reply, and he looked at the clock with an actual resentment against the steady passing away of this unusually pleasant half-hour. "It is extraordinary that I felt that same thing to-day—perhaps

it's just the Spring coming back. But when I was standing there in front of old Lejeal's book-shop, I had the strangest feeling of having done it all before, and feeling peaceful and happy—like a boy—you know. Just as if life never could be hard or complicated again!"

"And that reminds me!" she said suddenly. "My darling books! Hannah," she added, to the maid, who came in with the tray, "will you take these books, and wipe them off, and cut the string?"

Hannah gave her an indulgent glance. Stephen was quite struck with the brilliant, affectionate look Mrs. Lombard gave the bulky woman in reply.

"Hannah's wonderful," she said, quietly manipulating cup and teapot, when the maid was gone. "She is to have her little girl here with her next week. That makes it much pleasanter for her, and—since I am all alone, it is no hardship for me!"

"I think that is awfully kind of you," Stephen said, finding the hot tea and the plain brown bread and butter delicious.

She smiled at him innocently, contentedly, over her own cup.

"I must positively disclaim kindness," she answered, with a pretty little deliberation over the phrase, "for this means economy. Hannah is paying eighteen dollars board a month for her child now. Some of that comes off her wage."

THE nicely chosen phrases delighted a lawyer appreciative of the possibilities of his own language.

"And you must think of economy?" he asked, a little clumsily.

"I must live," she was quite simple about it. "No more dipping into capital!"

"Can it be done?" he smiled.

"Can it be done!" she echoed. "It can be done delightfully. I shall have books, and Hannah, and perhaps some day I will buy a baby Airedale, and ask Stephen and Mimi Winship to tea—!"

The simple little summary, and her first use of his name, warmed his heart suddenly and dangerously. He felt an impulse to put his hand over hers, and tell her that he thought she was very charming. Instead he let her fill his cup again, and felt again resentment against the clock that was hurrying this fortuitous and happy time.

Mrs. Lombard was silent, her eyes dropped, her delicate hands holding the fragile cup. And Stephen was content to watch her in silence.

Hannah came in with the books. Mrs. Lombard brightened, put down her cup, and, eagerly taking them in her lap, handed one to him for his approval. Her eyes glistened gold as she rummaged through the stiff, stained, yellowed pages.

"You have the first, 'Matilda of Flanders,'" she said animatedly, leaning against his arm.

"Look at Matilda," Stephen commented, pushing up the tissue-paper that still clung to the old steel-engraving. "No nonsense about her!"

"Elizabeth has a whole volume to herself, and here are the poor Queens of Henry the Eighth," exulted Mrs. Lombard. "I shall begin this to-night—"

"Look here," Stephen interrupted, displaying the fly-leaf of the first volume, where faded ink-writing was visible.

Again the vital, fragrant young figure leaned against him. "George to Grace," Mrs. Lombard read aloud, "'Baltimore, April eighteenth, 1852.' George to Grace! Perhaps this was a suitable love-offering, seventy years ago!" she added, looking up with a smile. "But look—here's more!" she added, turning idly to the title-page.

Bending over it together, they read in a girl's clear, flowing hand,

"Grace Delafield from her friend, George Curran."

"This must have been from my grandfather's library!" Stephen exclaimed. "But I didn't know that we ever sold any books. He was George Curran."

"But—but—but—" Mrs. Lombard was actually stammering in her excitement. "But my grandmother was Grace Delafield!" she said amazedly. And for a moment of utter astonishment they looked blankly at each other.

"Grace Delafield was my grandmother's name," the woman said again, ending the little pause.

"George Curran was certainly my grandfather," Stephen persisted seriously.

"And was he ever in Baltimore?"

"Oh, yes, I think so."

"You don't suppose," Mrs. Lombard said slowly, "that your grandfather gave my grandmother these books?"

"Wouldn't that be an extraordinary thing!" Stephen mused, staring at the faded inscription as if he could see beyond and through it. "Now let's think it out. Old Captain Tom Curran was born in eighteen hundred, and my grandfather about eighteen-thirty, I think."

"That would make him twenty-two when he fell in love with my grandmother!" Mrs. Lombard said eagerly.

"Oh, he fell in love, did he?" asked Stephen, amused.

"Well, of course he did! And Grace—let me see." In turn she began her own calculations. "I am twenty-eight," she said, "and my father, Morgan Bannister, would have been thirty when I was born. That takes him back to about eighteen-sixty, doesn't it? Say that he was born in eighteen-sixty—his mother was Grace Delafield Bannister—I've seen it on her gravestone, poor Granny—and he was her third child. So she was probably married at about eighteen-fifty-four or -five, after—" her eyes moved to his with charming gravity, almost reproach, "after her little flirtation with your grandfather!" she said.

"This is the strangest thing I've ever run into in my life!" Stephen said. "My grandfather got over it, anyway," he boasted, with his whimsical smile, "for he married Miss Fanny Rose, of Sanbridge, and lived happily ever after!" "Nor did my grandmother die of a broken heart," Mrs. Lombard retorted composedly. "Think of them—" she mused, in her rich, low voice, one beautiful hand touching the yellowed pages, "hoop-skirts and ringlets, and singing 'Champagne Charley' and 'Juanita'! George and

The Great Question of the Hour

IS THE girl of 1921 really as bad as she is painted?

Or is she just as stable and efficient as her mother was at her age? These are the big questions of the hour. In the January issue of Pictorial Review you will find her discussed by two of the most brilliant writers of the day. Kathleen Norris criticizes her—Corra Harris defends her. If you want to stir up something read these two straight-from-the-shoulder articles at your next club meeting.



"Grace—your poor things! But perhaps," she added, in a hopeful tone whose absurdity, under the circumstances, made him laugh. "perhaps it was just a family affair—agents and uncles suggested that dear George make little Grace a nice present! Perhaps they hated each other."

"No, I don't believe it was, that!" Stephen said, with an unsteady laugh. He was conscious that he was losing his bearings a little; he had a confused desire to say something quite perceptibly foolish.

"And was Bohn's Historical Library the acceptable gift with the young and fair of that day?" he asked, at random.

"Bohn?" she echoed sharply. "This is Strickland!"

For answer he indicated upon the cover, under the author's name, the three words he had read aloud.

"But that—" she said, almost dazedly. "Now, that is simply amazing! Did—did any one of you, your aunt or Fred or Mimi, tell you of the night we tried planchette at Judge Carran's house?"

"Just said that you had," he answered, puffed by her excitement. "But wait a moment!" she said. She went quickly out of the room, and when she returned she had a large, folded sheet of paper in her hands; paper penciled erratically from the top to the bottom with words, acrols, and hieroglyphics.

"There! That's what planchette wrote that night," she said, sitting down beside Stephen, a little pale, and spreading the sheet on the arm of the chair between them. "Look! Bohns—Bohns—As you see it? And George, George five or six times—and Grace DeLafeld—see! Field, and Grace, and Della—we said it, it was Della. And me here! 'This is not Della!'"

AND for perhaps a minute they sat staring at each other; their eyes wide with amazement and amusement, and even a little fright.

"This is mighty queer," Stephen commented, entirely at a loss.

"It's extraordinary! I never believed in it—before. Did you? But you can't question—you can't question that something is here that we don't understand." "Well, I wouldn't let it worry me," Stephen said slowly, his face smiling and half-troubled eyes still upon the scribbled sheet. "But this is more than mere coincidence," he conceded.

"We were to look in Bohn's Number Five," she quoted, musingly, and then suddenly electrified with inspiration. "I know! In the fifth volume!"

She caught it, beating a cloud of dust from its old covers. Her quick finger panned past the stiff pages, her eyes flashing from Stephen's attentive face to the yellowed print. Into her lap there slipped a folded sheet of note-paper, as plain and discolored as the rest.

She took it in her fingers, and looked at Stephen in stupefaction.

"Now, I don't believe this!" she said, blankly. And she made no immediate effort to read it.

"But what is it?" he asked, as astonished as she was. She held it out to him, her lips a little parted, her eyes wide, her expression almost terrified.

"You read it," she whispered. He opened it, a small sheet, half covered with writing in a fine hand, and in violet ink. At the top of the sheet was printed in colors a tiny straw basket, from which roses, lilacs, and marigolds were spilling in a flood.

"George dearest," Stephen read. "I am so sorry. Uncle Harry will send me a new lamp, but I appreciate them all the same. Dear George, I did not mean what I said in the rose-arbor, and I am sorry. I was anxious and said about this and that money question. Send me a note by Cynthia. Morgan was not here last Thursday. He is always kind to me, and I love you very much. I am praying that God will guide me. I love you—this is the last seventeen. I am so sorry that I hurt you!"

The letter fluttered loose in Stephen's fingers. He and the woman opposite him sat silent, looking into each other's eyes.

other's eyes. There was a glitter of tears upon her lashes.

"So that was it!" she said, trying to smile. "They quarreled in the rose-arbor, and he never got her note to say that she was sorry!"

"How do you know he never got it?" Stephen asked, combating a curious sensation that this was all a dream.

"Because he wouldn't have left it in this book!" she answered animatedly. "She hid it there—sending back the books by Cynthia. And he never found it! And then

on his face, her smile faded, and the warm color crept up under her creamy skin. For a long minute they looked at each other, unable to move their eyes.

"The thing has made me feel so queer," Stephen said, with an awkward little laugh, "that I don't know whether I'm my own grandfather or what."

"After all," she mused, "it was only seventy Aprils ago! April—" She picked up the penciled paper again. "Planchette said April," she reminded him. "Look here—April second." The day Allen died.

"And the day we—" But Stephen did not finish his sentence as he had intended. "The day Fred and I came down here!" he substituted, somewhat flatly. But she was musing over the page, and evidently did not share his scruples, for she said simply:

"The day we met each other. Stephen—" The name was a mere electric whisper, and he knew that she spoke it without realizing what she said. "Does—does this frighten you a little?"

CLOSE beside him, her amber eyes shining with their strange light, her smooth cheeks just faintly flushed, and her red lips parted, she seemed to him almost startlingly beautiful. That young flesh and blood, under a crown of raven hair, could so radiate warmth and fragrance and subtle scent, was strange to his well-ordered senses.

He saved himself with a reassuring laugh; no, there was nothing frightening about it. And immediately he got to his feet, only anxious to get out into the air, away from the spell of this woman's voice and beauty, this seductive hour of twilight and romance.

Hannah came in with the lamp; it seemed to him almost a desecration that the voice that had just been uttering these strange and sweet and marvelous things should quietly and sweetly address the maid, and to-night, when at the top of the stairs Mrs. Lombard sent her love to Mimi, Stephen felt that the recipient rather than the sender was honored by the little message.

He looked up from the door, but she had turned back; it was like her calm poise, her indifference.

Most women, Marjorie, for instance, would have called good-bys after him until the actual closing of the door.

It was with a heart brimming with confused emotions that he walked briskly through the soft May dusk of the Square. Children were still running and screaming, lights were peering through the warm orange gloom, the last glow was still dying in the west.

Stephen got into his car, at still a few moments, dreaming. Gaslights were rasping above the book-stalls now; a few young boys were lingering over the tables. Loudly talking laborers went by, homeward bound.

He drove about the long angle of the Square, to pass the rectory again, and looked up at the window. A soft glow was shining there now, and as he looked up a shadow fluttered across it, and made his heart beat fast.

It would not do to have her glance out and see him; he turned toward Washington Street, and left the old Square behind him. Speeding down the big main thoroughfare, he passed a clock, stopped. A few squares further on, another clock, also stopped, and at the same hour of five minutes past seven.

A sudden uneasy suspicion dawned upon Stephen; could these clocks possibly be right? The evenings were growing bright now. With a little audible groan he raised his left wrist.

Good Heavens! it was after seven o'clock. And he had promised Mimi to be early, to take her to a theater dinner at the Jenkinses!

He ran up his aunt's steps at ten minutes after the hour; they were all waiting for him, astonished at this lack of consideration from the usually reliable Stephen. Mimi was with Grace and Fred; she looked a little anxious, but prettier for that, in her fairylike green tulle, with her big fur coat over her arm. Mrs. Curran looked at him in kindly exasperation for the evening dress, and



"I LOVED YOU—I LOVE YOU; I'M NOT ASHAMED OF IT! BUT I WILL KILL MYSELF BEFORE YOU EVER PUT YOUR FINGER ON ME AGAIN!"

Morgan came—my grandfather, of course, and she married him!"

"But she should have married my grandfather!" Stephen said, with a dazed sort of laugh.

"Evidently the women of my family—" But Mrs. Lombard did not finish her thought. "I'll show you how pretty she was!" she said. And again she left the room.

THIS time she returned with a daguerrotype-case of purple leather and gilded tin, opened against the smooth, warm brownness of her palm. Stephen looked upon a ringed bell of the fifties, the cascades of her striped silk gown half concealing the marble pedestal upon which she elegantly rested an elbow.

"That's Grace DeLafeld. Wasn't she lovely?"

"She was beautiful. I don't—" said Stephen, with an upward smiling glance, "I don't blame my grandfather a bit!"

Mrs. Lombard sat down again, the picture and the planchette-writing in her hands.

"No. But what do you make of it?" she asked, in simple wonder.

"I don't know what to make of it!"

"It couldn't be coincidence?"

He looked through his glasses at the faded inscription, glanced at what she held, and shook his head.

"No. We have to dismiss that hypothesis!" he said.

"But then what does explain it?"

"By George," Stephen said, after a pause, "I don't know what to make of it!"

"It makes one believe in spirits," smiled Mrs. Lombard.

"I did not mean what I said—I am so sorry that I hurt you!" she quoted, softly.

"You didn't hurt me!" Stephen said quickly, in surprise.

"No, no, I'm reading the letter!" She looked up innocently, her eyes smiling, but at the sight of the odd expression

expected explanation; the Judge dropped his paper and listened from his big chair.

"Come on, explain why it took you two hours to tell pretty Mrs. Lombard that Aunt Bessy wanted her for luncheon!" Grace said mischievously. Stephen had never liked Grace very well; she was a lean, rather colorless girl, with too much manner, and an absolute liking for unpleasantness. "We're all waiting—the Jenkinses just telephoned, and Mimi is thinking of breaking her engagement!" added Grace, vivaciously.

Mimi merely laughed at this; she came over to Stephen, and put her hand on his shoulder, smiling up into his eyes with perfect confidence and affection. "It isn't important at all!" she said, good-naturedly. "I know you couldn't help it!"

This did not seem to be the moment for any talk of George Curran and Grace Delafield; Stephen ignored Grace, and smiled comfortingly at Mimi. "I was detained," he said. "I'm awfully sorry! I'll rush up, and be dressed in five minutes."

What he said mattered little to Mimi because she loved him so. Everything was radiant and serene again because Stephen was here.

"I think—there are so many of us, that we'd better go on without you," she said. There was no other reproach, and Mimi was so charming to Stephen to-night, so happy and confident, that he thought that he loved her better than he had ever done in his life.

But when she had loyally excused him to Aunt Bessy and Mrs. Jenkins, and to sundry other interested persons that the nature of Stephen's work was to keep him busy at all times, and that a lawyer's wife always had that problem to meet, like a doctor's wife, he found that he could not quite simply enter upon the matter of Boha's Library and the "Lives of the Queens," and the coincidence—to call it that, of the odd scribbles of planchette. If Mimi or his aunt should come to ask about Mrs. Lombard, he meant to recount the incident with great enthusiasm and spontaneity, but neither Mimi nor Mrs. Curran did.

ON FRIDAY evening he asked his aunt casually about her luncheon; had Mrs. Lombard come? Oh, yes, Mrs. Curran answered him unsuspectingly; she had had four ladies; it had been very nice. They had talked about—well, the Red Cross, and Mimi of course. And Mrs. Porter had asked Mrs. Lombard if she ever had read planchette again, but she had said no. And after that he had gone out to Kinnicut Road to inspect the new house.

So she had deliberately cut the look incriminatingly, Stephen thought, with a little contempt for such weakness. But immediately he remembered that he himself had set this example;—why then, two shrewd questions she met swiftly have ascertained that Mrs. Curran knew nothing of the matter, and have returned her own policy upon him.

This duplicity was foreign to Stephen's idea of himself, and it troubled him, and made him a trifle resentful of Mrs. Lombard's influence on his life. He found himself very often thinking of her; it had a slightly more sinisterly innocent he was of anything like a secret feeling for her, or a tacit understanding with her. To be concealing anything, with her, was to feed delirium to Mimi.

A few days later, when Mimi had come to a *matinée* with two or three of her friends, he drove down to Kinggreen Square again, with no definite object in view. She might not be in; there might be other people there; he was not so much anxious to see her as anxious to prove to himself that there was no important whether he saw her or not, and that there was nothing in the matter.

She was at home, and she was alone, and again, with a deep sense of utter content, Stephen sat down, and looked about the shabby, pleasant room with satisfaction. There was nothing "personal" here; it had a slightly more closed look that he remembered, but it was always homely, comfortable, simple, even poor. It had distinction; it expressed not only a momentary and passing mood, but it held the past safely in its old chairs and pictures and bits of old china. Lucrécia Lombard, too, partook of this same quality.

quality of a steadily moving stream that is unchanged by its environment rather than divided into distracting pools and waterfalls. Her manner was quiet, her black gown simple; she listened rather than talked, and showed that she felt, in Stephen's presence here, the same pleasure that he himself experienced.

The fragrant tea, the plain bread and butter, the marvelous voice, and the watching, shining eyes; it was all what he had lived so much, and wanted so much.

And what harm, he asked himself, driving away at half past five o'clock. What had they talked about? Books and

over the back of the seat and join them in conversation.

Her indifference made him happy, and the evening was a success for every point of view. But from that day there was a subtle change in Stephen. He did not define it to himself. He hardly realized, because his feeling toward Mrs. Lombard was so innocent, how often his thoughts were with her.

When he sat in her little sitting-room in the rectory, watching the amber head and the quickly moving hands, he was *entranced* from any other thought. Mimi. The glow that always accompanied him when he went away sometimes warmed him through an entire abstracted, kindly evening; it was no sooner gone than he was planning to see Lucrécia again. The telephone was thrilled him, because once or twice she had telephoned him at his office. The mail he tossed aside disappointedly, if one of her stiff white envelopes was not there; yet when she wrote it was but a few words of thanks for flowers or books. The streets of Sandridge, dingy in the first flood of Summer heat and light, were brightened with the mere possibility that there might move through them, at any unexpected corner, the plain, homespun black suit, the crisp, transparent black veil, the clear eyes that always lighted so pleasantly when they met his.

Toward Mimi he was not conscious of a change of feeling. She had always been his confident, gay little sister, full of life and nonsense and little unexpected tenderness; he had always been her affectionately tender, interested and loyal admirer. He loved her still as proud of her. He liked the dark head and the glowing cheeks, the slender figure so smartly habited on horseback, or in blazing orange and white on the links. He liked to have this particular girl single herself out from the fluffy, laughing group of girls in yellow and green and pink, at a dance, and come smiling toward him, shining slippers reflected in the shining floor, and a warm young hand to hold his while they talked together.

There was something eminently satisfactory about Mimi; she was in everything adequate, in nothing extreme. She was, as the girls often said, "a darning." "Shall you miss me when I am up on the mountain, Steve?" she asked him idly one sunny morning in July, June, when they were decorously walking home from church together. St. Gregory's was but a few squares away from the aristocratic part of Sandridge, and the correct thing was to go to church on Sunday mornings. Mimi was enjoying this virtuous act especially to-day, because she was wearing a delightful blue swiss gown dotted finely in yellow, with a wide-brimmed French hat of the same material, upon which two exquisite yellow roses had been knowingly placed. Her shining like mirrors, and to complete the costume she carried a frivolous lace parasol with an amber-yellow bracelet in the handle.

To walk beside Stephen, to bow and nod to admiring friends, to feel the delicious, warm air soft upon her face, and to know that the day stretched pleasantly before her under a vista of informal Sunday lunch, when Sue and Ted and Jerry Stever would drop in, to an afternoon at the club, or drifting about making calls, and a Summer dinner in thin frocks at the Montgomeries', was enough to make Mimi's unspooled heart soar like a bird.

They were going to see the new house after lunch, and that was delightful; there were always a dozen new details of ice-box or towel-racks to discuss, new joys in the way of cedar closets or ingeniously placed mirrors to discover, wonderful debates as to rugs and the plaining of bookcases.

"STEVE," said Mimi contentedly, sauntering at his side, "shall you miss me when I go up to Red Pine Mountain?"

He looked at her indulgently. "Oh, no, why should I? Dozens of girls left in town!" he answered, smiling.

"You'll be up every week-end," Mimi said, pleased. "And then two weeks' vacation in August? And then we'll all come down—and then—"

"And you'll be having dressmakers and caterers and presents. I suppose," Stephen observed, "and everything will be in one grand scramble!"

"Ah, but I love that scramble!" Mimi, whose eyes were dancing at the pleasure, answered gayly. "The gowns—bridesmaids and all that, and Aunt Bessy talking to Bernard about the supper, and I think to Trist, too, about announcements and that! And Steve, I shall have to have cards—it did thrill me so when I saw that! Mrs. John Stever—and then—"

"Of course it will be a scramble," she confessed, contentedly, "but I intend to rest and sleep late and just loaf, all Summer—except when you're there, of course—"

"It is July," he murmured. "I'll be up July first!"

"July second—a week from Monday. Aunt Bessy is taking Lizzy, and old Matias is there. Mrs. Jenkins and Sue will be up later, and Fred of course—Steve, Mimi was suddenly diverted, "Is Fred all right?"

The creamy, pleasant expression of his face altered instantly into concern. "How do you mean all right?" he asked sharply.

"He seems—worried," Mimi hesitated. "I don't know—but I think he tried to borrow money last week," she added, with a little giggle and in a lowered tone.

"Who said so?"

"Why, no one actually said so. But Belle Newell was in the bank the other day, waiting for Roy, and she heard somebody say something about advising some one not to complete it—she's voiceful of the partition, you know—and then she heard Fred saying, quite loud, 'Don't you worry, Jim, if I need money, I can always get it!' And she supposed the 'Jim' was Jimmy Young; he's one of the



THE MISSION

BY KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR



ROUGH board floor, gritty with dust,
Streaks on the window-panes, smell of must;
Wrecks of passion, human lust—
Hearing the words of Christ!

Cold outside, but warm within—
"Draw near, brothers, be washed of your sin!"
"Chill is the world to slinking men—
"Draw near, brothers, to live again!"
Shivering, shivering on a bench,
Wrecks of the world in its lowest stench
Hearing the words of Christ!

The sound of a sob, the sight of a tear,
Want—want—want for food, for beer,
For whiskey, raw, and a new life here,
But—*hush*—through the words of Christ!
After the service coffee for all—
"Rise up, brothers, after your fall!"
A piece of bread or a bun.

He suffered too, the Son of God. He suffered too, God's Son!

Cold outside, but warm within.

Won't the bread-line soon begin?

"Believe, cleanse yourself of sin!"

Rising music, the soul's allure—

For the rich, white bread, Christ's hope for the

poor!

Gasping, rocking on a bench,
Human wrecks and human stench
Hearing the words of Christ!

"Jerusalem, the golden, with milk and honey blest—"

Voices rise,
Tear-wet eyes,
Belief and peace and rest!



themselves—he wondered if he had dwelt too long upon the reminiscences of his boyhood, into which he had somehow been beguiled—and she had told him seriously of a little French bakery where one could get a *brioche* for fifteen cents—a great big one. He had said he was not quite sure what *bricote* was, but he had answered with his friendly smile that he was eating a toasted *bricote* at that moment.

HE WAS to meet Mimi and Marjorie and Sue at the International Hotel after the theater, but they were late, having stopped to look at a salmon-pink smock, and Stephen was walking alone at a table when they apologetically and laughingly arrived. It made him feel more secure than in his own integrity, and as he was driving them to an early bridge-dinner at the Country Club, he told Mimi, furred and eager beside him on the front seat, that he had seen Mrs. Lombard that afternoon.

"Stephen, weren't you nice to run in?" the girl approved heartily. "How is she?"

But before he could answer, some nonsense from Ted, Marjorie, and Sue in the back seat caused a

person, and Mimi twisted squarely about to see

"That wasn't Fred, tho!" Stephen said, dismissing a troubled frown, and in a confident tone.

"Oh, yes, it was, Steve, for he came out, and walked with her and the baby across to the Tiffin Shop."

"Fred would speak to me, if anything had come up—"

But Stephen was uneasy, and showed it.

"Does he—could it be gambling debts, Steve?"

"Lord, no, those boys don't play very high. No—"

He mused, and Mimi sent him more than one sympathetic and sorry glance. "What the deuce could that have been, now?" he said.

"I'm sorry I told you!" Mimi exclaimed impulsively.

"Oh, my dear, I'm glad you did! I wonder where Fred is today. I ought to get hold of him right away."

"Steve, he's such a worry to you!" the girl said, regretfully.

"But the sort of worry you love!" Stephen answered, with his good, serious smile. Mimi felt the salt in her eyes.

"I wonder if you are going to be as good a husband as you are a brother, Steve?" she asked, with a light pressure of her white-gloved hand on his arm.

"I am not anything like as good a brother as I hope to be a husband, my dear!" he answered soberly, with a look that made Mimi feel happy all day. He did love her—there was nothing that he could give—that was not hers, the girl told herself eagerly.

THEY would be married in the early Winter, only a few months away now, and yet she found herself incessantly analyzing and watching, hoping and fearing. Did Stephen really love her? After marriage, when they had come back from New York and Atlantic City and Point Comfort, when they were settled among the flowery walls and polished floors of the beautiful home, then all this unrest and doubt would cease, Mimi told herself. Then she would be his wife—she knew what Stephen's loyalty was. But now—his attitude toward this engagement almost partook disquietingly of their old relationship of ward and guardian; he stared her to the very depths of her being, but she could not rouse in him anything more than the old affection and admiration and kindly interest.

Sometimes Mimi despaired herself for the constant unreason of her heart and for the cowardice that made it impossible for her to put the problem frankly before Stephen.

And sometimes she solaced herself with a comforting yet heart-breaking resolution to break the engagement—or at least to tell Stephen she thought they had better break it, until they were more sure—

At this point he must catch her in his arms, and flood her hungry soul with protest and denial.

But suppose he agreed to a delay of the wedding, admitted that he had spoken too hastily?

No; coward that she was, she couldn't risk that. She dared not try that! Stephen was her world; she could not live without him, especially after these intoxicating weeks when he had claimed her before them all!

And it was nonsense to cloud this lovely time with such

hysterical suspicions. With the house growing daily in beauty, and only the mountain Summer between her and her new estate, how foolish—how wrong—it was to fret herself with these absurdities!

She went down, on a humid June day of heavy fog, to say good-by to Mrs. Lombard. Her hostess was just in from a walk; tea was served to an accompaniment of muffled horns from the river and muffled motor-horns from Kingsgreen Square. Hannah was out; Mimi admired the ease with which the little ceremony was conducted.

"Tell me about the cabin at Red Pine," Lucretia said, stirring her own cup, and eying her guest with satisfaction.

MIMI, very pretty in a striped skirt and soft silk blouse, with a plain hat pushed down over her dark hair, described it animatedly. It was just as rough as it could be, of course—real mountains; there had been bears and wildcats there only a few years ago. But the cabin—or cabins were comfortable, with big screened porches, and showers, and then of course there was fruit, and the lake, and the big woods, and moonrises, and sunsets—

"We all love it!" confessed Mimi. "We've been going up there since I was a little girl. Aunt Bessy and Uncle Sam and I have one cabin, and the Jenkinses have one, and the Rutgers. We take the motor-cars—you can drive down to Warren's Mill—my grandfather's old mill—in twenty minutes, and that's only six miles from Farley's. You'll—"

she amended the phrase—"you will love it," she smiled. "I do wish you could come up for a few nights! Could it be managed? The best train leaves here at three, and gets to Farley's about five—or sometimes we motor all the way in about three hours."

"It sounds charming!" said Lucretia Lombard, slowly.

"Well, then, shall we set a date now?"

"But I am going to New York for a fortnight," said the older woman. "And I am not quite sure when that will be Slade's, the English pianist, and his wife—old friends of mine—are coming down from Canada to make arrangements for some Winter concerts, and they are anxious to have me meet them there, and guide them about a bit. His real name is Slade—Mr. Lombard and I were in the same pension with them, years ago, when he was starving and working and struggling—but he is very successful now."

"But when you come back?" Mimi urged.

Before she answered, the other woman looked at her thoughtfully; there was a faint cloud on the lovely, vivid face.

"I would love it," she said, constrainedly. And almost immediately she rose, and walked to the window.

Mimi's eyes followed her with surprise and sympathy. She supposed that she had touched some sensitive chord, had hurt the lovely Mrs. Lombard quite innocently.

Her hostess remained at the casement, looking out between the plain net hangings into fog-shrouded Kingsgreen Square. Her figure, even in this setting, had a suggestion of stateliness; there was something romantic, something essentially feminine, in the plain gown that showed the beautiful curves of breast and arm so distinctly, the droop-

ing, gold-brown head, the shapely ringed hand resting lightly against the pane.

After a moment Lucretia rejoined her, showing her usual quiet manner. The Summer visit was promised, and she went to the head of the stairs with Mimi, and lingered there, clinging to the girl's hand as if she hated to have her go.

Mimi nodded and smiled up at her, closed the door, and turned into the brooding mist and fog. The air was warm and heavy with moisture; trees dripped softly and silently in the dim afternoon light; toward the west a smoldering yellow-gray brightness in the low, smothering sky showed where the struggling sun was hidden. There was a hothouse sweetness from the elms, from the damp earth of the park.

Mimi got into her car, busied herself with brake and gears, and touched her starter absent-mindedly. Her thoughts were pleasantly filled with the next call—she must go to see old Cousin Mary Dolliver.

Another car turned into Kingsgreen Square, circled on the cobble, and stopped only fifty feet behind her. Mimi, starting, glanced at it, moved on her way, her heart dancing with sudden excitement, paused at the corner, and looked back at it again.

There was no mistake; it was Stephen's car, and the man who got out of it, and ran up Mrs. Lombard's steps, was Stephen. It was delicious—it was a thing that happened so rarely!—this unexpected meeting with the most important person in the world. Once they had met just outside the Woman's Exchange, and Mimi had liked the Woman's Exchange ever since! And once when she was luncheon with Belle Newell at the hotel, Stephen and Roy Newell had come across the restaurant to join them.

She would have met him at the dinner-table to-night; but it was wonderful to anticipate that meeting by an hour or two. Mimi wheeled her car about, and stopped it, with its fender almost touching the fender of his own car.

Twice she rang the bell; there was no answer. Mimi was puzzled; Hannah, she knew, was out, but there was surely no possibility that they could not hear. Perhaps it did not ring! she thought, only to remember that she had rung it herself a short hour ago.

She tried the door; it was open, and she went dimpling and smiling up the brief flight.

STEPHEN had opened that door for himself only five minutes before, and had mounted the stairs with a heart beating with as much pleasure and expectation as Mimi's own. Lucretia rose from her chair as he came to the door of the sitting-room, and they met as they often did, in silence; she raised one of his hands between both her own, and they stood close together, smiling with mysterious joy into each other's eyes.

"You've had tea?" Stephen said, glancing at the tray.

"I thought—" It was always wonderful to him, this

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



"SHE MET STEPHEN'S SMILING GREETING WITH DIGNITY, AND ONLY THE QUICK FLICKER OF A SMILE. STEPHEN FELT AN ODD PANG

WHAT WAS WRONG? SHE HAD NEVER BEEN SO BRIEF WITH HIM BEFORE."

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'MR. O'HARA.' HER SMILE WAS AS MISCHIEVOUS AS A CHILD'S. 'THAT'S A GRAND NAME ENTIRELY FOR AN ENGLISHMAN.'

DELILAH

A MODERN SAMSON IS SHORN OF HIS STRENGTH

BY FRANCES NOYES HART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. R. SUTTER

BUT what is she like?" asked O'Hara impatiently. "Man alive, you've seen her, haven't you? Sat next to her at dinner at the Embassy last night, didn't you? Well, then, for the love of the saints, what's the creature like?"

De Nemours shrugged his shoulders, raising whimsical eyebrows at the slim young giant towering above him.

"*Mon cher*, one can not put the lady into two words. Voyons—she is, as our Alfred so charmingly puts it, blond like the wheat—"

"Oh, rot!" The ardent voice of the British representative was cut to the point of rudeness, and de Nemours's smile became exquisitely courteous. "I don't care whether she's an albinos. She's the American representative on this committee, and I'm interested in her mental qualifications. Is she intelligent?"

"Intelligent! Ah, my poor friend, she is far, far worse." His smile grew reminiscent as he lit his cigaret. "She has a wit like a shining sword, and eyelashes of a truly fantastic length."

"And every time her eyes shine you think it's the sword," commented O'Hara bitterly. "God, this is hideous! I can see her sitting there chattering epigrams and fluttering dimples—"

"You do Mrs. Lindsay an injustice," said another voice quietly, and O'Hara swung around with a slight start.

"Oh, Celati, I clean forgot that you were there. I thought that you had never met the lady."

"Unfortunately for me, you are entirely correct. But last night I came in after the dinner from some bridge, and I watched Mrs. Lindsay with great interest, with great admiration, for more than half an hour. There was a most

fat Senator from the South talking to her, and she was listening. I say, *listening*, mark. In this great country the most charming of women feel that they have already acquired all desirable information and wisdom and that it is their not ungrateful function to disseminate it. I find that it makes intercourse more exciting than flattery. But Mrs. Lindsay was listening."

"You mean to say that she said nothing at all in half an hour?" O'Hara's tone was flatly incredulous.

"Oh, *si*, she spoke three times—and if one may judge by the human countenance, I dare to wager that that most fat Senator thought that never woman spoke more wittily or wisely."

"And we are to have the jewels?"
"But surely. She said after the first ten minutes, 'Oh, but do go on!' and after the next, 'But what happened then?' and after the third, 'Good night—and thank you.' May I have a light, de Nemours? Thanks!"

"And those—those are the epigrams?" O'Hara threw back his head and laughed—a sudden, boyish shout, oddly at variance with his stern young face.

"Ah," murmured Celati, a reminiscent and enigmatic smile touching his lips, "you should have heard her voice!" O'Hara's smile vanished abruptly. He came perilously near scowling as he stood staring down at the inscrutable Latin countenances blandly presented for inspection. De Nemours permitted a flicker of genial appreciation to warm his cold eyes, the tribute of a highly distinguished connoisseur. Truly, this young Irishman, he was of a magnificence. No collector of beauty in all its forms could remain unmoved by the sight of that superb head—that more than superb

body. Praxiteles Hermes turned gipsy! One of those Celts with obviously Spanish blood running hot and cold through their veins. The cool appraisal hovered for the moment on the verge of interest—flickered out. De Nemours was quite definitely convinced that not one man in a thousand was deserving of interest, and he had found nothing in an extremely varied experience to shake his conclusions.

"An exquisite voice," he agreed pleasantly. "It will turn our duldest statistics to madrigals! The gods are merciful."

O'Hara swung his chair to the table, protest bitter in his stormy gray eyes and on his quick tongue. These infernal foreigners!

"You don't seem to grasp the situation. We are here to settle matters of vital urgency, not to conduct a salon. Our reports on the various insurgent activities throughout our countries are to be test cases for the world. We're not only to report conditions, but to suggest solutions. Think, man, think! This room may be the laboratory where we will discover the formula to heal a world that's near to dying. Can you turn that into an epigram or a jest?"

"No," said de Nemours softly, and he looked suddenly very tired and very old, "that is no epigram, Monsieur O'Hara—that is no jest. Ah, my country, my country! His voice was hardly above a whisper, but in the cold and bitter eyes there was something that wailed aloud.

"Yes, my country," O'Hara retorted fiercely, "but more than that. There are five members at this committee—not four."

"Not four?" Celati's level voice was suddenly sharp. "Not four. There will be represented at this table Great

HE vague and misleading term a "shortage of nurses" is a phrase I dislike and would wish, for very definite reasons, to see eliminated from popular speech. But if a shortage does exist, which seems to be the prevailing conception, I frankly place the blame for this condition largely upon the medical profession. But I modify this statement by adding that I do not include all physicians in the accusation, but only those, far too numerous to be sure, whose selfishness, commercialism, egotism, and lack of understanding have disheartened the graduate nurse in her profession and deterred the young woman of the rising generation from making nursing her life-work.

This is a broad and sweeping statement, bearing analysis which must extend back long years, and needing more elaboration as we approach the wholesale and unwarranted condemnation of the graduate nurse that is indulged in to-day by certain members of the medical profession.

Many things have been said about the nurse—that she is selfish, exorbitant, arrogant. And now when she has dared to seek and insist upon a modicum of justice she is called autocratic because she has organized.

First let us take up this matter of organization—a process considered natural enough to all other professions, but termed autocratic when the nurse attempts it. Why have the nurses organized? What has led up to the formation of the American Nursing Association and other national nursing organizations? The same reasons practically that would drive any professional group to organize. The nurses' intention was not to create a union or foster trust, but to raise the standards of their profession, to improve the nursing care of the sick, and, quite incidentally, for self-protection.

And it could not be otherwise. Overwork, undertraining, doubtful social standing, low pay, which have been our lot in the past, are not conducive to contentment in any vocation. It has been said that nurses are born, not made; that nursing is a special talent in the mere exercise of which the fortunate possessor takes pride. Such subtle flattery is a sop to our outraged sensibilities. But it is only empty praise. Nurses are not born. The special gift may be there, but it can not be exercised unless the proper technique has been acquired, a technique which is developed by arduous experience, peculiar training, and sturdy character. And, unless young women of the right type see in it something besides drudgery, they will apply their talents to something more promising. And that is the crux of everything that is said to be wrong in the nursing situation. Small hospitals, privately owned often by doctors and conceived with the idea of profit-making, have worked their student nurses until their course of training has been little more than servitude. Large general hospitals, in an economical effort, have resorted to the same methods. Even the graduate nurse was not offered anything much better.

Therefore more and more of our better-educated girls took up other work. Consequently the standards of the profession took a drop.

This exploitation of the student nurse took her away from her class work to perform tasks which should have been done by technicians, graduate nurses, or an office force. Little or no opportunity was given her to make up this loss. Often, therefore, nurses graduating from such training-schools were compelled to take up postgraduate work in other hospitals. Let me illustrate. Some years ago, when I was General Superintendent of Nursing of Bellevue and Allied Hospitals in New York City, a doctor from California asked me to get him a superintendent of nurses. A hundred doctors, including himself, had started to resign on which they hoped to clear fifty per cent. of the net income.

This was new life to me, as I had believed that hospitals were primarily philanthropic institutions with the sole purpose of caring for the sick. I told him this and he replied, "Oh, of course, we expect to do good, but we expect to make money too. Many rich Easterners demanding the best of care, two special nurses, and fancy rooms come to our town. We can make them pay fancy prices, and their fees will be the fees for student nurses will create big profits." When I asked him how many graduate nurses there would be, he said,

"A superintendent and a couple of head nurses. The others will be pupil nurses."

I wanted to get over the crease of his professional decadence, and so I kept on, "Will they be given an allowance?"

"Surely," he replied; "six or eight dollars a month."

"And your charge for these pupil nurses to your patients?"

"Twenty-five dollars a week."

"What about their hours?" I persisted.

"Twenty-four hours a day when they are on special duty alone, and twelve hours when two are on one case."



CLARA D. NOYES
President of American Nursing Association, and Director of Nursing
of the American Red Cross

SUB-NURSES? WHY NOT SUB-DOCTORS?

The Head of The National Nursing Association Makes a Spirited Reply to Dr. Mayo

BY CLARA D. NOYES

By this time he was annoyed. So was I. "What about their class work? Will they be able to make it up?" I asked.

"When on special duty they will miss their classes, of course. If they wish to make them up, they will have to do so in their leisure," was his reply.

I said to him, "I would not recommend a superintendent of nurses to you for such a system of peonage. No sweatshop could equal in exploitation the system you have in mind. No reputable nurse would act as superintendent of nurses under such conditions."

It was because of just such exploitation that the graduates of many California hospitals often paid their own expenses across the continent and came to the best Eastern hospitals for postgraduate work in the studies in which they were deficient because of the selfishness and lack of understanding of the boards of trustees and the doctors of their alma maters.

CRITICISM is made nowadays of the new California nursing laws which insist upon a full high-school education for student nurses; upon an eight-hour day for them; and a full three-years' course in training in fully accredited hospitals, only those hospitals whose course includes medical and surgical work, children's diseases, and obstetrics being permitted to conduct training-schools. These schools are obliged by law to give their student nurses twenty dollars a month.

Do not think this commendable, but it is not due to the nursing laws but to the functioning of a State minimum wage for women. Graduate nurses in California receive quite generally forty-five dollars a week. The only way that I can express what has happened in that State is to say that the worm has turned. And a state of dissatisfaction will continue to exist in the profession until it is set straight upon the course of real efficiency, attainable only

by the right kind of young women with proper schooling and a comprehensive nursing education. If we establish these standards, we hope for consideration from the medical profession. In that day the public will have no cause for complaint.

The foregoing facts, I think, explain why the American Nursing Association, the National League for Nursing Education, and the National Association of Public Health Nurses were founded. The first of these began years ago. After many years of struggle and determined effort it is justifying itself in the higher standards of the nursing of to-day. It seems, however, as if its work were just begun, for again the leaders in nursing are fretted by a new menace—the sub-nurse. After years of experience in all types of nursing and nursing direction, it is a shock to me to hear any doctor suggest the substitution of a sub-nurse with limited training for the well-prepared graduate nurse. The A. N. A. has long put itself on record as advocating attending—young women instructed in the simpler nursing procedure—in bedside aid, in the home, in institutions for chronic cases, in orphanages for cases not dangerous, or in certain kinds of convalescent cases where the patient's illness or the injury is slight. But a very definite law should control the limit of the service of such attendants. They should not be turned loose to perform at will any kind of nursing. Neither is the title "sub-nurse" one to which I can reconcile myself. To the mind of any competent nurse there can be no such term. How would the doctors like it if we went to advocate sub-doctors with modified education to take the place at smaller fees of full graduate physicians? The profession would be up in arms at once, I am sure—and justly so. When we tamper with health we are experimenting with human life. The substitution of sub-nurses for graduates will, in nine cases out of ten, be just like the turning any number of half-trained, half-educated young women into the nursing field, without control or limitations to their service, would be to release a tremendous force capable of serious disaster.

SHORT-TERM courses with such a purpose in view have been started. Confusion is bound to be the result, for inevitably they will draw large numbers of students from recognized schools. Young people are not always analytical, and it will not be unnatural for them to argue, "Why bother with a three-years' course when we can learn all we need in six months or a year?"

I know a young girl of this sort who was dropped from her class after several months in a recognized hospital. As it was in a State where the registration of nurses is not compulsory, she went to a commercial register, where the woman advised her to keep secret her lack of training and by which she was kept in steady employment at twenty-five dollars a week. For several years this girl fumbled along, often exasperating the doctors, and playing always on the edge of disaster. Finally her light of knowledge came upon her and she came to me for advice. She told me that her conscience had driven her almost out of her mind since she had grown to realize her incompetency and dishonesty. I advised her to enter training-school again. She did so and received a diploma. This young woman is now a strong opponent of a short-term course in nursing, for she knows only too well that the public will suffer.

Many young women in the full uniform of the nurse do have no right to wear it. Some or later they must discard it. Finally her light of knowledge came upon her and she came to me for advice. She told me that her conscience had driven her almost out of her mind since she had grown to realize her incompetency and dishonesty. I advised her to enter training-school again. She did so and received a diploma. This young woman is now a strong opponent of a short-term course in nursing, for she knows only too well that the public will suffer.

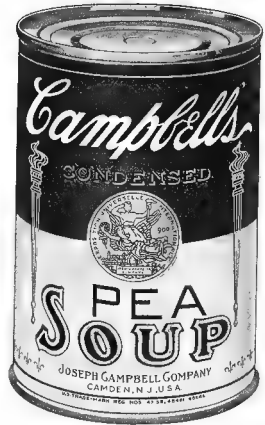
Many young women in the full uniform of the nurse do have no right to wear it. Some or later they must discard it. Finally her light of knowledge came upon her and she came to me for advice. She told me that her conscience had driven her almost out of her mind since she had grown to realize her incompetency and dishonesty. I advised her to enter training-school again. She did so and received a diploma. This young woman is now a strong opponent of a short-term course in nursing, for she knows only too well that the public will suffer.

The first case to which she was referred was uremic poisoning. She did not even know what uremic poisoning was, and when the patient fell from the bed in a convulsion, she did not know what to do, but just picked her up and put her back in bed. This happened several times, and the hospital authorities, seeing that the patient was not improving, suggested to tell the doctor about them. Finally, after a serious attack of longer duration than usual, she grew alarmed for her patient and telephoned her sister, who told her to give up the case as quickly as possible, as it was the case that required an experienced and highly capable nurse. This girl, although untrained, had been called on the case by the patron's special physician, who thought that she was a trained nurse because she wore the uniform of one.

I could give many more examples of the "sub-nurse."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

Ho, for the merry Christmas-tide
The bells and the glistening tree!
The thrill of the gifts and a dashing ride
And the dinner with Campbell's for me!



A Merry Christmas to all!

And a feast as happy as the day, with the laughter of children for its music, sunny faces on every side and a table smiling with all good things! Campbell's Soup, of course, to give the dinner its first spark—spoonfuls of hot and savory deliciousness, inviting your most genial mood.

Campbell's Pea Soup

brings the glow of early Springtime to your winter's day—the delicate, enticing flavor of dainty, fresh, young peas, the sweetest on the vines. Rich country milk, smooth creamery butter, spices added with the nicest care delight the palate and satisfy the appetite. A soup that gives the touch of luxury to introduce your dinner.

21 kinds

12c a can

Cream of Pea Soup

Heat Campbell's Pea Soup to the boiling point in saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point and stir it slowly into the soup just before serving. This extra rich soup is made even more attractive by serving in bouillon cups topped with whipped cream.

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



COMMON-SENSE HOUSE DESIGNS

The Semi-Bungalow—A Full Two-Story Interior in Disguise

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

THE term "bungalow" is commonly applied to almost any sort of house, and for this reason really conveys no definite idea of the nature of the building so called. It is used by prospective home-builders in describing to their architects or contractors what in reality is quite an extensive affair, with the hope that in giving it the modest name of "bungalow" the cost will in some way be kept within reach of the man of small means; and by owners of really elaborate estates who would have you understand that the expenditure of a few hundred thousand is a mere trifle to them.

However, those in the building business have long since learned to form their ideas of cost by looking over the plans rather than by listening to the owner's description of his "big-little" house.

I once heard a lady repeatedly insist that she wanted only a simple little bungalow, but her father, who was to pay the bills, finally remarked, "Yes, you want only a simple little bungalow, but it seems to contain a great many large and elaborate rooms."

And so, whatever we may choose to call it, the problem of reducing building costs always comes back to the question of compactness and the consideration of all of the other channels through which waste may be eliminated.

The design of the little house here shown has conformed closely to all such principles. The name "semi-bungalow" has been used because of the fact that a sort of one-story effect has been obtained and yet the second-story rooms are in every sense full-height rooms.

This low, one-story appearance is secured by carrying down the eaves-line to the level of the first-story ceiling, and then gaining the required height in the second story by means of the large dormer-windows on front and rear.

Thus from the interior view-point, a full two-story building is obtained, while from without the low artistic effect of the vague term "bungalow" is adhered to.

IT IS believed that this example will answer the requirements of many who are in search of a conveniently arranged low-priced home. Surely nothing has been wasted and every convenience has been included.

IN PICTORIAL REVIEW for March of this year there were shown three exterior views of buildings, each being used in connection with a plan arrangement having two bedrooms and a bathroom on first floor, and with an attic either finished or unfinished; and the exterior view shown above is also suitable for use with such a plan.

referred to may obtain a copy of this plan arrangement free upon request.

On the plan here shown the chimney may be located either as here indicated or may be placed on the rear wall of living-room if preferred.

The side entry provides access to kitchen, living-room, or cellar, and also to refrigerator; or the refrigerator may be placed on the rear porch if desired.

The kitchen contains store-room, kitchen cabinet, range, breakfast seats and table, folding ironing-board and china cabinet, all in the proper rotation to insure the minimum effort in their use.

A floor of large square tiles is indicated on front porch, as this is, of course, a most desirable treatment; but if the cost of this should be prohibitive it may be changed to concrete. In either case an outer border of brick laid on edge forms a most attractive way of finishing off the three outside edges. If both these types of porch floor should prove to be too expensive we can, of course, resort to the ordinary wood floor. If the latter is used the porch had best be built on piers with lattice between so as to insure plenty of ventilation; while in the case of a concrete or tile floor the best construction is to build the foundation-walls solid and fill in with earth to form a permanent support for the floor. The same argument applies to the rear porch,

also, of course, the appearance need not be in that case so carefully considered.

The room-sizes are so laid out as to work even lumber-lengths, and stock sizes are otherwise employed. The second story contains four good bedrooms, each with a liberal closet, as well as bathroom and linen- and broom-closets.

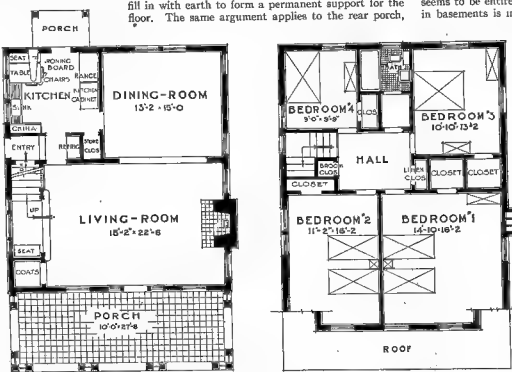
The story-heights are as follows: Basement, 7 feet; first and second stories, each 8 feet. The width of the building being only 28 feet, the house can be easily erected on a lot of 35 feet frontage, or on a 40-foot lot if a driveway is desired. The depth of the house is 30 feet, or 40 feet including the front porch.

CONSTRUCTION materials may be almost anything, but the wood-shingle roof and clapboard sides as indicated will probably give the most satisfactory appearance at the least cost. The heating may be done by any of the systems in common use, including the pipeless furnace if a moderately warm temperature in the upper story will be acceptable.

The perspective above, as has also been the case with all of the designs we have illustrated, shows the first-floor line set close to the ground, as a far more artistic effect is thus secured. This means that the basement, which extends under the entire main building, is lightly and ventilated by means of windows with areas built around them. This, to me, seems to be entirely satisfactory, as the time usually spent in basements is insignificant; but I am frequently asked, "Can I raise the height of the building so as to bring my cellar windows above ground?" This can, of course, be done, but in such case I would strongly recommend that the earth taken from the excavation be graded around the house as far as possible, so as to avoid the unfortunate "sky-scraper" effect which might otherwise result.

Inquirers frequently want to know, "What sort of interior finish is called for?" and "What kind of plumbing and lighting-fixtures are called for?" These are questions for the owner to decide, their determination being governed usually by what is most easily obtainable locally and at the lowest cost. This being the case, the ready-made specifications had best be thoroughly considered with reference to your local conditions and your purse, and any desired changes can be readily made by inserting a few type-written lines.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We will be glad to answer, free of charge, any questions regarding the plans shown in this page. Address the Towns-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.



PLANS OF THE FIRST AND SECOND STORIES OF THIS SEMI-BUNGALOW, SHOWING THE REMARKABLY LARGE ACCOMMODATIONS PROVIDED.

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Because this makes them wholesome and easy to digest. The real enjoyment you get from eating them is all the greater because you know that they will agree with you. Campbell's Beans are so thoroughly cooked that they are splendidly beneficial food for every member of the family, from the kiddies up. And how good they taste!

12 cents a can

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Campbell's BEANS

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THE GIFT OF HEALTH

The Greatest Thing of All That We Can Give to Our Boys and Girls

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

CHRISTMAS is the time our children claim for their very own. It is the time we make them happy by giving them the best in life. We have been planning their gifts for weeks, anticipating all the time the happiness that is to be theirs—a radiant joy that makes Christmas without little children about a barren affair. And, with all the material things we are heaping upon them, are we remembering the greatest gift of all—good health? A strong body should be every child's inheritance. Are we doing all we can for our children to insure them their birthright?

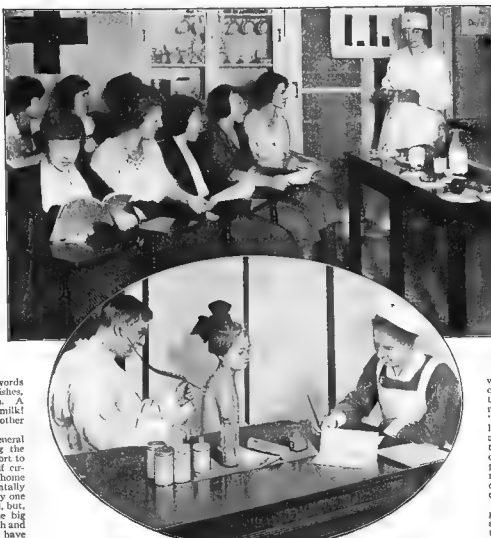
Not many months ago a visitor dropped into a school in a small New England town. She had come to tell the children a story—not of wars and heroes, but of the fight for good health. The visitor began, and, with the aid of stories of Bala Ruth, Ty Cobb, and the lure of the Girl Scouts and their stand for health, she soon felt that her audience was with her. But there was one boy who seemed more interested than all the rest. He sat on the edge of his seat, leaning forward with his eyes shining. He waved his hand and, at a nod from the visitor, said, "You've just been making about milk. I don't like to drink milk. What can I do about it?" There were a few words about cocoa, milk, soups, creamed dishes, and good milk desserts, like custards. A rapid appeal—"Come, then! I can eat milk!" And I'm going to lead it to my little brother too!

Jimmie is housekeeper, cook, and general manager. His mother works during the day and from all reports, is not the sort to be of much service to her children if circumstances permitted her to stay at home. He is just a motherless child. Jimmie is mentally deficient, so the visitor was told. Any one could see that he was poorly nourished, but he was mentally deficient or not, he got the big idea. He saw one of the roads to health and he wanted to travel it. Some weeks have gone by since the visitor dropped in at this little school. Jimmie and his little brother are both "eating milk," and his teacher says that Jimmie is doing better work every day. This boy is only one of the thousands of our children who should learn to travel the road to health. Malnutrition is found everywhere rich and poor. A recent survey in Houston, Tex., showed a large percentage of undernourished children in the Eastwood and Montrose schools, attended by children of wealthy parents, than among the children of the Dew school, which is located in a congested district where poverty is the rule. Surveys of other cities and towns throughout the United States give similar results. Amusement and consternation were caused in one of New York City's most fashionable schools when it was discovered that there was a higher percentage of malnutrition among the girls than among the children attending one of the leading nutrition centers in the city. If every child who has a square deal, fathers and mothers must make themselves responsible for the health of their children. They must have instruction in care and feeding. The average child is much better taken care of up to the time he is four and a half old than at any other period. Then comes the danger before he enters school, sometimes called "no man's land," when he begins to deteriorate physically. If, before birth, during infancy, and the preschool period, the physical side has received its share of attention, the child should enter the school room with a fair chance for self-development physically and mentally.

Schools Begin to Teach Health

UNFORTUNATELY, this care has not always been given, and so we are forced to spend thousands of dollars to correct work with children who, if they had been given attention at the right time, would be splendid condition. Only recently Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Health Commissioner of New York City, stated that he expects to taxpayers because of malnutrition among New York City's children. Examinations in high school, junior high, and college students show a distressing amount of this trouble. For this reason health education in schools is beginning to receive attention. Every one who is working in the field of health is trying to remedy this situation, and the American Red Cross has added to its service, as a permanent part of its program, a Bureau of Nutrition Service. This is under the direction of Miss Margaret Sawyer, National Director of Nutrition Service, at Washington, D. C.

The Red Cross has divided the country into divisions, New England, Atlantic, Central, Lake, Southwestern, Southern, Pacific, and Western. Each division has a center. The Central, Southwestern, Southern,



HOMEMAVERS LEARN HOW TO SELECT FOODS IN A RED CROSS CLASS
THIS LUCKY LITTLE GIRL GOES TO A HEALTH CENTER THAT LOOKS AFTER HER

and Atlantic divisions offer a nutrition service, each with a director in charge. During the year ending June, 1921, 300 Red Cross chapters organized health centers, in which over 400 health lectures were given and nearly 800 health exhibits held. In these same centers over 6,000 clinics were held, which were attended by over 90,000 persons. In many of these health centers the nutrition worker is a regular and a very important part of the program. During the same period more than 1,500 persons were graduated from the food-selection classes. And from September 21, 1920, to May 31, 1921, there were 1,214 nutrition classes completed and 27,000 children were enrolled.

THE Nutrition Service desires to cooperate with all existing agencies in all different divisions, and is working independently only when there is no other way of accomplishing its purpose. In addition to the work with undernourished children, the Red Cross is offering a real service to home-makers through organizing and conducting classes in food selection. These classes are intended primarily for housewives and girls, but in some chapters business women, as well as men and boys are interested in the work. All over the country there are women, foreign-born and American, who have been helped with their food problems through these lessons. Parents are usually very much interested in the work with the children, but the continual cry is, "My child doesn't like those foods." If just can't get him to eat those things." Or "When he asks for I can't refuse him." Many times they need only the stimulus, inspiration, and help that come from an outsider.

Red Cross wants its children to grow strong, but hopes that increased strength will find expression with many as it did with Michael. Now, Michael, aged ten, was very much underweight. He joined a Red Cross nutrition class. His co-operation was splendid, and he soon went over the top in spite of the fact that he lived with

an old, alcohol-loving grandmother. Michael, increased strength, exhilarated him that the first thing the nutrition worker learned was that Michael was in court—for beating up his wayward grandmother in his efforts to reform her. The case of incompensability resulted in Michael's being sent to live with an aunt.

The nutrition work in the various divisions offers many problems which must be met in different ways. In the Central division, whose territory extends from Illinois through Montana, one of the nutrition workers covers much of her territory with a "flavor," which she sometimes converts into a traveling cafeteria, dispensing food and knowledge along the road. Her day-book reads like a story. In May of this year, she writes, "Went down in a coalmine at Lower Bradwood—sixty feet below the surface, with low tunnels, about the height of a mile, crawled about one-half mile to where men were working. Found some of the men, fathers of the nutrition class, and sat down on the coal with them for a time and talked health and nutrition by the light of miners' lamps. It was intensely interesting."

IN THE larger towns and cities most of the nutrition work with the children is carried on in health centers. The children are the best kind of publicity agents. They spread the gospel of health among their fellows.

"Here, Peter, did you get that tells you how much you weigh?" And just as you are about to say, "How many pounds you ought to weigh?" Gee! It's lots of fun. The nurse puts you on the scales, and sets you up against the wall to see how big you are."

"But I never got heightened before, did you? But the nurse says that you get taller how tall you are. They'll tell you how big you ought to be. And the nutrition teacher'll learn you what grub you ought to eat so as to be heightened and weighted just right and to feel and look just right."

"Gee! I didn't know you was taller than

me. Ain't you skinny! Does your ticket tell you about cocoa on the back to a corner back mine home. That was the nutrition teacher what give it to us. Better take yours to show your mother. P'raps it'll make you fat like me and it was good."

"Where do you get weighed?" "Right over there, where the nurses are. There's a big bunch there, but you stand around. They'll weigh you and tell you all about it. 'Yes, I got my card, but I don't like it. My father'll say I'd ought to weigh more. Guess I'll go back and ask 'em what I can do to get bigger.'"

"Please, Nung, I got weighed Wednesday and I was too little. Could you weigh these girls too? They go to my school and they want to know if they are big enough, and will you give them one of the yellow tags? My mother made some of the cocoa and it was good."

And so it goes. Mothers drop in, too, and sigh because their Tonys and their Catherine just do not eat the right foods, and are too thin and they think they should do. They attend the nutrition classes and given much help.

Just a glimpse at one of the Red Cross centers in New York City. Looking in at the center, one might suppose that a party was in progress. Little groups of enthusiastic children are to be found bending over something which is attracting them, and a nearer view can be secured. Mystic sounds, "I beat," "I got milk," "I washed my hands," and "You are becoming more aroused your curiosity until you discover they are playing several health games. In one group four males sit down a special passage to land in safety-cans, such as milk, green vegetables to be fed, etc., or in danger-spots, such as candy, tea, coffee.

Another corner, tables are rolled with great accuracy into fentile compartments, such as fresh air, window open, clean teeth, etc. And here the most of the attraction, much joy is shown when the fish that counts the heart beats on a large milk-bottle. Very soon, right in the midst of an exciting score, when you are to be get back twenty-five if you get into one of the danger-spots, a herald from the floor above announces that the next festival agent should be ready. You wait for cries of protest, but these are all good soldiers, and each one insists that he will "I'll be back."

This same story is repeated with variations many times during the week.

Club Honors to the Healthy

IN ONE of the centers two clubs have been organized, one for boys and one for girls. The beginning of each month the officers for each group take charge. The president is the one who has gained the most the month before. The secretary is next in line; the monitor is elected by ballot. The secretary keeps a record-book in which he checks up the gains and losses, while the monitor examines the hands, faces, and thickness of the clothes, and keeps a record in his book. The president gives the gold star award and a few leading questions about the gains or losses that the monitor has checked. In this way the club is a share.

Each one is, of course, a potential officer and leader. For boys and girls the book. It was most amusing to see the "club" on the wall. The club is always working in this class, but, with the initiation of this new plan, faces also came to life. The club members stood up in all directions was elicited down in painful demonstrations.

As Homer H. Foster, the time executive officer of the New York County Chapter of the American Red Cross, says, "The work of the organization." "The starting-point of the whole health work of the American Red Cross is to get the children's health is a job of the public authorities in the long run. The Red Cross is to be together what is going on to supplement what is going on so as to arrive at a much better state of affairs. The children are engaged in public health. This is our charter."

The Red Cross is "carrying on" its health work, and its nutrition service is a splendid part of its program. It is to stamp out malnutrition we must recognize that all children must be given the opportunity for good health, food, and health habits. The schools offer the best opportunity for such instruction. There is no reason why there is no group of malnourished children here and there, but an educational program will be offered to all the children who protect us from to-morrow's army of the undernourished.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR CHILD?

ARE there any undernourished children in your community? Are you sure that your own are up to normal weight? If you want further information about the nutrition work with children, get in touch with your nearest chapter of the Red Cross.

Every day your skin is changing. By the right care, any girl can have a smooth, lovely complexion.



Every girl knows— nothing can make you look right if your skin is not right

IF your skin is smooth and clear—radiant with freshness and color—you cannot look dull and unattractive, no matter how simple your toilet.

But not even the prettiest clothes will make up for a sallow, lifeless complexion—for a skin that is disfigured by blackheads or ugly blemishes.

Don't neglect your skin.

Remember—any girl can have a smooth, lovely complexion. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new forms in its place. By giving this *new skin* the special treatment it needs, you can actually make it over.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

Skins differ widely—and each type of skin should have the special treatment that meets its special needs. There is a special Woodbury treatment for each type of skin.

For instance, if your skin is of the pale, sallow type—it needs the following treatment to stimulate the pores and

blood vessels and give it a clear, fresh, healthy color:

ONCE OR TWICE a week, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The other nights of the week cleanse your skin in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

THE first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling.

Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in the right way to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing. After you have used Woodbury's once or twice this drawn feeling will disappear and your skin will gain wonderfully in clearness and color.

This treatment and other complete treatments for all the different types of skin, are given in the booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

- A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
 - A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
 - A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
 - A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
- Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Lose to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 312 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 312 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

THE WAY TO ANY MAN'S HEART

BY FRANCES VAN DYKE

THE WOMAN WHO SERVES A GOOD DINNER KNOWS THE SECRET ALREADY

IT IS said that more business is done over the dinner-table than in the office. Do you know that it is a more flattering compliment for your husband to entertain a customer in your own home than to take him to the hotel or a club? If you doubt the truth of this, don't take my word for it—try entertaining for business purposes, and you will see for yourself. But make sure you do it properly!

You may think this is more easily said than done, but if you once learn how, you will find it is not so difficult. I am going to give you some simple menus that will be suitable to use for any dinner-parties and then set your table for you and serve one of the dinners, course by course.

Perhaps you are one of those women who, before taking charge of her own home, paid little or no attention to what to serve or how to serve it. Or maybe you are one of those fortunate women who have had experience helped all your life and so have not needed to know how to plan a meal or to take a maid to serve it. If so, I trust you may continue to have this kind, but as even the best-regulated families find themselves having to take inexperienced help now and then, you may have your share of troubles some time and find this article helpful.

I know what it would have meant to me, years ago, could I have found a similar one. I would have saved so much worry—and many dollars—for I hired a waitress time after time before I felt sure I was entertaining in a way that was up to date and above criticism.

A woman wants to waste through pages and pages on the general subjects of meals and service in order to learn what is the correct thing when she entertains at dinner! There are certain general rules that always hold good. With these as a foundation, any maid of average intelligence, no matter how inexperienced she may be, can learn to serve acceptably within a short time. Or, if you do your own work, the part-time helper whom you employ for your guest dinner can soon be trained to serve a meal correctly.

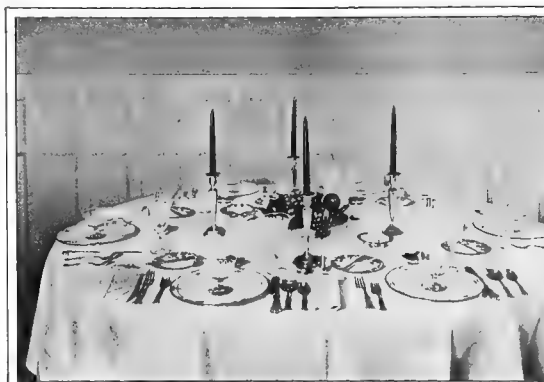
Rules for the Waitress

IF YOU have a maid-of-all-work, you can't expect her to serve you a la mode three times a day. But you can insist that the family dinner be served properly every evening. Since it is better to have one meal served right than two meals served indifferently, why don't you try having breakfast and luncheon buffet style? In such cases the maid has only to prepare the meals, place them on the table, and "clean up" afterward.

And now come the general rules!

1. Serve everything that one drinks—tea, coffee, water, etc.—at the right.
2. Exchange individual plates from the right.
3. Pass to the left all dishes from the table that serve themselves. (Every dish should be provided with a spoon and fork for service and rest on a folded napkin on your left hand.)
4. Walk as quietly as possible.
5. Place all dishes on the table gently.
6. Be deft, dumb, and blind to everything going on at the table except your job-serving.
7. If the person you are serving fails to notice you, wait quietly until he does. Under circumstances must you attract his attention, your mistress will do so for the first opportunity.
8. Never fill anything up for liquids so full that there is danger of spilling while carrying it.
9. Never overfill dishes from which those at table are to serve themselves.
10. Remain in the dining-room as much as the time is possible to see that glasses are never empty and that every one is kept supplied with bread and butter.
11. Be sure your hair is neat and that your hands and nails are clean.
12. Never wear a noisy dress or a muffled dress. When passing water, milk, cream, etc., never get your hands around the neck of the pitcher.
13. Always serve in the proper manner, whether only the family is present or there are guests also.

If you will insist on your maid observing especially the last rule given, you will avoid humiliating experiences such as the following—suffered by a friend of mine. She was an economical young wife with a bright, promising husband and three dear



A SILVER BOWL OF RED APPLES, HOLLY, AND WHITE GRAPES, WITH THE RED CANDLES GIVES A HOLIDAY TOUCH TO THIS DIGNIFIED DINNER-TABLE

little children. As the husband had only a small salary at that time, they seldom entertained. The only help they kept was a young colored girl, who washed the dishes, assisted with the cooking, and did anything else that would save the mother steps.

One day the president of the company employing the husband was in town. My friends decided to entertain him at dinner in their own home. The wife prepared a delicious meal and instructed the little girl how it should be served, the final injunction being:

"Now, Susan, after you have passed the dessert, bring in these," she said, pointing to the finger-bowl. They were brought in at the proper time, all right enough, but to my friend's dismay, there was nothing in them! She whispered to the girl to take them out and fill them. After a few seconds' delay the girl returned, and, standing awkwardly first on one foot and then on the other, she said in a loud voice, "Say, Mrs. B., what does I fill them bowls with?"

There are many charming ways of decorating a table. I have had guests greatly admire a low silver bowl filled with bright-colored straw-flowers with two silver candlesticks containing mahogany-colored candles on either side of it. A low bowl of fruit—real or artificial—on a silver tray on either side of it is very pleasing. Also many people use a low bowl which contains a single flower—rose, peony, or water-lily—floating in it. Sometimes the bowl is incanted by candles. Of course the newest thing is the use of the silver or gold English pheasants, for those who are lucky enough

to have them. When they decorate the table, flowers may or may not be used, as one chooses. One hostess I know uses a glass jar filled with hard candles of different colors in the center of the table. Half-way between the center and the ends of the table she places her candlesticks.

In setting the table, first cover it with the usual silence-cloth. Upon this spread the table-cloth, laying the crease in the exact middle. The centerpiece, if used, must be on this line, half-way between the two ends of the table. The place-cards lie on the napkins. The photographs show you just how each individual place is set. One always begins with the silver farthest from the service-plate and "sets toward the plate."

The spoon for dessert is brought in on the service-plate under the dish containing the ice-cream. Also the after-dinner coffee-spoon is placed upon the saucer of each cup. At formal dinners butter is not served, but the butter-plate stands in its usual place for olives or caviar. A roll or square of bread is placed between the folds of the napkin. It is almost impossible to have a formal dinner unless you have two maids. With one maid to do everything, it is permissible to have crackers and a piece of bread on each butter-plate.

Never more than three forks are placed upon the table when it is set. If you serve more courses than I have given—and need more than three forks—place one at each place when the course for which it is needed is served.

In announcing dinner, of course you know your maid should simply appear at the door

of the living-room and quietly say, "Dinner is served."

Whether you live in New Mexico or Maine, whether you keep one maid or five, you will not be criticized for serving any of the accompanying menus. One maid can cook and serve three dinners, too.

Since Menu No. 1 is suitable to the season I shall serve it.

The grapefruit may be on the table before the guests are seated. If you have fruit-cockade dishes, use them, but if you haven't them you may serve vegetables served in glass dishes. They should stand on service-plates which have doilies placed upon them.

The soup-dishes are filled in the kitchen and placed upon service-plates, passing to the right of each person, the maid removes the doilies of the previous course as the replacers of those with the soup. All having been served thus, go to the left and pass the crackers, then the olives.

If you have more than one maid you may have the soup and crackers for plates from a tureen on the side-table.

The plates of the soup course are removed in rotation as warm ones for the dinner course are substituted.

If the turkey is served in the kitchen, it is passed on a platter which has been provided with a large spoon and fork for service. You may have the meat passed in this manner, the rice, then the peas, and then the cranberry sauce are passed. The meat and vegetables should be taken to the kitchen to be kept warm until passed a second time.

As the plates of this course are removed they are replaced by cold ones for salad. You may have the salad passed on a dish or platter and let each one serve himself. The individual plates may be filled before being brought in from the kitchen. As soon as all are served with salad, the waiters are passed to the left of each person.

Getting Ready for Dessert

BEFORE dessert is served all unused silver, all plates and dishes, except nut-candy-dishes, and all salt- and pepper-shakers must be removed, and the crumbs brushed from the table with a folded napkin upon a plate. Remember this is the only time when any one is without a plate before him.

The simplest way to serve the dessert is to first place before each person a plate upon which are a doily, a spoon, and a finger-bowl one-third filled with iced cream. Then pass the ice-cream on a platter to the left of each one. After all have served themselves with ice-cream, the cake is passed.

Of course each one places his finger-bowl and doily upon the table in front of him, and the spoon to the side of the plate before serving himself.

It is quite proper to pass the coffee in after-dinner cups which have been filled in the kitchen. The maid carries one to the right of each person, then passes the sugar to the left. The candy is passed last. Authorities differ about whether coffee should be served first. The generally accepted custom, however, is that all dishes are passed to the hostess, then to the guest to her right, and so on in rotation around the table. If the hostess is the one to make the first dish to the lady at the right of the host.

Also some question the statement that all individual plates should be exchanged from the right. Those who do the peccant thing in table service, as I have described.

After dessert is served a time when one felt eager to entertain if the maid could arrive early with the soup course and retire to the kitchen without fussing and fussing; return when summoned, remove the used dishes, get them safely to the pantry or out-midway, reappear in the dining room with the rest of the meal, except the dessert and leave it in from the kitchen to be served. This course completed, all dishes were removed, the crumbs brushed onto a tray and dessert brought in. But those days are past! The time has come when a new way of doing it by a maid who knows how to do it is a much greater compliment to the formal guest.

DINNER NO. 1 (Red Color Scheme)				DINNER NO. 2 (Green Color Scheme)			
Grapefruit in Marshmallow-sauce	Tomato Soup	Crackers	Olives	Grace Cocktail	Split Pea Soup	Crackers	Tomato Soup
Roast Lamb with Mint Jelly	Potatoes	Asparagus Tip and Green Beans	Crackers	Roast Lamb with Mint Jelly	Potatoes	Asparagus Tip and Green Beans	Crackers
Stuffed Cherry Salad	Swedish Fasting	Peppermint Candy	Cake with Red Frosting	Cheese Apple	Cheese Carrots	Potatoes	Cake with Green Frosting
Coconut	Red Cakes			Coconut	Cake with Green Frosting		

DINNER NO. 3

Oysters in Cocktail Sauce	Consommé	Olives	Crackers
Baked Ham	Spinach and Eggs	Cherry	Scalloped Apples
Stuffed Tomato Salad	Cherry		Cake
Celery Pudding with Whipped-cream Cake			

Photographs by Bradley & Merrill

Your skin needs two different creams at different times

For daytime and evening use, every normal skin needs a dry cream to protect, to freshen, and to hold the powder—and at night a rich, oil cream to keep the skin thoroughly cleansed and supple

These two creams are totally different and answer different demands of the skin. The results they accomplish are separate and distinct. Used regularly, these two creams make steadily for a lovelier skin.



For the nightly cleansing, only Pond's Cold Cream, the cream made with oil, will do.



In the daytime, use Pond's Vanishing Cream, the dry cream made without oil to protect your skin against wind and dust.

For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine

ATIRE looking skin adds years to a woman's age. To freshen the skin instantly, use the cream made without oil. You can put it on just before you go out, for there is nothing in it which could reappear in a shine.

Take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and smooth it lightly in with an upward motion. Your skin relaxes as the cool, refreshing cream works in. The dullness, the flat, unbecoming tones disappear—your complexion takes on a new freshness and transparency.

When you powder, do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes.

Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores, and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them.

At night, the cleansing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores and cleanse

them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

To stimulate the play of blood beneath your skin that keeps it looking young, slap the face very gently, very persistently, with finger tips dipped generously into Pond's Cold Cream. This acts as a tonic to a dull or sluggish skin. Pond's Cold Cream is so soft that it cannot stretch the finest pores as it works into them. This oil cream rouses and stimulates the skin—notice the way it responds to this toning up.

Start using these creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair. They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
115 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' or biary toilet uses.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream



SUCCESSFUL WOMEN OF TO-DAY

MIXING COFFEE MENDS THE FORTUNE OF ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL

BY JANE LEE



Mrs. ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL

THIS is the story of the most successful woman in the coffee business in this country, who, in spite of her brilliant commercial career, still believes that "woman's place is in the home!" Its very contradiction makes it interesting.

Fourteen years ago Alice Foote MacDougall found that her husband's business was going to the wall and that there was not enough money coming in to feed and educate her three little children. So she went down into the coffee district of New York to find the answer. Her first week's work aggregated two pounds, representing ten orders from ten different people. To-day she frequently fills many orders, each for several thousand pounds, in a week.

She realized in the beginning that it is the correct blending of coffee that counts for flavor and quality, and that in order to appeal to the general public she must have various blends to suit many varied tastes, so for many weeks she went from one fine hotel to another, from high-class restaurants to famous confectioners, always tasting coffee. Then she went back to her little tumble-down office and began mixing different blends of coffee, tasting them, figuring out the cost, etc., until to-day Mrs. MacDougall is regarded as an expert in the great New York coffee district, and is at the head of a large coffee corporation, with her two sons holding official positions in the same company.

She bases her success on hard work and the fact that she had three children to support, which made it imperative that she succeed. The first thing she did was to forget all old training and worn-out methods. They had failed, so something must be won at least she found out what the public was willing to pay, then what kind of coffee it wanted, and her goal was to meet those two requirements with a small margin of profit. And she tells you frankly that she has built up her tremendous business on hard work and personality. And furthermore because she is so frail and so small she has won sympathy and help that perhaps she would not have inspired had she been a big woman with wonderful physique.

In those years of struggle to get a start, Mrs. MacDougall bought the coffee, blended it, sold it, weighed it, packed and shipped it, and traveled from one end of the country to the other trying to interest big institutions, hotels, and steamship companies in her particular blends. During all these years she fought always against ill health, woman's bitterest handicap in business. She never sold by direct contact with retail customers. She found it did not work. It seemed to put her on the same basis as a book-agent—which we all know is not a pleasant thing.

YET think of the competition this woman had in the business she selected. Remember there is a grocery-store on every corner selling half a dozen brands of coffee, most of them good, some of them giving premiums. But she built up her sales on quality, and kept up the quality, preaching that "every tub must stand on its own bottom." She gave no premiums, did her packages up in cheap, but sanitary white-paper bags with strong brown stripes. Her office expenses were small—it is a family corporation, and so she saved the tremendous overhead expenses of many other corporations. The story, however, the extent of her fame and the popularity of her coffee, she

THE number of successful business women in this country has increased to such proportions that they now constitute an army in themselves. The business world can no longer afford to disregard them—no longer dotes to scoff at them. The purpose of this page is to tell about some of these brilliant business women in the hope that their success may inspire others.

orders that came in during one afternoon are most interesting.

An ex-member of the United States Cabinet came into the office and asked for his weekly five pounds of coffee, which he carried home; a farmer from Vermont wrote and ordered twenty pounds because his hands would drink no other brand; a millionaire from Virginia shipped fifty pounds to his Southern home; and one of Washington's most brilliant social leaders, a woman of international distinction, ordered her monthly quota by mail.

Having firmly established her coffee business, she decided to sell tea, on which the profit is far greater. She started in with the idea of selling one pound of tea to every ten of coffee, and she has succeeded far beyond that. Then the idea of adding cocoa to her shelves came to her in looking over a list of supplies that were open to bids for a huge institution which harbored many children. She found that they were buying fifty pounds of cocoa to one of coffee, and she

wanted the order. She went back to her little shop and began to test and to mix cocoa until she found a satisfactory blend. Then she found she could not meet the old price, and it seems that this is a very remarkable incident—he got the order, the institution paying her practically twice as much as they had paid the old firm, because the food value of her cocoa was so much higher, and so much more nourishing that they had only to buy half as much. Scores of other things of a woman! From that one order she has built up a tremendous cocoa business in hospitals, hotels, and institutions throughout the country.

If you should ask Mrs. MacDougall to what she owes her success, this is what she would tell you: "It's work that makes for any one's success in business. Not alone advertising, not alone personality, nor good selection. It's going to bed at night tired out, lying awake most of the night, planning, it's working all day, it's love, heart, brain, personality all bound up together that makes for success, not any one thing alone. Above all trust the public and in return the public will trust you, too, for the majority of men and women you meet in the business world are well worthy of that trust."

BUT perhaps the most interesting feature of this story is the fact that Alice Foote MacDougall has succeeded in spite of the fact that she believes that "woman's place is in the home."

"Odd as it may sound," she says, "I do not think that going into business is woman's prerogative. I think she should be a feminine creature and stay home if possible, and business, you know, takes most of the feminine out of you. But if you must go into business, above all be game. This, I think, is particularly true of older women like myself, with children, who are forced into business from necessity and not from volition. You've got to take your chances, you must expect to fight, you will not always win, and when you come a cropper, don't whine. When the War reduced my office force from nine to four almost overnight it was no joke, but it had to be met."

"And most of all, I want to emphasize my attitude toward the young girls going into business. It is not right for older women to paint a too rosy picture for them, to dwell on the great opportunities and the sheer joy of earning a salary. Rather they should impress upon these girls who will or must become wage-earners, the endless monotony, the dull grind, the hard work, the increasing competition, and most of all the discipline that we get and that we ourselves must sternly cultivate if we are going to succeed. Of course business has its bright spots, but they are far overshadowed by other conditions. My sons are with me in business—that is what men are made for—to work, to succeed. But my daughter is at home, and I hope to keep her there always until she has one of her own."

Personally Mrs. MacDougall is quite as much a contradiction as her doctrines. She is over fifty, feminine to a degree, soft of voice, delicate in dress, with exquisite manners, and barely five feet tall, yet she has reached the very top of her commercial career by many years of daily toil, fighting, losing, and winning among men of more than one country, with headquarters in a far-from-prime location, the heart of the New York coffee district, along the lower waterfront of the city.

ANOTHER TRADITION GOES TO SMASH. "The trouble with you business women is that you never know when to stop," said a big business man not long ago. The remark was quipped by his congeneration at the appointment of Mrs. Julia Saunders as chairman of a creditors' committee, representing no less than 1,400 creditors of a brokerage firm in New York City which went into bankruptcy last year. Incidentally, she was unanimously chosen chairman by the six men members of the committee! The story of Miss Saunders' business career reads like a fairy-tale. At nine years of age she was a cash-girl in a New York department store, at fourteen she was an errand-girl for a real estate firm. She then became a rent-collector, and in this position learned a great many details of the real estate business. With her very meager savings, added to a pitifully small legacy, she invested in a heavily mortgaged tenement, and then and there began her successful real estate business. One of her various big business associations is that of being treasurer of a well-known purchase and relief agency, and through this connection she was elected to the enviable position as chairman of this creditors' committee.

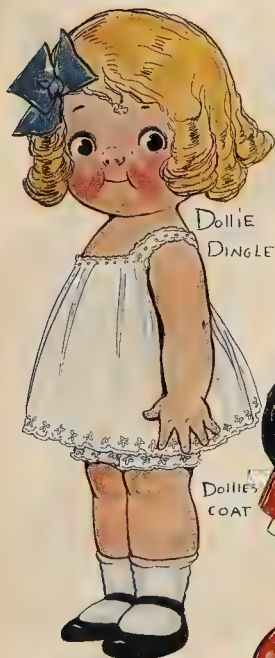
FIREMEN IN PETTICOATS! A great stride toward the desired goal—equality of the sexes in business—was made last Winter when the Supreme Court of Massachusetts ruled that every employee in the Boston fire department was a fireman, whether they wore pants or skirts! This means that the stenographers, janitrasses, and women clerks are all entitled to pensions and other privileges, not the least of which is membership in the Boston Firemen's Relief Association. Naturally the actual fire-fighters do not relish the ruling. But what can they do about it but accept the decision? It will be interesting to see what the other States will do with this class of business women.

THE BOOK FOR BUSINESS WOMEN. A rather remarkable book was recently published which will be of particular value and interest to the girl not yet launched on the sea of success. It is called "Career for Women" and is edited by Catherine Filene. Each separate chapter is devoted to some special line of work for women, written by a woman who has reached no small measure of success in that line of work. The most astonishing feature of the volume is the number of vocations now followed by women. Each contributor attempts to tell in a few words all the benefits, all the drawbacks, the salary, and the mental requirements of the individual work.

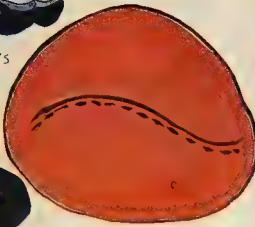
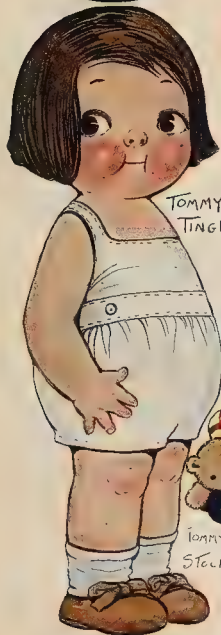
KEEP YOUR EYE ON CALIFORNIA. It would seem that the women of California are doing pretty much everything in the line of agriculture, for many of them are making big money out of the fertile soil of their State. To give a few specific instances you will find that two young, healthy girls started out not so very long ago with nothing but two hundred dollars and to-day they own ten huge greenhouses—all of them profitable. There is an energetic little woman named Elsie Buckingham in California who owns the biggest fruit ranch in the world, and ships out thousands of barrels about 500 tons of fruit every season. A third woman, Mrs. Harriet Strong, owns a ranch of several hundred acres, from which she ships yearly to the general market seven carloads of peaches and eleven of oranges. And Miss Violet Oliver is known the world over as "the raisin queen" because of her tremendous holdings in that industry. The great outdoors is offering wonderful opportunities to the coming generation of business women, some of whom may not want to work within the four walls of an office. In this day and age women can enter any business and make a success of it.

Dollie Dingle and Tommy and Bessie and Sammy

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON



Dollie's COAT



Send Christmas Greetings to All Their Little Friends

Copyright, 1921, by Grace G. Drayton



BESSIE'S DRESS



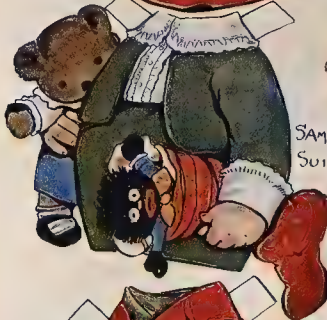
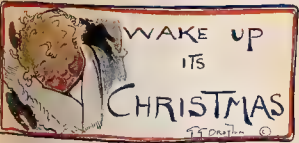
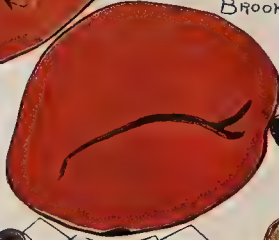
G. DRAYTON ©

BESSIE BROOKS



BESSIE'S COAT

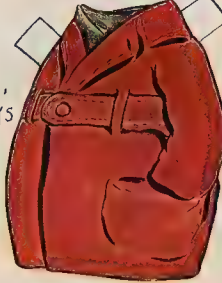
BESSIE'S HAT



SAMMY'S SUIT



SAMMY'S COAT



SAMMY SNOOKS



SAMMY'S HAT

NEW STARS AND OLD WHO MAKE THE SEASON A SUCCESS



Two seasons at the White House.
DOROTHY MACKAYE (above) is playing in "Getting Gertie's Carlier," the A. H. Woods' farce whose success is well established.



Photographed by
Eugene Fayton Studio



Photographed by Paul Brothers
OTIS SKINNER once more has a worthy rebuke in "Blood and Sand," in which he is admirably supported by Catherine Albert.



Photographed by
the White Studio

THE bigwig Flo Burt (above) is once again scoring a success in Shubert Vaudeville in which she is now appearing. She has always been a favorite with her public.

WITH the irresistible combination of Zoe Akins as playwright and Marjorie Rambeau (above) as star, Arthur Hopkins' fine production of "Daddy's Gone A-Hawking" is an outstanding success.

A PLAY which will appeal to all ages is "Six Cylinder Love," produced by Sam H. Harris, and played by Ernest Truex and June Walker (below).

Photographed by Edward Thayer Monroe



Photographed
by the L. 110

WONDERFUL scenic effects are achieved in that play of the South Seas, "The Blue Lagoon," a Shubert production in which Frances Carson (above) does some clever acting.



Photographed by Paul Brothers



IN THE circle at the left is the talented Frances Harland, now supporting Louis Mawn in his new play, "In the Mountains."
HELEN MENKEN (circle at the right) is playing a difficult role in the Shubert production, "The Triumph of X."



Photographed by Leo Campbell Studio

Photographed by Edith Photo Company



Photographed by Old Masters

CHRISTAL HERNE (above) is starring in "The Ellen Case," a melodrama and mystery play which has created considerable discussion.



"TARZAN of the Apes," after various stages, emerges behind the footlights. Ronald Adair, who plays the title rôle, and Greta Kemble Cooper (above), who makes much of the rôle of an English girl, carry off the honors of the original production, "The Deceit."



WITH skill and understanding, Effie Shannon (above) plays the farmer's wife in that unusual Shubert production, "The Deceit."

How Plain Anne Found a Way to be Pretty—and a way to have pretty clothes, too!

IT WAS really quite a shame, you know, that Anne couldn't have the right kind of clothes to wear. She was just a simple little miss, thrilled with the thousand longings of youth, dreaming of laughter and beauty—and of love. But somehow she was just plain. She was the type of girl who needed pretty, frilly, dainty things to wear—a blue frock with tiny ruffles to do justice to the blue in her eyes, or a gay little dress of pink or red to harmonize with her hair.

But it wasn't her fault that she never had anything to wear except horrid gingham and calicoes. Folks called her "Plain Anne"—but they didn't know of the golden dreams that surged unceasingly within that curly brown head. Nor did they know of the heartache when those dreams were shattered.

Even now, while the others were at the hay festival, Anne sat in her little room beneath the gables and dreamed. She dreamed on while the stars tried to lure her with their mischievous twinklings, and while the big yellow moon frowned down upon her with the mock worldliness of his many centuries. Somewhere a cowbell began to tinkle and was lost in the melody of church chiming. All the world seemed so sweet and kind and happy—but she was alone, always alone!

"It isn't fair!" she told herself bitterly as out of the distance came a shout of laughter from the merry-makers. "It isn't right!" Why wasn't she with them? Why didn't folks ever invite her anywhere? Why didn't she ever go to theaters and dances and parties like other girls? It wasn't her fault that she wasn't pretty. It wasn't her fault that she didn't have gay little frocks and becoming little hats. She fell asleep that night with a funny little pain somewhere inside—and she dreamed that everything had changed—that she was tall and slender and pretty with a wardrobe full of beautiful things to wear!

When Darkness Precedes Dawn

Then, one wonderful day, Bob came to town. There was a big reception, and everyone was at the station to greet him—for wasn't Bob the son of old Bill Jenkins who had done so much for the folks way back when they had the blizzard? Even Anne was there, and once when she caught Bob's eye as he stood on the platform making a speech to the welcoming crowd, she blushed and felt strangely warm. But Bob did not glance that way again.

In the days that followed, Anne felt more keenly than ever her unattractiveness. She became self-conscious. She couldn't help it—her clothes made her so. How could anyone feel happy and at ease in a faded old dress that didn't fit at all?

Bob and Helen Randolph became fast friends from the day Helen was quite pretty, you see, and somehow her clothes always seemed to be made for her. Anne used to watch them as they passed by her home on the way to a party or to the theater. And secretly she used to picture herself in Helen's place, wearing attractive clothes, walking down Main Street with Bob gloriously and proudly happy for the first time in her life!

It was about this time that Mrs. Hampton came from the city with her little daughter, to live. Anne's home. She was going to open a smart dress shop in town. How beautiful those clothes—soft, shimmering dresses of silk and some little affairs of tulle and organdie and tulle. She had exquisite underthings, so dainty and sheer that Anne was almost afraid to touch them. And her little girl had such lovely, so no other little girl in town had—smart, well-made, colorful little frocks that made her like a little fairy. Oh, how Anne longed for just such pretty things as those!

Mrs. Hampton saw—and understood. Women have a way of understanding one another, you know. "Why don't you make some pretty things for yourself?" she asked one day. "I make clothes? Why, I never sewed a stitch in my life," Anne answered, cringing to think even strangers could see at once that she was "plain."

"Neither did I," the other laughed, "until just six months ago when I registered for one of the most remarkable courses in home clothes-making you ever heard about. I've finished that course and I've come here to open a dress shop and make lots of money."

Anne glanced at the open trunk where its mysterious depths of lace and ribbon, its shimmering folds of satin and velvet, its gleam of rich, deep colors. "You made those—

things?" she asked slowly. Mrs. Hampton nodded. There was a moment of silence—and then with an impulsive little sob of pure joy Anne grasped the stranger's hand and whispered, "Show me how!"

A Dream Comes True at Last

That was the beginning. By the end of that week, Anne was enrolled officially as a member of the School of Modern Dress and Mrs. Hampton was busily launched on the selection of interior decorations for her new shop. If she hadn't been so busy, perhaps she would have taught Anne—but after all, the course was so ridiculously easy to follow.

Before two weeks had passed, Anne found out just why she hadn't been attractive—the course told her. She found out that folks didn't have to be pretty to be attractive, and that it was really her unbecoming clothes that made her appear "plain." Why, she was actually wearing the kind of clothes that concealed all her "good points" and revealed all her "bad points!" Here was a lesson that told her exactly what colors were most becoming to her, what style dresses and blouses she should wear, how to combine colors and lines so that the dress would make her look positively pretty!

There followed many busy months in which every spare minute was devoted to "the course." Anne found it quite fascinating to study stitches and hems and seams, embroidery and tucked and ruffled. All the methods taught in the course were the newest, quickest and most improved, and she was as thrilled as a child with a new toy when she saw that ten yards of material rapidly transformed into ten tucks or ruffles or plaits in only ten minutes. Why, it would take two hours to do it by hand! And Anne found that even the most exquisite braided designs could be made in this new rapid method. She realized it. She had learned the modern, up-to-the-minute, simplified way of transforming lifeless material into the most exquisite of fashions and underthings she ever owned!

In less than a third the time she had thought possible! For only the small expense of what the materials alone cost! It didn't take long then before people began to remark how plain Plain Anne was becoming. They didn't know that the new little brown frock had a lot to do with it—that the little orange blouse she wore with the neat black skirt at Helen's party, for she always wore clothes that were just coming to her. They noticed only the bright new light in her eyes, and the new poise and grace she had suddenly begun to profess a sudden and keen interest in the girl who had been known as Plain Anne.

The Beginning of a New Story

It's really remarkable what a difference clothes can make in one's whole life seemed to be changed. The evening she wore her new satin dress, for instance, Bob told her how pretty she looked—she, pretty! And then at Helen's party, when she wore a net dress with a tiny lace bodice and huge pink sash, even Mrs. Hampton paused to admire. After the party there was a long walk in the moonlight with Bob, and a strange new feeling of completeness and complete happiness. It seemed, somehow, as though there were nothing left in all the world to wish for.

Plain Anne is plain no longer. The little girl who was always alone is now surrounded by friends who admire and respect her. The dream is now a reality. For Anne, they say, is pretty now—or if she isn't pretty she is certainly radiant, for she always wears clothes that are just suited to her—clothes with a touch of her own personality added—clothes that in their very line and drape suggest the love of youth and beauty. And there, only the more attractive because she made them herself.

Anne and Bob have a smart little dress shop now, right in the heart of town. They're married, you know—but that's an entirely different story.

What the School of Modern Dress Will Do for You

After great research and experiment, after extensive tests and improvements, a complete course in modern clothes-making has been written. It has been brought out to the last minute. All impractical details have been weeded out. All old-time methods have been replaced. Only the newest, quickest, most practical and easy-to-follow methods of cutting, fitting and sewing have been included—and the complete course is certainly the newest and most up-to-date in the world.

Please do not confuse this course with any other ever written. It is different. It is the only course of its kind. It teaches the hand method and the machine method.



Secretly, she used to picture herself in Helen's place, wearing attractive clothes, walking down Main Street with Bob.

It teaches you how to tack ten yards of material in ten minutes, how to ruffle and shirr and plait ten yards in ten minutes, how to cut clothes quickly and with no trouble, how to obtain a perfect, tailored fit that defies any suggestion of a home-made look. It does not teach machine sewing alone or hand sewing alone; it does not teach style-creating or clothes-construction alone, but it teaches all of them in a simple, understandable, interesting way that you will actually enjoy.

Not only is the School of Modern Dress the only school in the world that teaches the newest, most up-to-date and rapid methods of sewing, but it is also the only school that provides its students absolutely free with materials and trimmings necessary to make certain garments taught in the course. For instance, you receive sufficient material and trimmings during the course to make a collar-and-cuff set, a chemise, a waist, a house dress and an afternoon frock. And in addition, you are furnished with a handsome sewing basket containing needle, thimble, thread, scissors, bodkin, tape measure, and other valuable equipment.

Mail Coupon for Complete Information It's FREE

We would like to tell you more about this wonderful way to make clothes. We would like to tell you how we teach you to find your perfect silhouette, how to design clothes that are meant for distinctly you, how to combine lines and colors into an artistic interpretation of yourself. But there is not enough space here, and we want to send you important information that you can read at leisure in your own home.

Do not hesitate one minute. Mail the coupon below now, this very minute, for the free information we want you to read. It costs you nothing. And surely you want to know all about this remarkable course in clothes-making that enables you to make a pretty dress in less than one-third the time it ordinarily takes. Remember that when you know how to make clothes this new, quick way you will be able to have four dresses instead of one—and dresses that are prettier, finer, better-fitting than any you could buy ready-made at the same cost. School of Modern Dress, Inc., Dept. 212-K, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mail This Coupon NOW

School of Modern Dress, Inc., Dept. 212-K, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Without cost or obligation on my part, you may send me complete information regarding the School of Modern Dress clothes-making course.

Name.....

Address.....

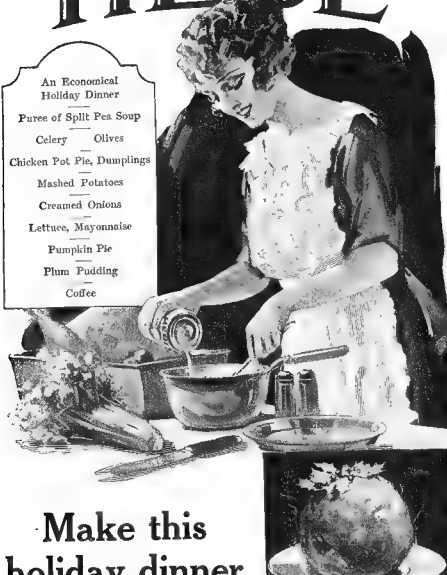
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Holiday Dinner

Puree of Split Pea Soup
Celery Olives
Chicken Pot Pie, Dumplings
Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Onions
Lettuce, Mayonnaise
Pumpkin Pie
Plum Pudding
Coffee



Make this holiday dinner your best ever

YOU can do it with the help of **HEBE**. Use this convenient and economical cooking aid in all your holiday cooking and you will notice the improvement—added richness, finer flavor and better results all around.

Begin by using **HEBE** in the soup for a rich, delicious puree. Then use it in the gravy and the mashed potatoes. Make the white sauce for the vegetables with **HEBE**, and the mayonnaise dressing for the salad. Tasty and nutritious desserts can be easily made with **HEBE**, and there you have the whole dinner prepared economically with the aid of **HEBE**—more appetizing foods, and the whole meal well balanced and nutritious.

The only way to find out how economical and convenient **HEBE** is, is to try a can in your daily cooking. **HEBE** is pure skimmed milk evaporated to double strength, enriched with coconut fat. In cooking operations it serves a threefold purpose—to moisten, to shorten and to enrich.

Order **HEBE** from your grocer today and write to us for the free **HEBE** book of recipes. Address 4410 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

THE HEBE COMPANY
Chicago Seattle



A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

BY EMELYN LINCOLN COOLIDGE, M.D.,
Attending Physician in the Society of the Lying-in Hospital of New York City

SOME ESSENTIALS OF A MODERN NURSERY

MY DEAR MRS. N.—When you are preparing the nursery for your new baby, be sure to select the sunniest room in the house or apartment. Fresh air and sunshine are absolutely necessary for the health of babies. If this room can have an open fireplace it will add much in securing good ventilation, as well as extra warmth when needed. Hot-water, steam, or furnace heat are the usual methods now found in heating a nursery. A hot-air furnace is a little to be preferred because it provides for the circulation of fresh, moistened air. If you must have a stove, be sure to keep a pan of water on it, and a high wire screen about it, or in front of the open fire, to prevent the baby from being burned.

The windows should be provided with window-boards, mullin window-screens, or some one of the many good ventilators now sold. A current of fresh air must be had, and the baby must be protected from direct drafts at the same time. Dark window-shades should be the only curtains. In summer the windows should have wire screens, and there should be window-bars outside the windows to prevent the little one from falling out. The nursery floor should be of hard wood, painted or stained, and if rugs are used they should be of the washable kind, and fastened down with thumb-tacks, so they may be taken up, shaken out-of-doors every day, when the floor is wiped up with a damp cloth. The walls of your nursery should be painted with a washable paint; buff or green makes good coloring. Nursery posters may be fastened up, but do not have many pictures, as they catch dust. The posters can be replaced easily when they become soiled, and are cheap to have about.

The nursery furniture should be painted with enamel paint so it may be frequently wiped off with a damp cloth; never allow dry dusting in your nursery. White or buff furniture is pretty; some prefer gray.

The following pieces are most needed: a crib, a high chair, a rocking-chair, a changing-table, a small low chair for the mother, two tables, a rack for airing baby's clothes, scales with weights, a toilet-basket or box with all its contents, a rubber bath-tub on a stand, two pith-balls, one basin, a small chamber, a covered pail for soiled diapers, a hot-water bag, a room thermometer, and a bath thermometer, at least one nursing-bottle with a nipple for water the first few days of baby's life, a medicine-dropper, the basket or crib, which I have mentioned last in order to describe more fully.

For the first two or three months of a baby's life a crib-basket on a stand will do very well for the bed. This basket should be furnished with a folded cover, a mattress, or a rubber sheet which fits the bottom of the basket and serves as a mattress. Do not allow your baby to lie on a feather pillow. On top of this mattress should be a rubber square, next a fine sheet, then a quilted pad, then another sheet, next a pair of wool crib-blankets, then the little spread, or baby's blanket. When the baby outgrows this basket-bed a metal one should be provided—one that the little head can not be caught between, and one that has at least one side that can be let down. It should be high enough so the child can not climb over the sides and have a good spring mattress. It may be furnished just like the basket-

bed until the baby is two years old, when a good hair mattress and a thin pillow may be needed.

You should keep at least one dozen crib-sheets on hand—and one dozen pillowcases when you begin to use the pillow; six to twelve quilted pads should also be on hand. Be sure the crib-blankets are wool; heavy cotton blankets and comfortable are not advisable for babies.

If your baby is a bottle-fed child, you will also need a special table for preparing his food, a little cabinet or closet for all his feeding-utensils, some sort of a stove, and jars, etc., for his sugar and cereals; but I would not provide these yet, until you can know by what method he is to be fed.

I will tell you about his little diet kitchen outfit in another letter later on. Let us sincerely hope you will be able to give him breast-milk for a time at least.

AS YOUR baby grows older other articles may be added to those I have mentioned here. He will no doubt like to have a rocking-horse (the kind with a seat and horse on either side is nice for either a boy or girl), little chairs, a toilet-chair, and a small low table to play at. Rocking-chairs for children are apt to tip over as easily as they are not very desirable. A box for the toys, or shelves that are low enough for the child to reach and put away his toys are convenient. A small desk and a bookcase or shelves for books, a baby-yard with a door and pretty nursery rug to cover it, a blackboard and a sand-table, all may be added as the child becomes old enough to enjoy such things.

I am not a great advocate for high chairs. I have seen too many serious falls from them. Babies are not into these too early and made to sit there for hours at a time, often long after the little spine can bear the weight of the little body. A baby-pen with a raised floor so that no fear from the nursery floor will be felt, is much to be preferred in my opinion. In this

the baby may take real exercise, at up or be down he is inclined, and later on learn to creep and then to stand and walk by holding on to the sides of the yard.

As this letter will reach you a few weeks before Christmas, you may have suggested here to the Christmas list that you give your family. I give you the baby's toilet-basket, for example. The baby may take real exercise, at up or be down he is inclined, and later on learn to creep and then to stand and walk by holding on to the sides of the yard.

As this letter will reach you a few weeks before Christmas, you may have suggested here to the Christmas list that you give your family. I give you the baby's toilet-basket, for example. The baby may take real exercise, at up or be down he is inclined, and later on learn to creep and then to stand and walk by holding on to the sides of the yard.

I am so glad you like our new layette patterns, Nos. 9501 and 9502. They were planned especially for our club and are so easy and economical to use.

I am also enclosing the Admission Blank to our Mothercraft Club, as I know you will want to have it in the house to fill out when your baby arrives. The sooner he or she joins our club the better start in life the child will have.

By the middle of next month I will write again. Until then good luck to you, my dear Mrs. N.—I am sure you will have something wonderful to tell me before I write to you next time! A baby's life is so busy.

Original from

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE NEW POTATO-PRINTING

Some Real Christmas Fun for the Children and the Grown-Ups as Well

BY EDWARD THATCHER

POTATOES and art! What a strange combination—but true! The common garden variety of Irish or sweet potato can be used to print very effectively on cloth or paper. Designs for window-curtains, cushion-covers, lampshades, and even simple dresses can be worked out successfully.

Flowers, trees, animals, birds, ships and waves, printed on various materials, make attractive decorations for the nursery. Small initial letters or symbols, such as the children's favorite animals, may be cut from some small, firm vegetable of the carrot or turnip variety, and these letters or symbols printed with indelible ink on the children's laundry.

Christmas cards or invitations to birthday or valentine parties are very quaint and original when printed with a potato block. Mounted newspaper may be used to charge these the same as all house-paints are used on the blocks to print on clothes.

You will find, too, that sections cut from different vegetables, such as the okra, green tomato, or onion, can be used to print very amusing designs when these vegetables are freshly cut. The materials needed are few and simple. A sound potato or two, a small kitchen knife, a small piece of felt or flannel, a small paint-brush—of the house variety, some common house-paints—such as are sold ready-mixed in small cans, a pane of glass or a very flat-bottomed dish, and several newspapers, are the only things needed aside from the actual materials on which the design is to be printed. Ordinary dyes can be used to charge the potato block for printing if these are mixed to the consistency of house-paint.

The first thing to do is to cut a potato cleanly in half, either across or lengthwise according to the design. Very simple designs may be cut directly into the potato or the difficult designs should be drawn on paper and then cut out and pasted to the flat surface to serve as a guide when carving the potato block.

The blocks should be fairly thick in section so that a firm, even pressure can be applied to all parts of the printing-surface when the block is printed.

Hollows of any simple shape may be cut in the printing-surface. These are cut with the sharp point of a knife or the sharp point of an apple-corer. When the potato block is charged with color and printed these hollows leave blank spaces in the printed surface, and small cylindrical pieces of potato may then be charged with color and used to fill make openings left by the hollows. (Ends of carrots which print in apples, oranges, etc.)

TO PRINT the pattern, about six layers of newspapers are first placed at a table or drawing-board, and as there are to form the printing-pad they should be very smoothly and evenly placed. The cloth on which the design is to be printed is stretched smoothly and evenly over the newspapers, and firmly pinned down to the table or drawing-board with pins

or thumb-tacks. Three layers of old newspaper under three layers of newspaper will make an even better printing-pad. When

the cloth is suitably mounted on the pad you should mix up a small quantity of oil paint of the desired color. The paint should be smooth, fairly thick, not watery, but so that it will just drip very slowly from a brush which is dipped into it.

Before you start be sure that the surface of the potato block is smooth and flat. When the paint is thoroughly mixed the printing-surface of the block may be charged by simply painting over this flat surface with the paint-brush, taking care that no color runs down the sides of the block or fills up any hollows which are cut into the surface.

To print the pattern the surface of the potato block, freshly charged with paint, is pressed firmly and evenly down on the cloth mounted on the printing-pad and then withdrawn, leaving the impression. The printing-surface of the potato block should be freshly charged with color each time a unit is printed. A single block may be charged with several colors at each printing, using a separate brush for printing each color. Thus a single printing will produce a design of several colors. Or a separate block may be cut for each color and printed in such a way that the blocks form one design or unit. A block drawn should be stretched across the cloth to serve as a guide.

A MORE rapid method of charging the potato block with color is to first mix up the paint in the desired color, and then cut a piece of felt or flannel about four inches square, or large enough to cover the surface of the potato block. This square is placed on a pane of glass and thoroughly saturated with the paint in the same manner that an inkling pad is saturated with ink to be used with a rubber stamp. The paint used for this purpose should be somewhat thinner than that used to charge the potato block when it is painted with the brush. When the felt is saturated the printing-surface of the potato block is pressed firmly down on it so that it becomes charged with color. It is usually better to press the block quickly against the felt several times so that the color becomes distributed evenly over the printing-surface. The felt or flannel may be charged with water-color or dyes in the same way.

When the potato block is charged with color in this way the printing may be proceeded with very rapidly. If your paint thickens up, turpentine may be used to thin it. A fresh piece of newspaper should be placed under each piece of cloth to be printed, so that any color which may have come taken up on the back of the new piece.

Potato blocks can be kept in good condition overnight by placing them under wet and allowing them to remain there until they are ready to use them again. These blocks will keep for several days by this method.

Potato prints may be used several times after they have been printed if mild soap is used. If the backs of the prints are ironed with a hot iron, just after the paint has dried from the printing, the color will set and resist washing.



Potatoes with Some Designs Cut Ready for the Printing



Charging the Potato Block with Paint



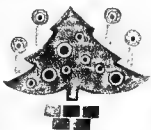
The Block Is Pressed Firmly and Evenly Down on the Cloth



The Hull Is Blue, the Soil Orange, and the Waves Green



This Shade Has an Effective Design Printed on a Soft Background



For an Unusual Christmas Card
Curtains for the Sun Parlor (at the left)
An Effective Apple-tree Design (at the right)

If your friends were entirely frank with you

THERE are some subjects that your most intimate friends habitually dodge in conversation. Even wives and husbands often back away from them.

Halitosis is one of these.

What is it? Why, halitosis is the scientific term meaning unpleasant breath. And nine people out of ten suffer from this trouble either chronically or from time to time.

One of the most trying things about halitosis is this: the victim of it is usually not aware himself of the fact that his breath is not agreeable to those about him.

Halitosis may come from a disordered stomach, from bad teeth, catarrh, too much smoking, eating or drinking. It may be temporary; it may be lasting. When it is chronic it's a case for your physician to look after. Let him get at the seat of the trouble.

For temporary relief, however, and for that comfortable assurance that your breath is sweet and clean, there is one simple ready precaution you may yourself observe. Listerine—used as a mouth wash.

Thousands of people now know this delightful antiseptic for its wonderfully effective properties as a breath deodorant. They use it systematically as a mouth wash and gargle because it relieves them of that uncomfortable suspicion that their breath may not be just right.

By doing so, of course, they are at the same time observing a sensible method of preserving mouth hygiene, guarding against sore throat and the more serious germ diseases that find entrance to the system through the mouth—all of which the antiseptic properties of Listerine combat.

If you are at all sensitive about your breath, you will welcome Listerine. It is the most agreeable and effective way to counteract halitosis.

Once you have tried Listerine and enjoyed the fresh, clean feeling it leaves about your mouth, throat and teeth, you will never be without it—at home or in your traveling bag.

If you will send us your name and address and fifteen cents we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine together with a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, sufficient for 10 days' brushing.

Address Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., 2125 Locust St., St. Louis.





Give
Children
Candies
made with
Fruits



What kind of candy is the best to give the children at Christmas? No sweets are so wholesome as those that are cooked in Nature's own kitchen under the tropical sun. Nature knows best what is best for her children. Give them pure Dromedary candies.

Here's healthy Christmas candy

As Christmas approaches again, the eyes of the world are turned to the East.

The East has given to the West many of the greatest things of life. And the East has other things to give us and to teach us if we are only willing to learn. For they are old and wise—these folks of the Orient and the Tropics—and we of America are young.

They have learned how to live easily; how to let life flow smoothly in the current of natural laws.

They have few medicines; yet the cheeks of the Arab boy are as brown as the dates which are his food and candy and medicine all.

The teeth of the daughter of the Tropics are as white as the cool sweet meat of the cocoanut on which they were cut.

Let us learn a lesson this Christmas from the wise old masters of living in the lands whence Christmas came.

Let us give our youngsters Christmas candy—plenty of it—all they want. But let it be candy that feeds as well as pleases—that is not merely good but good for them as well.

"Nature knows best what is best for her children."



THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY
375 WASHINGTON STREET NEW YORK
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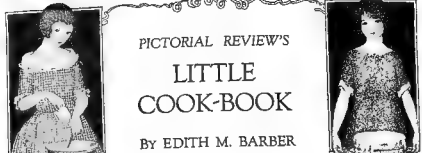
THE OLDEST AND THE LARGEST BUSINESS OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

Dromedary Cocoanut

DROMEDARY PRODUCTS

TAHOA that is ready in an instant; COCONUT that keeps fresh to the last shred; GOLDEN DATES from the Garden of Eden.

Send for the free Dromedary booklets that give eighty-four ways to surprise and please the most exacting family. It tells how DROMEDARY COCOANUT, DROMEDARY TAHOA and DROMEDARY DATES can bring to the commonest dishes a touch of tropical elegance. Address: Department Q



PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

By EDITH M. BARBER

NUT breads, biscuits, and shortcakes! They all deserve places in the "Little Cook-Book" for the busy housekeeper. Varying the menu week in and week out with these everlasting three meals a day is a problem for the most ingenious cook. An occasional surprise of hot biscuits or a bread that is a little different is enjoyed by every one in the family.

BAKING-POWDER BREADS

QUICK breads, made of combinations of whole wheat, rye, or ground oatmeal and wheat flour, are a welcome occasional variation from the yeast loaf, whether home-made or baker's bread.

The mixture for a baking-powder bread should be a very thick batter, which will drop from the spoon instead of running in a stream.

After the batter is in the pans, it should be allowed to stand for twenty minutes before baking, as the loaves rise more evenly when this is done.

Breads of this type do not dry out easily and keep fresh for several days. In some sections of the country there is a distinction made between bread and pastry flour, and in such places pastry flour should be used for quick breads. In other sections a good all-purpose flour can be used for both quick breads and yeast-breads. In any case keep hot or handle flour mixtures only enough to mix well.

Nut Bread

3 Cupfuls Whole-wheat Flour
1 Cupful White Flour
1 Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
2 Cupfuls Milk
1 Cupful Chopped Walnuts
1 Egg

MIX the dry ingredients, add the nuts, beat the egg, add the milk to it, and add to the dry ingredients. Pour into well-greased bread-pans. Let rise twenty minutes and bake in a moderate oven fifty minutes to one hour. This recipe makes one good-sized loaf or two small loaves.

Spoon Bread

1/2 Cupful Corn-meal
1 Cupful Milk
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder

SCALD the milk and remove from the fire. Stir in the corn-meal gradually and cool slightly. Add the salt, the egg yolk, the baking-powder, and the stiffly beaten white of the egg. Pour into a greased earthen baking-dish and bake in a hot oven until brown. Serve with meat and cream gravy.

BISCUITS AND SHORTCAKES

BISCUITS just naturally belong with chicken gravy with honey, and with maple-syrup, but are usually welcome just for themselves. Probably more variations can be made from a plain biscuit dough than from any other recipe in the cook-book.

Make the dough as soft as it can be handled. Pat rather than roll the dough on a metal table-top, on a cloth, or on a piece of heavy paper instead of on a pastry-board.

There is not a baking-sheet among your utensils, bake the biscuits on the back of an ordinary pan, as they are less likely to burn on the bottom. It is not necessary to grease a pan for biscuits.

For "emergency" biscuits, make the dough wet enough to be dropped from the spoon, thus saving the time of rolling and cutting cakes.

Baking-powder Biscuits

2 Cupfuls Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1/2 Cupful Milk
1/2 Teaspoonful Salt

MIX and sift the dry ingredients and rub in the fat with the fingers or cut it in with a knife. Make a hole in the flour at the side of the bowl and add half a cupful of liquid. Stir in enough flour to make a ball of soft dough. Remove the dough from the bowl and add to the remaining flour enough liquid to make a soft dough. Roll on a metal surface, or pat with the fingers until one inch thick. Cut into rounds and bake ten to twelve minutes in a hot oven. This recipe makes ten medium-sized biscuits.

Fruit-rolls

Biscuit Dough
2 Teaspoonfuls Softened Butter
1/2 Cupful Brown Sugar
1/2 Cupful Raisins
1/2 Cupful Chopped Apples

ROLL the dough one-quarter inch thick, spread with the butter, and sprinkle with the sugar, cinnamon, and raisins. Roll

Fruit Bread

3 Cupfuls Flour
1 1/2 Teaspoonful Salt
1 1/2 Cupfuls Baking-powder
1 Cupful Cut Dates, Prunes, or Raisins

MIX and sift the dry ingredients; add the fruit and mixed molasses and milk. Pour into one good-sized greased pan and let rise twenty minutes. Bake in a moderate oven for forty or fifty minutes.

Peanut-butter Bread

1 Cupful White Flour
1 Cupful Rye-flour
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Cupful Milk
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Sugar
1/2 Cupful Peanut-Butter

SIFT together the dry ingredients. Add the peanut butter, working in with tips of fingers or knife. Add the milk and turn into a small greased bread-pan. Allow to rise twenty minutes. Bake in a moderate oven about one hour.

Oaten Loaf

2 Cupfuls Ground Oats
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Cupful Milk
1 Egg
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1/2 Cupful Raisins or Chopped Dates

MIX and sift the dry ingredients; beat egg and add to the milk. Add the dry ingredients gradually to the dry ingredients. Pour into a small greased bread-pan. Allow to rise twenty minutes. Bake in a moderate oven about fifty minutes.

Boston Brown Bread

1 Cupful Granulated Sugar
1 Cupful Molasses
1 Cupful Graham Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Soda
1 1/2 Teaspoonful Salt
2 Cupfuls Sour Milk

MIX and sift the dry ingredients; add the molasses and milk, stir until well mixed, pour into well-greased molds, and steam three and one-half hours. Old paper may be tied around the top of the mold in the place of a cover. Baking-powder cans may be used. Fill mold two-thirds full.

Fruit Shortcake

2 Cupfuls Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1/2 Cupful Milk
1/2 Teaspoonful Salt

USE the method for mixing biscuits. Divide the dough into four parts and roll each half the same size and shape. Place one layer on a greased pan, butter slightly, and place the other layer on top of the first. Bake fifteen to twenty minutes in a hot oven. Split and cover with cold, crushed fruit. Place the other crust on top and cover with fruit. Strawberries, raspberries, oranges, or fresh or canned peaches may be used.

Apple Dumpings

Shortcake Dough
Apples
Cinnamon
Sugar

PARE, halve, and core the apples. Divide the crust into five parts; roll each piece until large enough to cover the half apple. Place the apple on the crust and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Fold the crust over, dot with butter, and bake in a moderate oven until the apples are soft. The dumplings may be steamed thirty to forty minutes in a closely covered steamer.

Tea Biscuits

THE recipe for shortcake dough may be varied in the number of eggs by adding chopped nuts, raisins, or dates and using enough liquid to make the mixture thick enough to drop onto a greased pan. The thick dough may be rolled thin, sprinkled with grated cheese and paprika, and rolled and cut as for tea-rolls.

All measurements level. Recipes serve five unless otherwise noted. "Yeast-breads" and "Oven Cakes" in next issue.



1847 ROGERS BROS. SILVERPLATE

*Queen Anne
Pattern
Tea Spoon
Half Dozen, \$1.00*

THE PLEASURE taken in entertainment—be it at the formal dinner or afternoon tea—is heightened when your guests have the opportunity to admire the proper silverplate; when the service is all in one pattern—spoons, forks and knives matching the tea set, tray, etc.

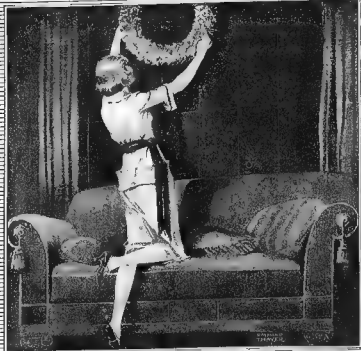
This harmony of pattern is a feature of "1847 Rogers Bros." which gives to this brand of silverplate a particular advantage in the eyes of those who wish to acquire a complete table service, whether the latter is to be purchased outright or built up gradually, a piece at a time.

Sold by leading dealers. Illustrations of other patterns on request for Booklet "L-26" to International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

The Family Plate for Seventy-five Years

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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MEMBERS OF A "DOLL TO MOTHER" CLUB EXHIBITING THEIR OWN WORK

SHOPPING FOR THE KIDDIES

When You Buy the Children's Presents Be Sure to Get the Right Toy for the Right Child

HAVE you ever seen nine busier little girls than the ones in the picture? What little girl is there who isn't happy when she plays with her doll? But how many of seven years, or so, can make their dollies' clothes, trim their lints, and even make the tiny shoes in true professional style?

Every one of these children can do all these things, and, what is more, each one is learning to make clothes for her baby sister and something for mother as well. We are all familiar with educational toys of one kind and another, but never before has our old friend "Miss Polly" come quite so much into her own as in the new "Doll to Mother" clubs for little girls which are being organized by the Junior Achievement Bureau of the Eastern States League. The youngsters in the picture are members of one of these clubs, and through the dolls and their care the "little mothers" are learning many of the underlying principles of home-making.

First the girls are taught how dolls are manufactured and all about the materials that go into the making of the bodies and the wigs. Then they learn how to take care of them, and also how to make repairs when needed. Next come the hats—a course in miniature millinery, even to the making of flowers and the crocheting of tiny tam-o'-shanters. The clothing follows, and that is a whole education in itself—undergarments, dresses, coats, stockings, shoes, and gloves all have their share of study. And the children even learn to make hair-boxes from cardboard, and dolls' furniture from cigar-boxes, cardboard, or small wooden boxes.

Making something for little sister is the next development, and this gives the chance to use some of the daily ideas for hats and clothing and make them up in a larger size. "Something for mother," which gives a real Christmas thrill in the making—is usually a very practical gift, such as a towel, patchwork, cap, or apron.

By the time a little girl of nine—seven to eleven are the age limits in these clubs—has graduated from this line, she has a practical foundation for the training in home-making which her mother and her school are going to give her.

Youthful America wants to be amused, but kindergartners and others who have made a careful study of children tell us that toys that just amuse are not enough and the up-and-down voice of imagination. They want playthings that mean something more and which give an opportunity for the development of perception and imagination.

So this Christmas when we choose the presents for little Mary and son George let us buy with a thought to the educational value of the toys and especially to their suitability to the children's ages.

New Toys for Little Americans

MANUFACTURERS in this country have recognized the fact that American children are by development the most active of all nationalities in their play habits. The toys that are made for them must have been designed which appeal to the child's desire for action. No one can be followed in the proper selection of toys.

"Manipulation" toys are best for children between the ages of two and four. "Manipulation" toys are best for children between the ages of two and four. "Manipulation" toys are best for children between the ages of two and four. "Manipulation" toys are best for children between the ages of two and four.

A little tot from one to two enjoys little games that can be played with the fingers and simple toys such as dolls, animals and balls made of rubber or wood, knitted or rag material, and plain blocks. As the child's perceptive powers have been broadened, and he should be given books about animals and plants, as well and brightly illustrated; a name-tablet or -pile in which he will merely dig and fill

and refill his pail, little garden implements, dolls, larger blocks than he had at one year, a wheelbarrow or wagon in miniature, simple pieces of furniture, stuffed animals, and other toys of a like kind that are easy to handle.

As eyes and hands become more capable of definite aims—between three and five years of age—the toys used in a well-conducted kindergarten will interest the youngster immensely in his home. An idea of sequence, color, harmony, and repetition is given by stringing wooden beads of various colors; some conception of beauty, of creative imitation, and an association of ideas are imparted at this age through the medium of transparent slates. The child may trace flowers, dogs, vegetables, and houses on these slates or on a black-board.

A pair of blunt scissors and pieces of attractively colored paper will help develop intuitively the child's attempts to cut out pictures similar to the ones he has traced. Building blocks, trains of cars or small wheel toys, balls, doll-house furniture, household implements in miniature, and sand toys suit this age also.

They Love to Imitate

BETWEEN four and six, children enjoy imitating life—they begin to feel their desire to imitate the actions of adults at least what their elders do. A circus, with its many-jointed wooden characters, will entertain and instruct for hours at a stretch. Such toys are properly called "dramatic playthings" in that the children are inclined to make the characters "act out" various games or "stunts." They attribute to their dramatic playthings at this age a certain actual personality dictated by their own interpretation of right and wrong. There is the bad doll and the good doll, and so on. It is at this age that parents should be particularly careful in their guidance of the child's character development.

The "construction" period of child play comes between the ages of six and eight. They want to build something that has their hands rather than sit still and watch a mechanical toy. At an earlier age the child has absorbed the idea that a toy when wound up or started in operation in some other way will perform wonderful things, but the time has now come when he wants actually to cause the motion himself. Girls want dolls, and boys want doll houses and their furnishings, and all the accessories pertaining to dolls. Both boys and girls at this time will enjoy pull-toys with good brakes, modeling-clay or soft putty to enable them to create things "out of their heads."

Boys will find a tool-chest the source of endless amusement as well as manual structural toys.

From eight to sixteen a child has already developed a pretty clear idea of his skill in one line or another and wants something more advanced. Adolescents are no longer content with balls and girls. They want a tricycle or a bicycle, good balls, a tennis racket, a croquet set, a big toy automobile, a movie outfit and the magic lantern, electrical toys and models and one scientific toys that teach most interestingly the rudiments of the elements.

Do not give any toy which on first thought only may appeal to you. Think of the child who will use the toy should interest the child, appeal to his imagination and cause him to use it to its best advantage and to its own originality.

If you do not think that more care in the selection of the right toys for the right children is worth the money that is wasted every year in the purchase of the wrong type of toys, and add to that a comparison of the fun and benefit of the right toys for the children through the same cause, and you have an unanswerable argument for careful selection.

For Holiday Gifts

"Onyx" Hosiery

Emery & Beers Company, Inc.
Wholesale New York

Dennison

Your Gifts Can Be Doubly Welcome

THE gifts you give at Christmas need more than paper and string! They need a spark of Christmas spirit to make them doubly welcome, which only gay seals and cards can give them. The bright bits of color; the seal that warns "Do not open until Christmas," and the card which greets the recipient, are the Dennison touches that excite expectation, and they are the touches that make your gift twice welcome.

Dennison can help in other ways at Christmas, too. After you have added a cheery note to all your gifts, go to the nearest stationer, department store, or drugstore which carries our Christmas line and see the unusual designs in crepe paper for decorating the home and trees. There are also many ideas for gifts, such as doll outfits, handy boxes, and jewelry cleaning cabinets. Make it a point to study this Dennison Christmas line at once.



Send for the New Christmas Book

For years our friends have been asking us to publish a book on Christmas suggestions. Here it is. There are suggestions for decorating the tree, the room, and all the gifts with cheerful Christmas spirit. It tells ways for entertaining at Christmas, New Year's, and Twelfth Night. Send for it free. The coupon below will hurry it to you.

DENNISON MFG. CO.
Dept. X, Frammingham, Mass.
Please hurry the Christmas Book to me, too, in stamps are enclosed.

Name (Please write in pencil)

Address

What Next?

STAMMER NO MORE

Will the fear of stammering, the education the... The whole system of Stammer No More is outlined in an elaborate, up-to-date, workable book... \$1.00. If you are interested, please copy today... and send it to me, to be sent to you by mail.

—Mrs. Harriman made \$973.39—
So Can You

By selling our Beautiful Dress Goods, Delany Handkerchiefs, Durable Hosiery, etc. Whole or part time. Protected Territory. Experience or money unnecessary. Write today to Fredrickson, Mitchell & Church Co., Inc., Dept. 4, Birmingham, N. Y.



Watch Them

Watch the changes which this ten-day test will bring.

Note how clean the teeth feel as compared with now.

See how they glisten when the film-coats go.

Mark how each use increases Nature's teeth-protecting forces.

You will quickly realize that this method means a new era in teeth cleaning.

You will know that it means much to you and yours, now and in years to come.

For Ten Nights

And ten days—these delightful effects

This offers you ten days' enjoyment of a new teeth-cleaning method.

It is used by careful people nearly all the world over. Authorities advise it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

This test will let you see and feel how much it means to you. It will surprise and delight you. Please accept it.

To combat film on teeth

One object is to fight the film on teeth—that viscous coat you feel. Film is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Some escapes the tooth brush, some resists it. Old brushing methods left much of it intact. So nearly everyone has suffered from some film attack.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. That is why so many teeth fail to glisten as they should.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That is why decay starts in so many well-brushed teeth.

Film breeds millions of germs. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. That disease, as a result, has become alarming in extent.

Very few people escape

Very few people have escaped these film-

caused troubles. Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

So dental science long has sought a way to fight that film. That research has discovered two effective methods. Ample tests have proved them. Nearly all the world over now those methods are accepted and employed.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste, based on modern knowledge. With Pepsodent, one may apply those film combatants several times a day.

What else must be done

Science also finds that we should daily bring some aids to Nature.

The saliva contains a starch digestant, designed to digest starch deposits. Otherwise they may gum the teeth, ferment there and form acid.

The saliva contains alkalis, designed to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. But, with modern diet, both these forces are generally too weak.

Authorities have decided that the tooth paste should increase them. So Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant and multiplies the alkalis. It does this in a natural way with every application.

Thus Pepsodent fights film-coats, starch and acids as no other way has done. To people all about you it has brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.



New beauty—new charm

This means for one thing new beauty and new charm. Dingy film-coats are removed, teeth are left highly polished. What your mirror shows you in a week will be a revelation.

To men who smoke it means frequent removal of the smoke-stained film.

It means new cleanliness to all. To young and old it means protection such as old ways never brought.

Send us the coupon and see these results. Read the reasons for them. Then judge this new way for yourself. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which meets in five ways modern dental requirements. Approved by authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Now daily used by millions

Millions now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The use is fast spreading the world over.

It is time that every careful person knew the benefits it brings.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 270, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Take care of your gums

SOONER or later you'll brush your teeth and find that your tooth brush is "showing pink."

That's Nature's warning to you. "Take care of your gums as well as your teeth," she says.

That's where Ipana comes in. For it's a tonic to the gums as well as a cleanser for the teeth.

Use it now—use it regularly and you'll be repaid in firm and healthy gums and in cleaner, whiter teeth.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



Your druggist carries Ipana Tooth Paste in full size tubes at 50c. Or send 10c today and we will send you a generous introductory sample.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT BY THE BOX

And in Bright Holiday Baskets
Groaning with Many Good Things

BY ANN COLMAN, MARY BARBER, and DAY MONROE

MERRY CHRISTMAS! What do these words call to your mind? A home with a feeling of happiness, and a memory of the years with wax candles, Christmas trees, mince-pies, and plum puddings? Do you have a little thrill at the thought of the great excitement and bustle when you are tying up the gifts which you have planned with such loving thought? If so, you are one of the fortunate women who have caught the real spirit of Christmas.

We are getting ready to fill baskets and boxes with the good things from the recipes which our family chronicles have yielded. We have been searching through grandmother's cook books and have been delighted to find recipes for the gingerbread men and their colorful-sugar coats, and for the cinnamon almonds which used to appear in little red tartan bags on the Christmas trees of our childhood. These, together with Aunt Phoebe's Christmas jam, spiced raisins, candied orange-peel, stuffed fruits, plum puddings, salted nuts, and fruit-cakes, will fill boxes and baskets which will carry happy, personal Christmas greetings to all of our friends.

Some of our boxes are already made, and others are well under way. They are of many different shapes and sizes, because we utilized those we had on hand. Some of the most interesting ones are covered with remnants of wall-paper—brilliant birds, gay flowers, old-fashioned designs in darker colors flecked with gold, or quaint English clints patterns—making boxes unusual and fascinating. A professional touch can be achieved at any party shop. The inside of the box can be lined with a plain color, harmonizing with the design of the wall-paper.

Where we wished to show a variety of our sweetmeats to the best advantage we purchased shallow white boxes, 12 by 10 by 2 inches in size. By putting a small amount of money into lace doilies, tin-foil, wax-paper, gelatin-paper, cardboard, and ribbon, we have made these boxes look as artistic and professional as the ones which had been purchased at the most exclusive shop in Fifth Avenue.

TO DIVIDE the box into compartments, we cut and fitted four strips of white cardboard, making nine divisions, the center one the largest. The cover itself has been given a final touch by a large ribbon bow of Christmas red, skillfully arranged so it will not have to be untied every time the box is opened.

We have found countless combinations possible for filling our boxes. We selected from our goodies those which we thought would be most acceptable to the friends for whom the gifts are intended. Here is one arrangement which we liked a lot.

For the large center corner we cut a section of fruit-cake, covered it with white frosting, and decorated it with two wax Christmas trees. These trees can be made from angelica and candied cherries, or from little red and green candies. A holly-branch, a Christmas wreath, or any conventional design can be used instead of the trees.

The bright cake in the center was set off by the dusky fruits and nuts surrounding it. To its left and right were great big black prunes and golden-brown dates, stuffed with chopped fruits and nuts. Here and there we gave the "splash of color" which the artist seeks by putting in red candied cherries with hazelnut-seeds.

In the compartment above the cake we put those little-known, spicy confections, cinnamon almonds. Below the cake were salted nuts—pecans, walnuts, and hazelnuts.

One corner of the box was filled with candied orange-peel, and in the corner diagonally opposite was candied grapefruit-peel. In the two other corners were spiced raisins and tart apricot candies.

Sweets without number can be used for these gifts. Nearly everybody has traditional family recipes which give an individual touch. In filling your boxes try to contrast colors and flavors, and to choose something bright and unusual for the center to give the charm of the unexpected.

The Christmas baskets can be almost any kind. Ours are of various and sundry shapes and sizes, and we are going to suit the contents to the basket. One little flat fellow, with a pretty red bow, is just large enough for a round plum pudding, tied

up in a wax-paper petticoat and a fluffy red dress. This is going to a friend whose business allows her little time for Christmas cooking.

A big generous basket, destined for a family of nine, is to be filled with gingerbread men and with popcorn balls, tied in gay paper napkins. If you are proud possessor of home-grown apples and nuts you can use them for gifts to your less fortunate friends.

Baskets of jams and jellies are especially appropriate for the invalid or for the busy mother who has no time for canning. To arrange the jars attractively, and to keep them in position, use a piece of cardboard

cut to fit the inside of the basket, and containing a hole for each little jar. If you have a well-stocked preserve-closet, choose some of your specialties, which may include pickles, chili sauce, or mince-meat, as well as jams and jellies. If your supply is limited this year, make up some golden marmalade or Aunt Phoebe's Christmas jam.

Grandmother's Gingerbread Men
Flour, 3 Cupfuls
Sugar, 1 Cupful
Salt, 1 Teaspoonful
Soda, 1/4 Teaspoonful
Cinnamon, 1/2 Teaspoonful
Culrants, a Few

Ginger, 2 Teaspoonfuls
Molasses, 1/2 Cupful
Hot Water, 1/2 Cupful
Colored Sugar, Red
spoonful

COOK together all the dry ingredients. Melt the fat in the hot water, add molasses, and stir this liquid to the dry ingredients. Mix well, chill, roll on a floured board to about a quarter inch in thickness. Cut in the shape of a man by means of a tin cutter or a cardboard pattern. Put in the curants for eyes, add a mouth and nose with the point of a sharp knife. Sprinkle his coat with blue sugar and later with red. Bake in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. Yield: Twenty-five men of medium height.

Spiced Raisins
Raisins, 1 Cupful
Sugar, 1/4 Cupful
Water, 1 Cupful
Cinnamon, 1/4 Teaspoonful
Cloves, 1/4 Teaspoonful
Sugar for Rolling the Raisins

MAKE a slup of the sugar, water, and spices, cooking it until the mixture spurs a thread. Add the raisins and cook slowly for ten minutes, stirring occasionally to keep the mixture from burning. Remove from the fire, drain off the sugar, and rolling the raisins separate them, and have each well coated with sugar. The raisins may be either served or unseeded, as you wish. If a very spicy flavor is desired, a little spice can be added to the sugar in which the raisins are rolled.

Cinnamon Almonds
Confectioners' Sugar, 1 Cupful
Corn-starch, 1/4 Cupful
Cinnamon, 1/4 Cupful
Salt, 1/4 Teaspoonful
Water, Cold, 1 Table-
Ginger, 1/4 Teaspoonful

MIX the sugar, corn-starch, salt, and spices, and sift them together three times. Add cold water to egg white, and

REMOVE seeds from raisins, dates, and prunes. Put fruit and nuts through the food-chopper. Add salt and cloves and mix well together. Select the largest prunes and smaller prunes can be ground up for the smaller prunes. The juice can be ground up for the smaller prunes. The juice can be ground up for the smaller prunes.

COOK prunes and remove the seeds. Pour two cupfuls of water over the prunes and allow to stand for one hour. Strain. Combine this liquid from the prunes with the water in which the prunes were cooked. Add the prunes, seeded raisins, sugar, and the oranges, which have been cut into thin strips. Cook twenty-five minutes. Add the nuts, and cook for ten minutes longer. Yield: Sixteen glasses.

Candied Grapefruit-Peel
Peel of 2 Grapefruit, 1 Sugar, 2 Cupfuls
Water, 1 Cupful

REMOVE peel in six sections, lengthwise of the fruit. Cover with cold water, bring to the boiling-point, and cook slowly until soft. Drain. Scrape out the white portion with a teaspoon. Cut yellow portion into thin strips with the scissors.

EVAPORATE the strain. Roll in granulated sugar until well coated. Yield: Two cupfuls.

Orange-peel can be made in the same way, but more time may be needed for the skin to become soft, if the oranges are very ripe. The orange peel cooked may be added to the sugar-syrup to give a stronger flavor of the fruit.

DO not use the water in which the grapefruit cooked, because it has a tendency to give a bitter flavor.

Stuffing for Prunes and Dates
Prunes, Uncooked, 1/2 Dates, 1/2 Cupful
Figs, 1/2 Cupful Nuts-meat, 1/2 Cupful
Raisins, 1/2 Cupful Cloves, 1/4 Teaspoonful

REMOVE seeds from raisins, dates, and prunes. Put fruit and nuts through the food-chopper. Add salt and cloves and mix well together. Select the largest prunes and smaller prunes can be ground up for the smaller prunes. The juice can be ground up for the smaller prunes.

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Apricot Candies
Dried Apricots, 1/2 Cupful
Lemon-juice, 1 Table-
spoonful
Cocoanut, 1/2 Cupful
Nuts-meat, 1/2 Cupful
Orange-juice, 1 Teaspoonful
Ginger, 1/4 Teaspoonful

WASH apricots thoroughly and dip up and down in the sugar mixture. Beat slightly, but not until foamy. Put into a shallow pan put a quarter-inch layer of the sugar mixture. In this arrange the coated nuts so they do not touch each other. Cover with the sugar mixture. Bake in a very slow oven for three hours. When the nuts are done every portion should have a thin coating of the sugar mixture, and the nuts should be very crisp and dry.

Golden Marmalade
Orange, 1
Lemon, 1
Sugar, 2 Pounds, or More
Grapefruit, 1

CUT the fruit into fine strips, removing seeds. Measure, add three times the measure of water, and allow to stand for twenty-four hours. Boil until tender, measure and add an equal quantity of sugar. Add lemon-juice. Tie in medium-sized jelly-glasses.

Aunt Phoebe's Christmas Jam
Prunes, 3 Pounds
Raisins, 3 Pounds
Sugar, 3 Pounds
Chopped Nuts, 1/2
Pounds, 1/2
Dates, 1/2

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The Iron Food for Vitality



Free We'll send a free book of 100 luscious raisin recipes to anyone who mails coupon below.

The Ever-ready Dessert "for Busy Days" or when you forget to make one



At Christmas, of Course

Delicious cluster raisins are a part of a real Christmas dinner—a healthful and delightful custom that should be extended throughout the year.

KEEP cluster raisins always in the house, ready to serve on a moment's notice. As a luscious dessert when you haven't time to prepare one, or when you simply forget dessert.

You never hear "What, no dessert?" when you are so protected. There's never that embarrassment.

The fact is, you'll serve these clusters more often on request than in emergencies. For the taste for these delicious fruit-meats was developed back in girl-and-boyhood days.

And everybody likes them. Try and see. Put a bowl on your table and see how soon they go. Let that be proof.

Raisins are also a health food, the result of their rich iron content. The system needs but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need is *vital*.

So when you serve these luscious clusters remember that they're both *good* and *good for you*—that they serve the double purpose of convenience and good health.

Men need iron for vitality and that lasting energy which enables them to forge ahead in business. Your helpmate burns up energy each day. You can replace it through the food you choose for him. He'll welcome it in luscious cluster raisins.

100 Recipes Sent Free

We've prepared a valuable book of raisin recipes which we will send to any woman on request. All are tested so they're sure to work. Learn through this book the many ways to use nutritious, healthful raisins.

Always ask for Sun-Maid Raisins, made from California's finest table grapes.

Raisins are 30% cheaper than formerly. See that you get plenty in your foods.



The "Iron Dish" for Breakfast

One may get his or her iron daily also in stewed raisins—served as a breakfast dish. Serve plain, with cream or with oatmeal or with dry cereals and cream.

Try this delicious breakfast fruit and you'll have it every day.



Use left-over stewed raisins for sauce for baked apples, ice cream, rice-and-raisins, cold meats, etc.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 11,000 Growers
DEPT. A-312, FRESNO, CALIF.

Seeded (seeds removed); Seedless (grown without seeds); Clusters (on the stem). At all dealers. Insist on Sun-Maid brand.



CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.,
Dept. A-312, Fresno, California.
Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

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SUN-MAID

RAISINS

Lemonade

The Refreshing
All-weather Drink

WHEN tired or thirsty try a fresh lemonade. Learn how quickly it refreshes.

An excellent drink to serve to friends who drop in after dinner.

A year 'round custom in your home that signifies good taste.



Lemon, for Two Reasons

LEMON with tea is both stylish and sensible—
and now, of course, the custom in most enlightened homes. The idea came, years ago, from European connoisseurs.

Lemon adds a tang and zest that makes tea "a new drink" to millions. It enhances the flavor of the finest teas—no matter how delicious in themselves.

But even more important, it supplies valuable salts and acids—natural appetizers and digestants.

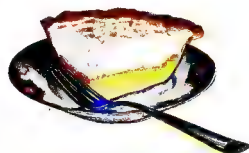
So entire meals are made more healthful, more attractive in this simple, charming way.

Serve sliced or quartered lemon with tea for the next ten days. You will never then be satisfied with tea in any other way.

For Vitamines

Remember, too, when you add lemon juice to foods or drinks, you add *vitamines*—that vital element in food in which too many meals are now deficient.

Lemon juice, rich in vitamines, is good "vitamine insurance" for any meal.



Try this delicious lemon *glace*, recipe for which is included in the set of 24 cards offered below.



Lemon juice adds an appetizing zest to fish, meat and vegetables.

New Day Drinks

We offer an interesting free book—"New-Day Drinks," by Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, suggesting new ways to make attractive drinks and cocktails with lemon and orange juice.

Send a post card for a copy.

CALIFORNIA Sunkist Uniformly Good Lemons

California Sunkist Lemons are juicy, tart, and practically seedless—so they slice best. Bright, clean, waxy skins make them the best looking garnish. Get them in Sunkist wrappers, at any store. Buy them by the dozen.

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A Non-Profit Cooperative Organization of 10,500 Growers
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Buy them
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Our Offer to Women

Mail This Send 10c with this coupon and we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist recipe cards. Each dish pictured is color. Shows how to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. Just right size for restaurant, recipe cards, most oak box without any advertising on it, 100 blank cards and 21 index cards, all prepaid.

This set would cost \$1.25 in retail stores.

Check the offer you wish to accept and forward with stamps or coins. Offer is good at these prices in both United States and Canada.

☐ 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards—10c

☐ Complete Box and File—75c
(including above 24 cards)

Address: California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 469, Los Angeles, Cal.

Name _____
Address _____

SING A SONG OF SLEEPYHEAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

And can't you tell when my beard is blue,
As you see it is, that my name is, too?

When my beard you see
You must agree
My name's Bluebeard
With a double B

My hair is white, yes, white as snow;
Toss my eight wives who made it so,
With worry and fret; you, are I know
My eight wives left me white and blue!

Yes, are I knew
My beard was blue
And my hair was white
From that fretful crew!

They've told such awful things of me
I'm hateful in good company;
I'm a terrible man, I am, I know,
But a terrible life has made me so!

With hats to buy
And bills to pay,
It's a wonder I
Am alive to-day!

SLEEPYHEAD
I read of you when I first began
To read. You're an awful, awful man!

CAPTAIN KIDD
He's no such terrible man as I!
I quartered your good friend Mince Pie,
And scuttled the good ship Ice-Cream Cone!

MISS QUESTION-MARK
You stand in the corner there alone
And do your summa as you have been shown!
You never scuttled an Ice-Cream Cone!

BLUEBEARD
He's nothing at all compared with me!
I left eight wives to a snickernee!
And cut their heads off, oh, oh, oh!
For they entered my room when I told them no.

They swept my rugs and they made me
sneez!
When I wanted to sleep, and they did not
please!

My taste at all; they roamed about
In idleness till the fire went out.
They cooked no food and they made no beds,
So while they slept I cut off their heads.

And now not one of them bothers me,
And here is the very snickernee.
(Sings similar.)

MISS QUESTION-MARK
Do you know your stunts and your books be-
lieve!

BLUEBEARD
Well, I know how to subtract and divide.
Eight from eight leaves none, you see,
And I divide with my snickernee.
(Sings similar.)

MISS QUESTION-MARK
(Sings similar.)
Give me that terrible snickernee.
You think you are fearful, just look at me!

You stand right there and face the wall.
You never had any wives at all.
You're a fib, you are, and you never did
the things you say more than Captain Kidd.

Who stands in the corner there alone
And says he scuttled an Ice-Cream Cone.

BLUEBEARD
I had eight wives and a snickernee!
MISS QUESTION-MARK
And you have neither, as you see.
You're but a fib, if you beard is blue,
And nobody here is afraid of you.

You never used any snickernee,
You can't frighten us with your looks;
You're only a picture in story-books.
You never cut off one wife's poor head!

You ought to be spanked and sent to bed.
(Marches to window and throws open window.)
How cold it is! *(Sings similar.)*

SLEEPYHEAD
Oh, Teacher, Teacher, see
That strange Old Woman who looked at me!
There! Look! I see her face again!
She's looking right through that window-pane!

MISS QUESTION-MARK
(Marches to window and throws open window.)
We'll open the math-door wide and see!
Old Woman! Old Woman! And who can
you be?

And what are you doing and where do
you go?
Come right in out of the cold and snow!
*(Clears path, marches to door at center and
throws it open.)* Enter Old Woman, crown
on head and shawl. She looks about fearfully.

Who are you, Old Woman, and what do
you do?

OLD WOMAN
(With pathetic emphasis.)
I am the Old Woman who lived in the shoe.
But the sides fell in and the sole wore
through.

I had no money to buy a new,
I could not rent, for they knew I had
many children, both good and bad,
So I and my children set out to roam.
Since our shoes worn out and we have
no home.

Now listen close and you shall hear
My children sing in the snowdrifts clear!
(Chorus of children singing off-stage.)
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
If it's only a shoe, there is no place like
home!

OLD WOMAN
Thus always at Christmas we set out to
roam.
Till we find us a shoe like the one that was
home.

BLUEBEARD. [Tears.]
I'd be very glad, if you so incline,
To offer the use of one of mine.

MISS QUESTION-MARK
You face the wall as I bade you be;
You fib of the wives and the snickernee.

CAPTAIN KIDD
I'm a villain bold, but I'll make a loan
Of one of the only boots I own.

MISS QUESTION-MARK
You stand in the corner there alone,
You wretch who scuttled the Ice-Cream
Cone!

SLEEPYHEAD
Oh, Teacher, Teacher, Teacher dear!
I'll lend her one of my slippers here!

MISS QUESTION-MARK
I'll use that slipper, Sir, on you.
If you leave that chair till I bid you to!

OLD WOMAN. [Cries.]
I thank you, Sir, but I could not use
The one or all of your proffered shoes!
To live in a shoe with room to spare
Takes much more shoe than a shoe to wear.

(Cries again.)
I thank you, Ma'am, for the cheer and light;
I'm warmer now and I'll say good night.

MISS QUESTION-MARK
Your children must be wet to the skin.
Go open the door and call them in.

OLD WOMAN. [Cries.]
I thank you, Ma'am, and you'll plainly see
The kind of shoe it needs to be.
(Tears, opens door, and calls.)
Come, Children dear, they have no shoe.
But a cozy room they bid us to.
Come now by window and come by door.
Come any you never come before.

Come far, come wide, come high, come low,
Come from out of the cold and snow.
*(The children enter, some by door, some by win-
dow, either side: Margery Daw, Miss Mag-
gief, Tiny Toes, Boy Blue, Jack Horner, Tom
Tucker, Orphan Annie, Pigeon's Tom, Cinder-
ella, and Sally Haney.) They range them-
selves closely about the Old Woman and look
up at her face. She has not bit her lip.
Pigeon's Tom a pig under his arm, Cinderella
a ragged shoe.)*

OLD WOMAN. [Cries.]
Come, Children dear, so cold and blue,
See this warm place they bid us to.
I thank you, Ma'am. *(Tears to children.)*
And do you the same!

CHILDREN. [Cries.]
We thank you, Ma'am.
(Cries.)
And we're glad we came.

OLD WOMAN
(Addresses children.)
Can't you sing the song good children do,
The song we sang when we lived in the shoe?

GOOD CHILDREN'S SONG
(Miss Maggief and Margery Daw.)
The night was very dark and cold,
"Excuse me," "Thank you," "If you
please!"
When other words we say,
We need them, need them every day.
Don't mix them up, for if you sneeze,
You never should say, "If you please."
But always say "Excuse me."
If any cold kerchief you use,
You never should say, "If you please."
We always say "Excuse me."
(Chorus of children.)
Don't mix them up, for if you sneeze,
You never should say, "If you please."
But always say "Excuse me."
If any cold kerchief you use,
You never should say, "If you please."
We always say "Excuse me."

The nicest things to eat are these,
Ice-cream and cake and pie with cheese;
We like to eat them when we may
We'd love to eat them every day,
But when you say "Excuse me, please,"
Oh, pray, don't say "Excuse me, please,"
But always say "I thank you."
For mama'll surely spank you
If you don't say "I thank you."
(Chorus of children.)
When you say "Excuse me" of these,
Oh, pray, don't say "Excuse me, please,"
But always say "I thank you."
For mama'll surely spank you
If you don't say "I thank you."

MISS QUESTION-MARK
Are there any more that you ought to call?
OLD WOMAN. [Cries.]
I thank you, Ma'am, but I think that's all.
(Addresses Margery Daw.)
I thank you.

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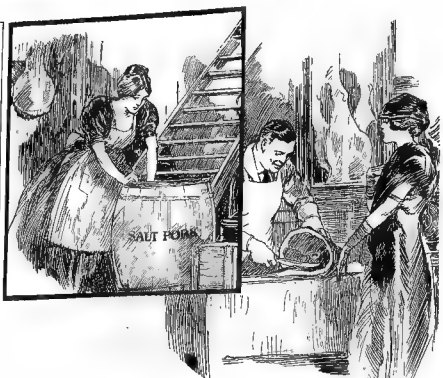
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(Addresses Margery Daw.)
I thank you.



Progress and service A nickel a week

That is all that the average family which buys only Swift & Company meats pays as profit to the company.

It is the company's share, on the average, for its services in transforming live animals into meat near producing centers; refrigerating and transporting the meat to the centers of consumption; and in most cases placing it in the hands of the retailers.

What woman minds spending five cents for anything that makes life fuller, richer, easier!

Without such a service present-day society would be in difficulties over its meat supply. It would have to get along with less and would have to pay more for it. The housekeeper of today would still be keeping a barrel of salt pork in the cellar.

Taking live stock from its widely scattered and distant sources and turning it into meat, Swift & Company carries it by a vast, efficient and economical system of distribution to cities, towns and villages, often remote from centers of production, so that every woman every day may obtain from her dealer any meat that suits her fancy or meets her need.

The profit derived by Swift & Company from this service costs the average American family only a nickel a week, according to government figures on meat consumption. This is too small a sum to be visible in the family meat bill.

Do you know of any other necessity the quality and supply of which can be insured so cheaply?

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 40,000 shareholders





Let your Kodak
Keep the Christmas Story

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*



The Lure of Bubble Grains

Mothers say that Puffed Grains disappear. They do. These are no mere breakfast dainties—no once-a-day delights.

Children want Puffed Wheat at all hours—served in bowls of milk. Puffed Rice, if crisped and lightly buttered, forms an afternoon confection.

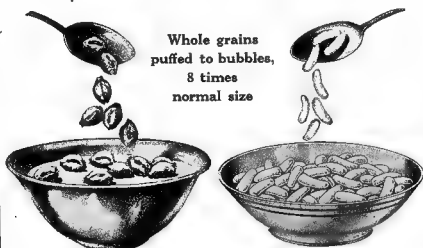
They mix Puffed Grains with fruits, use them in candy making. Puffed Rice is used as nut-like garnish on desserts.

Enjoy them to the full

But these are ideal foods for children—the finest cereal foods in existence. They are whole grains steam exploded. Every food cell has been blasted. Digestion is made easy and complete. These are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. They supply whole-grain nutrition so that every atom feeds.

They look like tidbits, taste like nut confections. But they are also premier cereals in the ideal form.

Let children revel in them—eat them every way they will. Keep both kinds on hand, and in plenty.



Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

We cause in each kernel 125 million steam explosions—one for every food cell. Thus these flimsy grains, toasted and flavory, form the perfect wheat morsels to serve in milk.

Their ease of digestion makes them ideal for bedtime.

Toasted rice grains, thin and fragile. They crumble at a touch. The taste is like toasted nuts.

Never was a cereal made so enticing. These two Puffed Grains form the best-cooked cereals in existence.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

SING A SONG OF SLEEPYHEAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

I have to be jolly because, because,
Because, because I am Santa Claus.
I have my woes to endure;
My knees are both skinned, I am sure.
For down I must go
Every chimney I know.
The high and the low and the poor.
And I have to keep jolly because, be-
cause,
Because, because I am Santa Claus.
I have to keep jolly because, because,
Because, because I am Santa Claus.

CAPTAIN KIDD

*(Pushes up top of bushes, thrusts head out.
Sneezes whisper to Miss Question-Mark.)
Oh, Teacher dear, this is Captain Kidd.
Why don't you ask what Columbus did?
[Sneezes disappears instantly.]*

SANTA CLAUS

*(Opens sack, displays toys, and looks about room.)
A wonderful place here I see,
But where can the children be?
I saw enough tracks
To take all of my packs.
And a dozen strong fellows like me.
I don't see their stockings or clothes.
They have all gone to bed, I suppose,
As good children do.
Oh, kerchool! Oh, kerchool! [Sneezes violently.]
That soot must have got up my nose!
Now, what shall I do?
[Toys remain violently behind sashes. Head rises above cloud of soot.]*

TOPSY

*Oh, kerchool! Oh, kerchool!
Dat soot must have got up mah nose!
[Santa Claus looks on startled. Soot's electric-light switch and turns on light.]*

SANTA CLAUS

Did I hear some one sneeze?

TOPSY

*It was me, if you please.
[Santa Claus crosses to sashes, lifts Topsy from behind it, and surveys her closely.]*

SANTA CLAUS

Why, you're soot from your top to your toes!
Did you come down that flue?

TOPSY

*No, Ah, sneezed after you.
Cause dat soot must have got up mah nose!
[Head of Miss Muffet appears from behind sashes.]*

MISS MUFFET

I was all cuds and whey, but they wiped

MARGERY DAW

I had straw come all over my clothes!

SANTA CLAUS

Who are you? Haw, haw, haw!

MARGERY DAW

I am Margery Daw, but I didn't get soot up my nose!
(Children come from behind sashes and crowd about Santa Claus, who sits down in sashes and laughs loudly.)

SANTA CLAUS

Such a great family as I never did see,
And I've traveled the world wide all through.
Tell me who you may be? Are you one family?

CHILDREN

We're the children who lived in the shoe!

SANTA CLAUS

Have you no place to go?

MISS MUFFET

We came in from the snow.

SANTA CLAUS

You'd have slept here all night, I suppose.

MARGERY DAW

We were hiding, you see.

TOM TUCKER

And were safe as could be.

TOPSY

If dat soot hadn't got up mah nose!

SANTA CLAUS

What became of the shoe?

MARGERY DAW

(Saddy.)

First the sole wore right through.

MISS MUFFET

(Saddy.)

Then the sides fell in and in the snow.

JACK HORNBY

Then we came here, we did.

CINDERELLA

And when you came, we hid.

TOPSY

Till dat soot it got up in mah nose!

SANTA CLAUS

So the shoe is worn out and you've no place to go.
Would you like a long journey with me through the snow?
I'm just an old man and I live all alone
With my wife, Merry Christmas, nor child of my own.

'You ten shall be mine and shall live there with me.

All happy and merry and glad as can be,
And you shall have goodies and warm clothes to wear.

And you shall have ribbons to wind in your hair.

And you shall have clean beds to sleep in at night.

And you shall have love to make all your hearts light.

And you shall be busy and have tasks to do,
And live in my heart and not live in a shoe.

And live through the year when the twilight is deep

You'll go through the world and read children to sleep.

And you shall love children and they shall love you.

And laugh with the children who lived in the shoe.

ORPHAN ANNIE

But how shall we go? Is the place far away?

SANTA CLAUS

The place is quite far, but out there is my sleigh.

With Snowflake and Whitefur and Crystal and Dew.

The reindeer, with sleigh-bells that jingle for you!

(Jingling of bells heard without.)

CINDERELLA

We have no wax to wear.

SANTA CLAUS

I have lots of them there.

PIPER'S TOM

Where are they?

SANTA CLAUS

In my sleigh.

CHILDREN

Hip hurrah!

(Children dash out of door. Santa Claus chuckles and sits in sashes waiting.)

SANTA CLAUS

Oh, what jolly good fun!

For my work is all done.

We'll be home before break of the day.

We'll be off in a wink.

But I can't help but think

What my wife, Merry Christmas, will say!

But we've worked all our lives and we've lived all alone!

We need these ten children to love as our own.

(Enter children, dressed in caps, coats, mittens, and shoes. Santa Claus rises and stands while they crowd about him.)

Are you ready to go?

MARGERY DAW

We found mittens and caps and warm clothes.

SANTA CLAUS

You look snug and so nice.

We'll be off in a trice.

See how bright the moon shines on the snow!

(Santa Claus steps to window and opens it. Flood of light shows sleigh just outside. Its saucers children before him, through opened window.)

Now be in with you quick!

CHILDREN

Are you really Saint Nick?

SANTA CLAUS

(Yellow children are taking their places in the sleigh.)

Yes, I am. Snuggle down! Mind your toes!

For it's frosty to-night.

Are you tucked in all right?

(All children are snuggled in the sleigh. Face of Topsy appears at opened window and grins.)

TOPSY

I'm sure glad I got soot up mah nose!

(Santa Claus flings pants over his shoulder and makes exit after turning out light. Takes out in sleigh.)

SANTA CLAUS

Come, Whitefur and Snowflake and Crystal and Dew.

Home now with the children who lived in the shoe.

(Turns to children.)

And now, all together, with all of your might:

(Sings.)

Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!

CHILDREN. *(Sings.)*

Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!

(Sings merrily with jingling of sleigh-bells. Miss Question-Mark peers from corner by clock. Feet of hatched rick and head of Captain Kidd appear. Sleepyhead, Bluebeard, and Old Woman come in from behind sashes. In distance voice is heard again, and all instantly disappear.)

SANTA CLAUS

(In distance.)

Now, then, all together, with all of your might:

(Sings.)

Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

SING A SONG OF
SLEEPYHEAD
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

grass. Through this valley, between sodded

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

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C LIBRARY

ore good news, Diary! You know Mrs.
aux, who has that dressmaking shop
Broad street? She is the best dressmaker
own. I asked her yesterday if she had
ied in Paris. "No—not in Paris, my
but right in my own home. Everything

We've just moved into a better house, Diary—a better house than we've ever had. Remember my mother's prediction that I would be making \$50,000 a year as a dressmaker? Well, last week I made \$35! We'd still be in the same old rut if I hadn't sent in that coupon. Isn't it wonderful what a difference a little thing like that makes? It hasn't been hard, either—everything is so clearly explained in word and picture. Oh, yes, Diary—I want to whisper something in your ear. . . . I think Jimmy loves me.

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THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL TEACHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

the trunk a folded piece of linen, as tho the one making the shirts had used only a portion of her material.

"Well, upon my word," she said, "if there ain't a big piece that your grandmother didn't make up."

She brought the shirts over to the table where the candle stood. She regarded them with surprise and admiration.

"Bless my life, they're nice," she said; "not a yaller spot on them."

A moment she stood in mute appreciation of the beautiful, snowy linen. Then she caught up one of the shirts and spread the neck-band with her fingers.

"Well, Upon my soul!" she said. "Upon my soul!"

She held the shirt up and measured it from shoulder to shoulder, and from the neck-band to the wrist.

"Why, they'll fit him! They'll fit him just as good as if they'd been made for him. If I don't beat all your way over six feet, and long-armed. Now, how in the name of common sense did your grandma ever make such a mistake? It ain't like your grandma—she always sewed by pin and measure."

The little girl was not listening. She had gone out onto the mill porch. She now spoke, but not in reply to these exclamations.

There are lights up at the schoolhouse, Mother.

The woman, still under her surprise, replied without looking up.

"I reckon the teacher's cleanin' the schoolhouse."

"But the lights look like they went up an' down through the tree-tops."

"I suppose he's carryin' water down from the spring on the mountain," replied the woman, still bending over the shirts that lay spread out on the table.

AT SUNRISE the following morning a man riding a lean bay horse came down the mountain road toward the mill.

He held the bridle-rein, tied in a knot, over the side of his arm. He was a big man, and he sat in the saddle as tho he was accustomed to that seat from to any other.

The horse traveled in a running walk. He turned into the little valley and approached the mill.

The miller was feeding the horse. He was a big man, and he sat in the saddle as tho he was accustomed to that seat from to any other.

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Mary E. Woods
SECRETARY.

BE the woman you were meant to be! By Olympian's practical plan, you can! Your dearest wishes of bodily health, mental vigor, and womanly charm are all *within easy reach*. How to attain them is explained below:



This is not a story of drudgery, denial, or tedious study. The Olympian plan is a fascinating force for the better enjoyment of womanhood. It is interesting every step of the way. It is easy to follow.

Every woman who accepts this plan, and uses it even one month will experience benefits from her Olympian membership which will prove fairly amazing. Read how these results are achieved:

FIRST: A Glorious State of Health

The first fundamental of happiness is health. So, Olympian starts with the natural principles of health. Some of them, you may know. But what has always been lacking is the *key* to their use. You are told the scientific secrets of applying these principles with full force. Results are instantaneous.

You will feel changes the first week. A month brings improvements hard now to believe. Quickened energies crowd out every petty ailment. New physical and mental powers seem inexhaustible. It is wonderful. Investigate this opportunity without the spending or risking of a single dollar.

Quick Development of Personal Attractiveness Comes Next

Next are developed the traits which make for personal magnetism. The knack of making others like you is acquired—and the processes are fascinating. Your progress will astonish you.

The next stage is physical manifestations of womanly charm. Unmistakable changes are wrought in your carriage, pose, in your step, your attitudes in repose. The analyses, charts and pictures, the illustrated text, all are so simply and plainly set forth that every minute is interesting. While this drive for larger membership and wider usefulness is on, you can examine the

entire text and material of the course without cost or obligation.

Every Worth-While Beauty Secret Told

Nothing bought in a bottle can rival Olympian as an aid to physical beauty. When told the scientific causes of supple body and limbs—a clear skin—sparkling eyes—pretty shoulders—firm, symmetric breasts—luxuriant hair—it is absurdly easy to attain them.

You'll learn how to remove 30 or 40 lbs. of excess flesh in sixty days—without starving. How to remove every line in face or neck (unless you are past 60).

Three scientific hair-health secrets that bring any head of hair to abundant thickness, length, and lustre in five months.

What the Young Miss Needs to Know

Olympian information and instruction will equip girls of eighteen for life. Mothers have told us their daughters have built mental and bodily perfection on the simple principles revealed in this course.

At the threshold of life, girls, and boys too, are immeasurably helped through a parent's Olympian membership. Any woman who knew all that it can mean to any family, would deem it her duty to join.

Married Women

It is not exaggerating to say that any woman's married life is made vastly more enjoyable through enrollment with Olympian. The very things she wants to know, causes and effects.

Successful motherhood; adorable children. What to believe—and not to believe. Preparation for motherhood. Sex truths.

Just One Week!

Membership is active for a whole year. A wealth of material is given you at the outset, and each month come special bulletins that strengthen and speed your progress. But we ask only one week's trial of this wonderful method to prove to you that you need it, and want it. See our offer.

Letters from Members

Olympian Society:
While the material you sent me has not been in my hands quite a week, I like it and shall hope to be improved physically and mentally. It is what I especially needed.—Glive Chyngam, Holliston, Mass.

Olympian Society:
I would like you to know that I am enjoying your course very much. I look forward to the monthly discursive lectures. I am very well satisfied with the course.—Audrey Mackenzie, 15 Lincoln Ave., Montreal, P. Q.

Olympian Society:
I have received lasting good from the course and with the society's success in its great work.—June H. Kern, 6237 Thirteenth Street, Chicago, Ill.

Olympian Society:
I am a business woman and find the course in very interesting. I feel much better already.—Loue Lovell, 310½ W. Main St., Dunbar, N. C.

(Two months later from the same member.)
"I was ready to give up when I enrolled, and today am the picture of health, look so though past 40, and weigh what I should!"

Olympian's daily mail is large, for membership carries unlimited privileges of consultation, specific advice, practical help in every division. To read the many enthusiastic letters received is a constant source of inspiration.

Olympian Society's Offer

For the present, your simple request will bring complete working material and text—everything. You may have unrestricted use of all for full week.

There is no obligation to go a step further, no obligation to pay a penny unless you decide that keeping up your membership is worth a hundred times the small monthly dues for the year's tuition.

Twenty-seven specialists are back of Olympian's life of them have developed a life's work to the movement. The cost of it all was enormous. But shared by so many members, the individual expense is small. Just now, while this offer is in effect, you may inspect all this material without investing or risking even one dollar.

Surely, such an opportunity is worth the clipping of a coupon. Do so now, and mail it, today!

To Mrs. MARY E. WOODS, Secretary,
OLYMPIAN SOCIETY,
Columet at 21st St., CHICAGO

Please send me prepaid, complete Olympian text and material on approval. If I decide to join, I will mail \$1 enrollment fee within one week. If I do not want to go on with the course, I will return it at the end of the trial period and there will be no obligation or payment to make—of any kind. (101)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL TEACHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

disappearing figures, did not notice the dog. Then she saw him, knew his distress, spoke.

"You can go along, Jim," she said. The dog ran barking after the man and little boy. He overtook them and went on ahead. At the point where the path entered the forest, the man turned and looked the smile struggling all the morning to conquer her face finally possessed it.

The school-teacher, the little boy, and the dog continued to descend the mountain. The child addressed every object with which he was familiar. When they passed the bridge over, cropping brook-edge beside the path, he hailed it with a salutation.

"How-da-da, Boo?" he said. Leaves burning red with Autumn color he continued were "dowers."

Finally they came to the river, running shallow between the foot of the mountain and the farther bench on which the school-house stood. The child did not cross this water, and he was afraid for the man to attempt it. He put his little hand firmly on the man's arm to stop him.

The school-teacher stopped, and the child considered this new and unaccustomed peril. He sat studying the water, his restraining hand on the man's arm. Finally the dog, growing impatient at the delay, entered the river and began to wade across. The child removed his hand, and the two men crossed. The crossing was safe. He directed the child's attention to the fact that the dog was "Nim wak in wat," he said.

The school-teacher was returning along the mountain road, with the little boy on his shoulder. At the first ascent, beyond the river-crossing, the two men in a buckboard. The horses were gaunt as usual.

The man who drove them was known to the school-teacher. The other was a big man with a heavy mustache. He sat leaning over in the buckboard. His head down. His shoulders rising in a hump. He was glad enough to see that the hump on his shoulders was now a sort of permanent study.

They drew up by the roadside as the school-teacher approached. The big hump-backed man spent some time taking the trouble to place his remarks with any form of salutation.

"Do you claim old Nicholas Park's estate?"

The school-teacher regarded him with his deep, tranquil, gray-blue eyes.

"I belong to my father," he said.

"Is your father related to old Nicholas?"

"Has he got a deed from old Nicholas?"

"No."

"Then how does he claim under him?"

"He does not claim under him, Nicholas Parks had his possession from my father."

"You mean that your father owned it first?"

"Did he sell to Nicholas?"

"No."

"Then how did old Nicholas come to own it?"

"He never owned it; my father permitted him to use it."

"Then your claim is that old Nicholas was just a tenant for life?"

"Yes," replied the school-teacher, "that was it."

"Did your father give Nicholas any writing?"

"No."

"Did Nicholas pay anything for the use of the land?"

"No, he never recognized your father's title while he was living."

"Then he never knew that your father owns these lands?"

"Yes," replied the school-teacher, "in the end he knew it."

"How did he know it, if he did not find out while he was living?"

"He told me it out while he was dying."

Replied the school-teacher.

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"He told me it out while he was dying."

Replied the school-teacher.

"Did your father give Nicholas any writing?"

"No."

"Then you're here to look after your father's business?"

"Yes," replied the school-teacher, "that is it. I am here to look after my father's business."

"Is he so you moved in when old Nicholas died?"

"Yes."

"I see," said the humpback. "Now I want to ask you another question. These lands belonged to the State, old Nicholas bought from the State, and the State made him a deed. Do you contend that your father's title is older than that of the State?"

"Yes."

"Then the State had no right to make a deed to old Nicholas?"

"Yes," said the school-teacher, "there is a deed which the State had the right to make."

"You mean," said the man, "that it had the right to make a special warranty deed, good as against persons claiming under it, but not good as against persons claiming under your father."

"That which the State has," replied the school-teacher, "it may grant to another, but not that which it has not."

"The humpback compressed the muscles of his mouth and nodded his head slowly."

"I see," he said, "as the lands of Nicholas Parks under some old deed, gives him a color of title, and he has sent you here to get into possession. A color of title is not good at law without possession. You can't sell what the State's not going to let by and allow you to acquire adverse possession. Old Nicholas Parks was wronged by the law, his property escheats to the State. So you can't use your mind to get off."

"He repeated over, caught the whip out of its socket, and struck the horses."

"The school-teacher stood in the road watching the humpback half the humpback. His face full of misery."

"The conclusion of 'The Mountain School-Teacher' will appear next month."

Get Thin -to music!

You can. It's easy. I'll prove it in five days' time -free. In your own home, with your own phonograph. Read my offer.

My safe and sane method of reducing makes any figure normal, in surprisingly short time. In *every-five thousand cases I have not had a single failure.*

Reducing the Wallace way is play. A 20-minute lesson cannot resist this interesting, *scientific* method. And results are permanent.

How I Reduce You

Food does not cause fat. Many stout men and women eat less than a child of ten. My method *tears you out*, but the system uses all your food for blood, bone and sinew. *Nothing is left from which Nature can make fat.*

Ten or fifteen pounds reduction is nothing. If you are *40, 60, 75 lbs.* overweight I require a little longer. But the results are the same; a normal figure, symmetric body and limbs, remaining flesh firm and smooth, and a glorious state of health.

Read These Letters

(Printed by Permission)

"I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get thin, but your first lesson took me 12 lbs. and out everything I wanted. It is all so wonderful, music and all I have been a blessing to me. (Mrs.) Mildred M. Sykes, 80 N. Florida Ave., Atlantic City, N. J."

"It was easy to Get Thin to Me. Having reduced 15 lbs., my friends pass me without recognizing who I am. I feel and appear ten years younger. (Mrs.) Grace Hirschler, 4655 Madison Ave., Chicago, Ill."

"In twenty-two days I have reduced 11 lbs. I love the lessons, and am feeling better than in months. (Mrs.) V. W. Kinsley, 94 N. 40th St., Omaha, Neb."

"All my friends ask how I did it. I reduced 20 lbs. and heartily recommend Wallace. Thank you for your kind interest throughout the course." (Mrs.) M. F. Fennell, 1000 N. 10th St., Los Angeles, Calif."

"You surely have my thanks, as I reduced 20 lbs. in completing the course." (Mrs.) Ruth Martin, 1120 E. 12th St., Omaha, Neb."

"I have reduced 15 lbs. in two lessons and you are just to use my letter." (Mrs.) Est. Arbuthnot, Mandan, N. D."

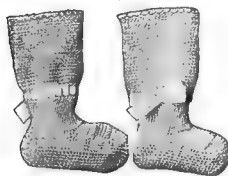
Free Proof. If you have no books to sell. No pamphlets that deal with starvation. But I can reduce your fat Nature's own law, and it is not enough, with my knife. For I am young again and have the wisdom of my age.

"But you will have this youth against you." Murdo pointed toward where I was standing.

"Has he his knife?" Jorga asked.

"Go, fight for me," Genitza urged, unashamed that had her knife carried in her belt.

Knitting, Crocheting, and Embroidery Insure a Variety of Christmas Gifts Which Combine Usefulness with Style and Beauty



No. 160—Crochet Booties for the Baby

THE Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions Nos. 159 and 160, 15 cents (9d). A practical and decidedly useful Christmas gift for the baby would be crochet booties like this in white two-fold Saxony yarn trimmed with pink silk crochet and pale pink satin ribbon. The booties are crocheted in afghan stitch matching 159 opposite.



No. 159—To Keep Baby's Hands Warm

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions Nos. 159 and 160, 15 cents (9d). To keep the baby's hands warm are the cunning mittens crocheted in afghan stitch. These are included in the same set of directions as No. 160, booties, illustrated at the extreme left of page.



No. 158—This Crochet Sack Makes a Practical Christmas Gift for the Baby

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions Nos. 158 and 162, 15 cents (9d). To keep the baby cozy in the house during cold weather the crochet sack, at the top, would be found very comfortable. It is crocheted in afghan stitch and 4 one-ounce skeins of two-fold Saxony yarn are required, and about 3 yards of satin ribbon will be needed for the bows.

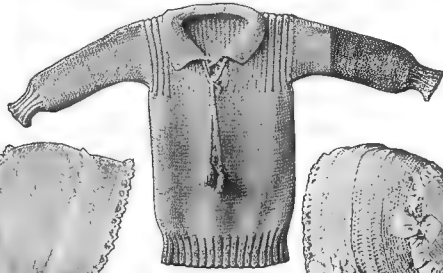
The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 584, 15 cents (9d). The sweater illustrated below is a slip-over model in plain knitting and puri stitch. Three-fold Saxony yarn is required for this and white or any delicate color may be used.



Nos. 576 and 578—A Knitted Sweater and Cap for the Little Boy

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions Nos. 576 and 578, 15 cents (9d). The first number, 576, is a knitted sweater, just the thing for the small boy for skating. No. 578 is a knitted cap which may be pulled down over the ears. Any boy would appreciate such a gift.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 564, 15 cents (9d). Below is shown a knitted coat-sweater for the ten-year-old girl. The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 154, 30 cents (1/-).



No. 584—A Cute Slip-over Sweater for Baby

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12643, blue, 20 cents (1/-). Illustrated at the left is an adorable cap of handkerchief linen. The shape as well as the design is furnished.

The Pictorial Review Crochet Directions Nos. 158 and 162, 15 cents (9d). At the right is a dainty crochet bonnet of white Saxony wool, matching the crochet sack that is illustrated at the top of the page, center. Directions for the cap and sack are included in the one price, 15 cents (9d).

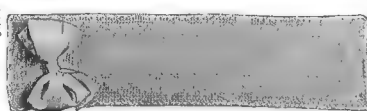


No. 608—An Ideal Gift for the School Boy

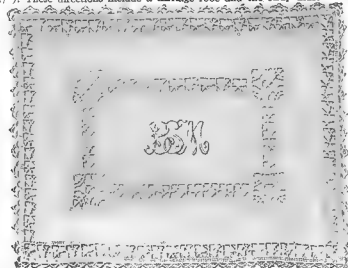
The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 608, 15 cents (9d).

The Pictorial Review Company's Monogram No. 336, 3 inches high, 40 cents (2/-). This monogram BSM gives a charming decorative touch to the tray-cloth of white linen shown at the foot of the page, center.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions Nos. 575 and 577, 15 cents (9d). A good-looking sweater and toques are shown below, made in any preferred color with contrasting color worked in the brim of the toques. The sweater is belted at the waist-line which makes it set better.

No. 12643
Dainty Embroidery for Baby's Cap

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions Nos. 161 and 163, 30 cents (1/-). These directions include a carriage robe and the strap illustrated above.



No. 162—A Crochet Bonnet Matching Sack No. 158



Dainty Accessories Make Perfectly Fascinating Christmas Gifts

Scraps of Ribbon, Taffeta, Satin, Gold Net, a Few Yards of
Lace Will Work Wonders



THIS cunning kewpie sachet is of taffeta ribbon in shades of green, yellow, and orchid. The sections of ribbon are like the petals of a flower and the edges are finished with picotting.



To keep lingerie daintily sweet are these triangular sachets of pastel-hued taffeta with ribbon bows and flowers.

You can secure free, the directions for making any article on this page by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Embroidery Department, The Pictorial Review Company, Seventy Avenue and Thirty-ninth St., New York.



The bride or the debutante would appreciate garters like these of shirred satin ribbon with lace trim.



A dainty tea apron of organdy trimmed with tucks and entre-deux. The wide ties may be finished with hemstitching.



The combination of black and turquoise picot-edged ribbon gives chic to the garters shown above and at the right.



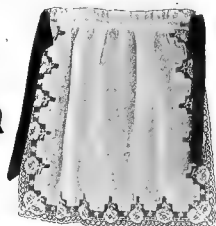
For the housekeeper is the charming candle shade pictured below of orchid taffeta, gold lace, and gold braid.



Picot-edged ribbon fashions the girle shown above.



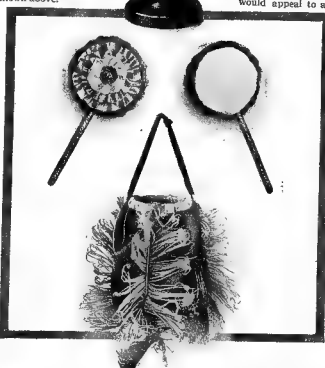
A corsage of sweet peas would appeal to any girl.



What could be prettier than this tea apron of fine dotted Swiss shirred to form a heading at the top and trimmed with lace and ribbon?



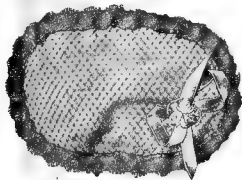
This collar and cuff set will finish off attractively any simple tailored frock.



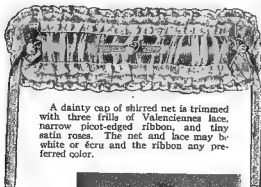
The vogue for ostrich has extended to evening bags. The one shown above is of satin with contrasting color ostrich. Illustrated with the bag is a novelty holder for mirror and powder puff that any girl would love.



Crossbar dainty and entre-deux would be just the thing for the attractive collar and cuff set above.



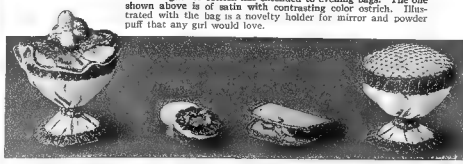
A novelty in sachets is this oval one of gold net and lace with a "spiffy" ribbon bow in one corner.



A dainty cap of shirred net is trimmed with three frills of Valenciennes lace, narrow picot-edged ribbons, and tiny satin roses. The net and lace may be white or fawn and the ribbon any preferred color.



For the young girl nothing could be prettier than this evening bag of taffeta, chrysanthemum-trimmed.



An ideal set for the dressing-table is presented above, including a kewpie powder jar, a tiny gold lace rouge box, powder case, and a pin cushion.



A mirror inserted in the bottom of this bag of blue taffeta increases its usefulness decidedly.

These Models Meet the Varied Needs of the Fastidious Woman



Dress 9542
Embroidery 12612

9625—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 30-inch indestructible voile—2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards lace— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard insertion. A round collar, lace-trimmed, finishes the neck-line. Long sleeves have turn-back cuffs, trimmed with the lace.

9660
9646

Jumper Blouse 9660
Blouse 9646

Jacket 9587
Skirt 9308
Embroidery 12624

Sleeveless Coat 9674
Skirt 9579
Blouse 9646
Applique 12620

Dress 9605
Embroidery 12624

Dress 9595
Embroidery 12598

Overblouse 9670
Embroidery 12445

9674—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Sports Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No 9779—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. The suit in no. 9779 is re-

quires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch checked serge. No. 9640—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch habutai—2 yards pointed trimmings for collar and cuffs. The pockets of the sports coat

are appliquéd in contrasting colors of French flannel, following design 12630. Conventional flowers with stems and leaves are stitched down with blanket stitch in wool.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

Evening Gowns Take Inspiration from Classic Greece, Spain, and Italy



Evening Blouse 9766 Skirt 9765



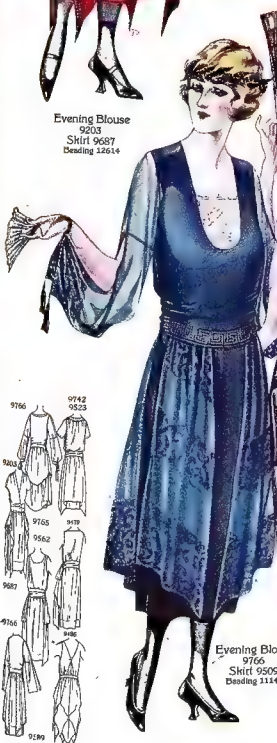
9808—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9807—Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist, and 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The costume in medium size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch crêpe satin— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The draperies and the neck and sleeves are outlined in beading and a motif in 12614 is worked in vari-colored beads. French knots in silk or chenille could be substituted.

9768—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9766—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 36-inch taffeta— $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch all-over lace— $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards wide lace flouncing— $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards narrower lace flouncing— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 6-inch lining for underbody.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 75



Blouse 9742 Skirt 9523 Beading 12601



Evening Blouse 9203 Skirt 9687 Beading 12614



Evening Blouse 9766 Skirt 9509 Beading 11143



Dress 9562



Dress 9485



Dress 9479 Beading 12615

Novelty Girdles Add a Touch of Charm to Simple Frocks



Blouse 9755
Embroidery 12572



Basque 9759
Shirt 9509



Dress 9736
Bodice 11143



Dress 9731
Bodice 12615



Dress 9294



9759 9755 9736 9731

9509 9718



Dress 9745
Embroidery 12645



Dress 9413
Embroidery 12596



Blouse 9713
Shirt 9551
Embroidery 12642

9294—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 54-inch duvetyne—3/4 yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2 yards fur handing.

9294 9745 9413 9551

9745—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/4 yard. Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Narrow panels attached under rosettes extend below the hem and are looped under. The kimono

sleeves and girdle are embroidered in design 12645. Silk floss in Egyptian red and blue makes this very effective and raised satin stitch is used. Black silk and metal threads would also be good looking.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

Neck-Lines Are Conservative But Sleeves Show Great Variety

9703—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch crêpe satin—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette for sleeves—1½ yard basting to trim sleeves.

9748—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch crêpe mêtal—¾ yard 18-inch vesting for vest—¼ yard fringe—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The sleeves are finished with flowing cuff sections, and the collar, revers, and cuffs are edged with blanket stitch in black silk floss. The sash joins the sides of the applied front.

9739—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch kitten's ear crêpe. The front of the dress is paneled and the fulness at the sides is held in by a sash which ties in back. The sides of the waist fall in draperies.

9857—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 54-inch wool jersey—¾ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. Blanket stitching in wool trims the collar and cuffs. The bottom of the blouse is finished with two tucks and a hem. The straight narrow sash ties in a bow at the side-front. Or a lacy girle may be worn.



Dress 9763

Dress 9748

Dress 9739

Overblouse 9557



Jacket 9631
Skirt 9579
Embroidery 12624

Jumper Dress
9565

Dress 9757

Dress 9575



skirt. The dress slips on over the head and closes at back. Rows of buttons or jet rings make an effective trimming on the skirt.
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

Fashion Sanctions Dresses or Blouses and Skirts with Top Coats

Blouse 9735
Broiding 12319Blouse 9753
Embroidery 12372

9735—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The narrow border in design 12319 is worked in silk soutache braid. It might be worked in rat-tail or cord, chain-stitch or snake-trail stitch effectively.

9753—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch crêpe satin. The surplus fronts are turned back with the collar, forming revers. The collar and the attached girdle are embroidered in contrasting colors in design 12372. The circular motif is outlined in silk of a different shade from the rows of stitching.

9754—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch white Georgette for collar and cuffs. The surplus front, the collar, and the cuffs are trimmed with a narrow scrolly border in design 12320. This design is worked out in China beads or in French knots of silk floss in contrasting shade. No. 9829—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch twill-cord.

9879—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch beaver fur cloth— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 10-inch chinchilla banding for collar— $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The coat is a three-quarter length sports model, with the collar fastening high around the neck. The two-piece sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs of the material. The fullness at the waistline is held in by a narrow belt which fastens in front.

Blouse 9755
Skirt 9579Blouse 9754
Skirt 9626
Broiding 12320

Dress 9732



Coat 9679

Coat 9684

Coat 9681
Embroidery 12624Coat 9690
Broiding 12615

9732—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch Canton crêpe— $16\frac{1}{2}$ yards braid. This slip-on dress closes on the left shoulder and has an oval neck-line front and back. The long, flowing sleeves are set into very large armholes. Buttons and a novelty clasp trim the girdle.

9755—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch inderstutle voile— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard insertion to trim collar and vest. No. 9879—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Size 26 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54-inch Scotch plaid worsted.



9684—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch Bolivia—1 yard squirrel banding for collar— $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The one-piece flowing sleeves of the raglan type are a novel feature. The narrow belt passes through slashes at the

sides and passes under the back of the coat, and across the outside of the front.

9681—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch twillcord— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard fringe

$4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The scarf is trimmed with fringe and embroidered in darning stitch and arrows with floss or chenille could be used if preferred to the wool.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

The Present Mode Gives Excellent Lines for the Stout Figure



Blouse 9570
Beading 12374

Blouse 9590

9590—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch Canton crepe—¾ yard 40-inch white tulle for vest and cuffs—¼ yard 18-inch all-over lace—¼ yard 36-inch lining.

9570—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 45 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crepe—¼ yard 9-inch Spanish lace for vest. The collar, revers, the blouse fronts, and the cuffs are beaded in design 12374. The straight lines may be covered with long bugles and the motifs with tiny seed beads in chalk, crystal, or coral.

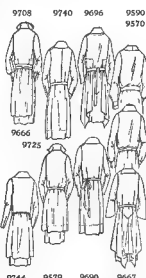


Tunic Blouse 9708
Sleeve 9666
Embroidery 12376

Dress 9740
Embroidery 12398

Dress 9696
Embroidery 12376

9708—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. No. 9666—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crepe—¼ yard lace banding for trimming—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Straight lines of beading done in tiny chalk beads and in large circular motifs of embroidery in design 12376. This decoration is applied to the blouse and the combination of beading and embroidery is very effective. Raised satin, chain, and outline stitches are used for working the embroidery motifs.



Tunic Blouse 9725
Sleeve 9579
Beading 12350

Dress 9690

Dress 9667
Beading 12143

9740—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards

54-inch wool Jersey—¼ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. Embroidery in design 12398 forms the border on the bottom of the dress.

The border is 1½ inches deep and may be carried out in metallic thread, silk, chenille, or wool.

DESIGNATIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

Suggestions for the Christmas Gift with the Personal Touch

9524—Child's Apron. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 32-inch chambray. Blanket stitch in wool makes a smart trimming for the armholes, the slashed sides, and the bottom of the apron. The apron is laid in plaits front and back and closes on the shoulders.

4573—Child's Pajamas. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 44-inch flannel—2 yards braid. The jacket is cut out at the neck, and cut-lined with the braid. The front of the underbody and the drawers are cut in one piece, the back is gathered to a band.

8918—Ladies' Brassiere. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ½ yard 36-inch satin—2½ yards lace insertion. The brassiere closes in back, and is slightly gathered at the sides and lower edge, so as to fit snugly. It is finished with narrow straps over the shoulders.

9208—Ladies' and Misses' Collar and Vest. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ¾ yard 46-inch organdy for front and collar—3 yards insertion—2 yards plating. This collar and vest may be worn with a simple blouse or as part of a dress, in addition to the more general use in the front of a jacket.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 76



Apron
9524

Pajamas
4573



9524

4573

9214

7095

9728

9008

9406



Nightgown 9503
Embroidery 11359



Bath-robe 9730



Bath-robe 9214



Combination 9380



Bath-robe 9728



Pajamas 9008



Camisole 7880
Embroidery 12175



Brassiere 8916
Bath-robe 9727



Collar and
Vest 9208



Caps 8454



9503

9516

9727

9208

9454

9007

Boudoir Jacket
7095

Drawers 9406

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262.00; 264.00; 266.00; 268.00; 270.00; 272.00; 274.00; 276.00; 278.00; 280.00; 282.00; 284.00; 286.00; 288.00; 290.00; 292.00; 294.00; 296.00; 298.00; 300.00; 302.00; 304.00; 306.00; 308.00; 310.00; 312.00; 314.00; 316.00; 318.00; 320.00; 322.00; 324.00; 326.00; 328.00; 330.00; 332.00; 334.00; 336.00; 338.00; 340.00; 342.00; 344.00; 346.00; 348.00; 350.00; 352.00; 354.00; 356.00; 358.00; 360.00; 362.00; 364.00; 366.00; 368.00; 370.00; 372.00; 374.00; 376.00; 378.00; 380.00; 382.00; 384.00; 386.00; 388.00; 390.00; 392.00; 394.00; 396.00; 398.00; 400.00; 402.00; 404.00; 406.00; 408.00; 410.00; 412.00; 414.00; 416.00; 418.00; 420.00; 422.00; 424.00; 426.00; 428.00; 430.00; 432.00; 434.00; 436.00; 438.00; 440.00; 442.00; 444.00; 446.00; 448.00; 450.00; 452.00; 454.00; 456.00; 458.00; 460.00; 462.00; 464.00; 466.00; 468.00; 470.00; 472.00; 474.00; 476.00; 478.00; 480.00; 482.00; 484.00; 486.00; 488.00; 490.00; 492.00; 494.00; 496.00; 498.00; 500.00; 502.00; 504.00; 506.00; 508.00; 510.00; 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A clear, clean, harmless liquid brushed through the hair quickly restores the original color and natural lustre to

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Yule-tide Gifts That Are Serviceable As Well As Attractive

9046—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54-inch fur cloth— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch satin for lining. The cape is slightly gathered at the neck and is finished with a long stole collar. It is suitable for any of the fashionable fur fabrics, or velvet and plush.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 77



Cape 7390

Cape 9040



Short Wrap 9037

Cape and Mull 7961

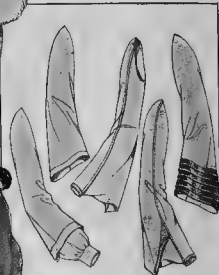


Coat Collars 9091



Santa Claus Suit 6447

Smoking Jacket 8809



Dress Sleeves 9689



Bathrobe 4476



Shirt 8636



Bathrobe 6430

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

9731—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 10 requires 4 1/2 yards 36-inch crepe. Remains—3 1/2 yards ribbon for sash. A border in design 12015 combines a loop design with a conventional narrow border, and is worked out in soutache band.

9738—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 10 requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch twill—1 1/2 yards 40-inch Georgette for sleeves—20 yards band.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

9794—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 10 requires 6 1/2 yards 40-inch Georgette crepe—3 1/2 yards 40-inch chiffon—1 1/2 yards 6-inch lace band—1 1/2 yards 6-inch lace flouncing—3 1/2 yards 8-inch lace flouncing—3 1/2 yards 36-inch lining.

9794—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 10 requires 4 1/2 yards 36-inch crepe de Chine. A simple border in design 12008 consists of a series of dots and straight lines. The dots are covered with large wooden beads or French knots, the straight lines in outline or darning stitches.

9478—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 40-inch velvet broadened chiffon—3 1/2 yards 40-inch chiffon—3 1/2 yards 36-inch taffeta for sash—3 1/2 yards 36-inch lining.

9648—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 10 requires 6 1/2 yards 40-inch silk duvety—1 1/2 yards 40-inch 36-inch lining for underbody. The whole are embroidered in Egyptian motifs in design 12550. The embroidery may be carried out in dark and black silk in flat satin and darning stitch.

9745—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch twill—1 1/2 yards 36-inch 3/4 yard 36-inch lining. For the embroidery design 12510 is used worked in solid satin stitch or the outline motifs may be outlined with braid or beads.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

9741—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 1/2 yards 54-inch Pointe twill—3 1/2 yards ribbon for collar and cuffs—1 1/2 yards ribbon. The patch pockets are embroidered in design 12459 carried out in outline stitch; or the design may be cut from linen or chambray and appliquéd onto the pockets.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

9706—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 40-inch voile. The collar is embroidered in design 11559 in raised satin, eyelet, and outline stitches.

9742—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 3 requires 3 1/2 yards 54-inch serge—1 1/2 yards 54-inch broadcloth to trim. Size 12 requires 4 yards 54-inch serge—1 1/2 yards 54-inch broadcloth to trim. Size 12 requires 1 1/2 yards 54-inch Pointe twill—1 1/2 yards ribbon for trimming.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

7390—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 34 to 38, 42 and 44 bust. Size 38 requires 1 1/2 yards 54-inch shantung—1 1/2 yards 36-inch crepe de Chine for lining.

7961—Ladies' and Misses' Cape and Muff. Designed for 34 to 38, 42 and 44 bust. For the cape and muff 1 1/2 yards 54-inch for cloth—2 1/2 yards 36-inch radium silk.

9087—Ladies' and Misses' Short Wrap. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards 54-inch shantung—1 1/2 yards 36-inch crepe de Chine for lining.

9691—Ladies' Coat Collars. Designed for 34 to 40 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards 54-inch shantung—1 1/2 yards 36-inch crepe de Chine for lining. The collar at upper left requires 3 1/2 yards 54-inch material; at lower left 3 1/2 yards 46-inch material; for collar at the center, at upper or lower right, 3 1/2 yards 36-inch material.

9476—Men's Bathrobe. Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 chest. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch material—3 1/2 yards fur banding.

9689—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeves. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Size 10 requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch material for 3 1/2 yards 36-inch 36-inch material—1 1/2 yards 40-inch material, depending on the style of sleeves selected.

9476—Men's Smoking Jacket. Designed for 36 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch flannel—3 1/2 yards 36-inch satin for collar and cuffs.

8836—Men's Shirt. Designed for 14 to 17 1/2 neck. Size 15 requires 3 1/2 yards 21-inch material.

6480—Men's and Boys' Bath-robe. Designed for 36 to 48 chest and 6 to 16 years. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch material.

FREE The coupon will bring you a book, "Scientific Studies of Kitchen Work," giving the full story of the tests made under Mr. Emerson's direction. Mr. Emerson is a member of the Committee on Elimination of Waste in the Home, formed by Mr. H. H. Tice. The scientific studies of kitchen work are the most important ever made for women.

1,592 Steps Every Day can be saved with the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet



Mr. H. H. Tice of The Emerson Engineers reading the peedometer on the operator. Note the step-saver in his other hand.

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By scientific measurement we know that 2,113 steps are taken in getting three simple meals every day in the average kitchen. Scientific tests prove three-fourths of these wearisome steps can be saved. The physical effort is reduced to one quarter. The vast importance of these discoveries cannot be exaggerated.

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Mr. Emerson scientifically compared the work of getting meals with and without a Napanee Dutch Kitchenet. Thousands were spent on these studies. Each motion was timed and each step was recorded by stop-watches and peedometers. Two foremost domestic scientists were consultants in the preparation of countless dishes under this scientific observation. Amazing discoveries resulted.

What the Stop-Watch and Peedometer Showed

Preparation	Mr. Emerson's Kitchenet	Mr. Emerson's Kitchenet	Mr. Emerson's Kitchenet	Mr. Emerson's Kitchenet	Mr. Emerson's Kitchenet
Breakfast	466	117	349	10%	8 1/2%
Lunch	631	142	489	15 1/2%	12 1/2%
Dinner	596	262	334	10%	10%
Waffles	190	40	150	5 1/2%	4 1/2%
Omelet	130	40	90	14%	14%

Mr. Emerson found that 466 steps were necessary in an average kitchen to get a simple breakfast without the Napanee. That 349 of these were saved by the use of the Napanee.

He found that 509 steps were saved in getting luncheon. 734 steps in getting dinner. His discoveries mean the end of the most distressing hardship housewives suffer—constant fatigue. These astonishing savings are possible because the Napanee is scientifically designed to make every motion and every minute count. Its superior construction, its new and greater conveniences are the reasons for its amazing value to women. Let the nearest Napanee dealer show you these superlatives today. Let the long story of kitchen work end now. Send in the coupon, too, for the full story of the vast relief science proves you can get with the

Napanee Dutch Kitchenet

A Statement by Mr. Harrington Emerson

It is clear from our scientific studies that the striking savings of the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet are along three distinct lines:

- 1—Saving of effort, fatigue elimination
- 2—Saving of time
- 3—Standardization of work

Harrington Emerson

COPPES BROS. & ZOOK
Napanee, Indiana

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Please send me "Scientific Studies of Kitchen Work," giving the report of the tests made by the Emerson Engineers on the preparation of meals.

Name

Address

Girlhood

When your complexion of other years is determined.

That critical period of youth between childhood and young womanhood marks the beauty of many a complexion. The skin erasable of adolescence may leave permanent blemishes. Cosmetics can but hide these annoying marks—pimples, liver spots, sallowness. Perfect physical health will prevent their forming. Wise mothers will instruct their daughters in the use of a good aperient to keep the skin fair and the blood clear. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets), a vegetable aperient, is a real aid to a beautiful complexion. It acts salubly to improve the general health and prevent headaches and illnesses. It does more than a laxative.

All Druggists and the dealer 25c. Box of 10 Tablets.



Chips off the Old Block.

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs One-third of regular dose. Made in same ingredients, then easily copied.

For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 5c. stamp for postage on 10 tablets. Write to: NATURE'S REMEDY CO., Dept. X, St. Louis, Mo.

No Money Down

GOLD MEDAL Electric WASHER—winner of the Gold Medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915. It washes 5000 to 10000 lbs. of laundry in 10 to 15 minutes. It is the only one of its kind in the world.

2 Weeks Trial—We will send you a money order for \$2.00. If you are not satisfied, we will refund the money. If you are satisfied, we will send you the washer.

99¢ to 1.00—We will send you a money order for \$2.00. If you are not satisfied, we will refund the money. If you are satisfied, we will send you the washer.

4¢ a Month—We will send you a money order for \$2.00. If you are not satisfied, we will refund the money. If you are satisfied, we will send you the washer.

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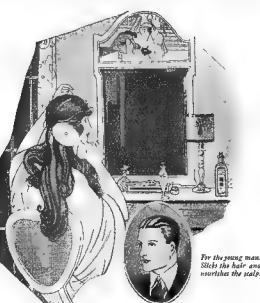
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Your druggist is more than a merchant. Try the drug store first.



SUB-NURSES? WHY NOT SUB-DOCTORS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

dreeds and thousands, too, of these, who throughout the War fought against the convalescent periods. I remember one banker who had little the matter with him and who employed a special graduate nurse all the time to read him to sleep and comfort him. That man was well enough to go to work every day, and yet when I told him that I could not conscientiously give his nurse up to him in face of the tremendous demand of the army, he replied, "I certainly give enough to the Red Cross to warrant my asking this small favor."

In spite of these difficulties 10,000 nurses served overseas and 15,000 did war nursing in this country. Out of that number 261 gave up their lives. Two million soldiers went overseas and 50,000 of them died for their land. Compare the averages and it will be found that the nurse needs no vindication on the question of her patriotism.

AND now that I have met the onslaught made upon us as a profession, let me tell you how I think the supply of student nurses and consequently of graduate nurses, may be augmented. It will not be done by destructive criticism. Every time an attack on the profession is made, toll is taken from the number of young women who turn from the doors of the hospital schools to other avenues of endeavor.

There must be something the matter with the profession of nursing if it is so difficult to get women to enter it," they say—and since they do not understand the situation this construction can be accounted for. The way to get recruits comes not by condemnation, but by co-operation—co-operation of the public, the doctors, and the boards of trustees of the hospitals and the nurses. It should be seen that student nurses are not overworked, that suitable courses are established, that comfortable living conditions are afforded them, and that good laws for the practice of nursing become operative. The public should help by supporting the hospitals and by subscribing to laws regulating the education of nurses.

THEN there should be a continuous recruiting campaign. At present the American Red Cross is doing this efficiently and thoroughly in conjunction with the American Nursing Association and the League for Nursing Education. Throughout the country wherever there is a Red Cross chapter, permanent committee studies to promote education in regard to nursing. The mes-

sage is carried into the schools, and, by lectures and motion-pictures, the advantages of nursing as a profession are impressed upon the mind of the growing girl.

Graduate nurses must be well paid—that is, they should be given enough to enable them to live comfortably and to save something for their old age, as there is no home or foundation for nurses who have outlived their usefulness. In the District of Columbia a nurse's salary is \$35 a week for a 12-hour day and \$40 for a 24-hour day. This is not exorbitant for that section of the country, as living there is high. In cities like New York probably the charge should be somewhat higher. After all, it is the individual's right to modify her charge if, in her judgment, it is warranted.

To meet the demand of the great middle group who must live on small salaries, I would suggest that the hospitals have an intermediate ward with a limited number of beds in charge of a graduate nurse, one nurse to every five or six patients. A medium charge should be made in these wards—say about \$12 a week.

The hourly nurse is another innovation that could be made to work nicely. I think this plan could apply both to cities and rural communities, and it is an idea that would meet with ready co-operation from the number of nurses.

MORE public-health nurses would help to diminish sickness by preventive work and the prenatal care of mothers and babies. Classes in elementary hygiene and in the care of the sick, such as the Red Cross conducts in many communities, would also be of aid in diminishing sickness and in relieving whatever congestion there may be because of the extraordinary use of the graduate nurse.

I am sure if all these measures were to be carried out, there would be little cause to condemn the profession whose watchword has ever been the alleviation of the world's pain.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the third article on the nursing problem. The first, "The White Cap Famine," by Genevieve Parkins, appeared in the September issue. The second, "Wanted—100,000 Girls for Sub-Nurses," an authorized interview given to Genevieve Parkins by Dr. Charles H. Mayo, appeared in the October issue.

THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

first sound of her voice! "I thought you had gone to Albany?"

"I go to-morrow. I'd forgotten that to-day there was a special meeting of the Aldermen—I had to be there. And when it was over—ten minutes ago—I began to think about—*her*!"

"You shall have it," she promised, in a tone suddenly troubled and thoughtful.

"Mimi has just been here."

"To say good-by. She was here not five minutes ago!"

"I saw a car turning out of the Square," he remembered.

"But did you see *you*?" Mrs. Lombard asked quickly.

"Oh, no—she would have stopped!" the man said, confidently.

Lucretia had remained standing; now he looked tentatively at a chair.

"No," she said, shaking her head. "I think you'd better not. I think you'd better follow Mimi, and tell her you were looking for her. Perhaps—you and I—had better go no further, Stephen."

There was a pause, while he looked at her seriously.

"Further in what?" he asked, briefly and strictly.

"In our friendship," Lucretia answered simply.

"Mimi knows that I come to see you—ask me to!" Stephen said.

"But she doesn't know—" Lucretia was silent, studying his face for a moment with anxious eyes, and looked down.

"She doesn't know just how much it means to me to have you come!" she began again.

Stephen was astonished to feel his heart begin to beat rapidly, with an unreasonable pleasure and excitement.

"Do you see?" she asked, with a sort of resolute sternness.

"I suppose I see what you mean," he was beginning confusedly, when the bell rang. "Who is that?" he asked.

"I don't know!" Lucretia said, after a second of attention. "Let him ring. Mamma is not here!"

"Might it be Fred?" Stephen knew that his brother sometimes came to see Lucretia, and was a little curious about their friendship.

"Fred," he answered casually, "wouldn't ring!" And still standing, she resumed, "You are engaged to Mimi, Stephen; going to be married in a few months! Is it fair to her—?"

"But Mimi knows that I will still have women friends!" he said, in amazement, almost in anger. "What harm do you do to me when we have a cup of tea together? Surely—surely you are exaggerating!"

The bell rang again. Lucretia looked startled.

"I can't think who that can be! Perhaps Mamma is still angry!" he said, and answered it. "She said. She met Mimi at the top of the stairs. 'Oh, I'm glad you came back,' Stephen heard her say, comedically, 'for I had not asked you where you were going, and didn't know how to send him after you!'"

A little confused, Stephen greeted his promised visitor more than he deserved; for a few minutes the three stood chatting together.

"I knew Stephen was looking for me!" Mimi said, laughing at him. "But who told you I was here, Steve? Aunt Bessy?"

"And what a close call—another minute and you would have been gone!" Lucretia interposed, almost sternly.

Lucretia looked at Mimi, almost a surprise at its own scene of shame—that circumstance so innocent in themselves could seem to stain her out of his frank confidence.

He went home with her a few minutes later full of devotion and attention toward her, and nursing a stern determination not to call at the rectory again for months. While it had all been just a frank, enjoyable friendship he had been delightfully drawn in there and then, but this affair of secrecy and deceit and tragedy must be checked in the very beginning.

THERE was a dinner and bridge party at the Stovers' in honor of an elderly, visiting French surgeon on the night before Mimi and the Curdells left for the mountains. The hot weather made the affair informal; the men wore white, and almost all the girls were in simple white as well. Stephen arrived late, and had slipped into his suit to hear the deep voice he knew so well, and looked up to see Lucretia Lombard opposite him, his slowly waving a plumed black fan and gliding to young Lord Ber Luccas, on her left, who was quite obviously alone.

On her right was the guest of honor, whom she had known, it appeared, in France.

She wore delicate black lace. He had never seen the creamy-brown arms and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

"Danderine"

Grows Thick, Heavy Hair

35-cent Bottle Ends all Dandruff,
Stops Hair Coming Out



THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

throat bare before to-night; against her warm skin the famous pearls gleamed with a rosy luster; her crown of amber-brown hair glowed in the soft candle-light. Among the white-clad girls, with their foamy curls and delicate ribbons, she was exotic and brilliant.

Mimi on one side of him and Marjorie Rutgers on the other, both murmured in his ear, in the modern generous fashion, that Mrs. Lombard was perfectly stunning; wasn't she beautiful to-night? Every one said that she was simply gorgeous!

She met Stephen's smiling greeting with dignity, and only the quick flicker of a smile, and turned to the man beside her again. Stephen felt an odd pang. What was wrong? She had never been so brief with him before.

After dinner he tried to manage a word alone with her, if only to show her how innocent and casual his feeling was, but she evaded him deliberately. She was not going to stay for cards; it was already ten o'clock—thank you, but Fred was driving her home. Stephen could only later, vaguely hurt, as he heard her make an appointment with the old surgeon for tea-time the next day; she had some books she must show him; they must have a talk, she said so warmly. He did not quite dare ask if he might come, too.

She had been, in a sense, his protégée for a long time. Now other people were being nice to her, were they? The Rutgers and the Montgomerys, and Aunt Cecily! Confusedly, he reviewed their patronage. And even while he bid, played and made the cards, he was thinking, with a little soreness, of her breezy indifference to him to-night. Why, he had been—she had said it herself—her truest friend!

A FEW minutes after she left, old Doctor Mineau also went away. Stephen could have laughed at himself for his doleful, wretched suspicion that the surgeon was going down to Kingsgreen Square—the night after his coffee, he would have the deep chair Stephen usually took; they would talk. He seemed to see, in his black lace, leaning back in his chair, looking those beautiful creamy hands in a fashion, infinitely respectful, that she had, and watching her guest with her appreciative, shaming smile.

Fred did not come back either. Funny thing, if Fred was sharing that felicitous hour, Lucretia's attitude toward him had said that "Fred would not ring."

"Oh—I beg everybody's pardon! Are you all waiting for me? Let's see—you bid four hearts, Tom. I think I'll double that. Mimi, just to show these people that we are not piliers!"

"Content!" said Mimi. And as she reviewed her cards with a quick, little, spreading movement of her fingers, the big diamond that had been Stephen's mother's winked in the light.

He took her home at midnight, and instead of driving the car to the garage, made a swift run down to Kingsgreen Square, and looked up at the rectory windows.

The dim light was still burning in the sitting-room up-stairs.

The next morning began for Stephen a time of wretched perplexity and uncertainty. His thoughts were filled with Lucretia; everything in life that did not concern her was blotted out of his consciousness.

He followed her throughout her day—now she was marketing, now writing, now talking to Hannah over her lonely luncheon.

He went to tea, and she was exactly as charming and simple, and lovely to look upon, as he had recalled her when she was going to the Gunther House, not very far from Farley's, for July and August, and she hoped to see Mimi at the cabin on Red Pine Mountain some day. She rode horseback a great deal, she said. Steadfast and the serenity with which she lived her life, apparently indifferent to money—it was so unusual in the usual feminine protesting and complaining.

A day or two later Hannah told him that Mrs. Lombard had come to New York. To be gone ten days or two weeks. The sitting-room was shaded, and in perfect order; there were no roses on the closed piano, no books huddled on the floor beside her chair.

He walked away into a blankly empty and glaring city that was sweating in the dirty heat of the Square, gritty and molten. Life was empty before him.

Hannah had said that Mrs. Lombard would be back upon a certain Thursday morning, and had planned to go to the mountains on Friday. Obviously, then, the time to see her was upon Thursday afternoon.

Stephen lived for that time. The day came, were itself slowly away to blazing mid-afternoon—two o'clock, three o'clock. At four Stephen stopped his car at the rectory with a fast-beat heart.

The door was wide open, but he rang. He heard Hannah say, "Maybe that's the house for your trunk."

A moment later he was in the sitting-room doorway, and Lucretia said, "Stephen!"

A trunk was open in the room, and small articles in general had been neatly stacked

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

Ten minutes after using Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them, helping the hair to grow long, strong and lustrous. One application of Danderine makes thin, lifeless, colorless hair look youthfully bright, lustrous, and just twice as abundant.

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THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

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he died. I feel my conscience perfectly clear on that score," he answered, knowing the creamy-brown forehead just where the wave of bright hair sprang richly and firmly up toward the tawny coil.

"If you had loved Mimi more than me," Lucretia said, thoughtfully, "I could have done nothing but—she smiled—"but cry myself to sleep, and try to reconcile myself to the thought that life and happiness and love were not coming my way! Instead, Mimi must die, poor Mimi!"

"Did you ever cry yourself to sleep, Lucretia?"

"Oh, have I not? A hundred times!" She was resting quietly against him again; she told him of her childhood, of the erratic, unreasonable mother who ran away from family surveillance and home responsibilities of drifting through French seaside resorts and Italian pensions, of Scotland in murky winters, and of a thousand financial makeshifts and subterfuges.

She brought him some photographs of little Lucretia Bannister, a sober, handsome child in the plaits and lace collars of the juvenile nineties, with a bonnie, splendid head of fair hair; an older Lucretia in her first long frock, and a colonial hat, bearing a parcel upon English sands, and a third of young Lady Lombard, sternly smiling in low-cut satin, with her beaming girl's eyes looking grave above the circle of pearls about her throat.

And Stephen's hairpieces, as with her own strange mixture of simplicity and reserve, she admitted him into her confidences, the most poignant he had ever known. The dismantled room was paradise, the burning Summer afternoon sent drifts of immortal perfume through the stained window.

After a while they went to market, and that was ecstasy too. And then Hannah gave themiced coffee and clove and a salad, and the enchantment lasted and deepened, until every glance of the topsy eyes, and every turn of the slender wrist in the fine linen and tiny pearl buttons, was magic.

Stephen was expected at an important meeting at nine, she made him go. They were at table; they had not yet needed lights.

"Why, that would be a splendid beginning of our—our friendship," she reproached him, "to have you missing your appointments and neglecting your work!" She hesitated, her hand on his shoulder. "Sure, if—if the next few minutes are what we have been planning, if Mimi lives, and the first buzzing about the matter lies down," she said slowly, "mightn't we perhaps go away from Sunbridge—begin somewhere else?"

"Anywhere!" he answered contentedly. "You could move your work?" she asked.

"Anywhere!" he said again. "If there was reason," he added, with a faintly surprised air.

"I was thinking," she pursued, "that people will blame you—Mimi is a great favorite, you know, and everybody loves her people here. It may hurt you, politically, Steve. They talk of you for Senator, don't they?"

"They talk of a hundred men for Senator, as far as that goes!" he answered, indifferently, his ardent eyes only for her fairness and her beauty. "What makes you think your charm would's appeal to a constituency as quickly as Mimi's?"

"Oh, it wasn't that!" She was thinking of the Warren fortress, as to his secret smile he was thinking, too, The first feeling of real hostility that he had ever felt toward Mimi awoke him now, driving

to his meeting, and assuring his thoughts that no woman's money—and no woman's house—would help him with his career.

The thought of the beauty, the brilliance, and the charm of the woman who was to help him warned his pulses. He was to have breakfast with her at nine o'clock, and to be with her every minute of the time until her train left at eleven o'clock for Paris!

Late at night Fred joined him in his room in the almost deserted Cerran mansion; the brothers sat there smoking. Near to each of them was a tall glass half filled with liquid and ice.

"Saw Mrs. Lombard to-night!" Fred yawned. "I ran in there about nine o'clock and that old French geezer was there, Doctor Meneau. He wants her to translate a book of poems he has written; wouldn't you know an old fellow like that would write poetry?"

"Meneau came back from his moonlighted tree-top as if by electric shock. The very mention of Lucretia—his Lucretia—thrilled him with exquisite and poignant emotion."

"I was just saying," he said, with a little conscious clearing of his throat.

"She said you were! She's a beauty, isn't she, Steve?"

"The arc of Stephen's cigarette hung through the air."

"Yes, she's beautiful," he answered briefly.

"Go to Parley's to-morrow," Fred pursued, after a long drink. "I thought some day when we're at Red Pine Mountain, we might all drive over there and see her!"

Stephen did not answer; mention of the cabin made him think of Mimi.

"She's fascinating, in a way, Lucretia Lombard is," Fred mused. "I'll bet she'll have a lot of attention, now that she's free. Funny thing the way that old fellow Lombard got out from under!"

"You—you don't admire her, I suppose, Fred?" Stephen asked, a little awkwardly.

"I like her. Sure, I think she's a pigmy." Fred answered, without enthusiasm. "She's interesting—did she ever show you those pictures of Scotland—when they were there? She used to wear an awfully cute-looking outfit in some dance or bazaar they had. And she has a kid picture of herself in one of those big hats the girls used to wear about ten years ago."

"The pang of jealousy that Stephen felt now had nothing absurd or delicious in it; it was sharp pain, an spury of hurt and shame. He had supposed himself the privileged one to see these glimpses of the old Lucretia. But it was not even even Fred, who casually denied anything like real admiration for her, had had the same honor. And probably a thousand more, Stephen said to himself with a sick heart."

His old suspicion of her came back; she was one of those golden-headed enchantresses who bewitched all men into ridiculous and undignified extremes. This very evening, after that most marvelous and electrified afternoon, she had been laughing and talking with two other men—"If I could afford it, I'd marry Marjorie," Fred said, yawning.

"What—I beg pardon, but what did you say?" Stephen came out of bitter musing, aware that his brother had spoken.

"Said that Marjorie is my choice—if Bert Lombard likes her best!"

"You could afford to marry, Fred," Stephen offered slowly, He was longing for Fred's sympathy. Perhaps if Fred was in love, he might more freely claim him.

Suddenly he remembered Mimi's hint

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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To prevent this spread of disease, the National Tuberculosis Association has

affiliated State and local associations have been waging a relentless war upon the public sinner. Education, proper health control, and adequate institutions to care the tuberculous helped to reduce the death-rate from this disease to the remarkably low level of approximately 120 per 100,000 population in 1920. This represents a saving of about 75,000 lives a year as compared with the death-rate fifteen years ago, when the national campaign was begun.

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The experienced cook will instantly see how to use it for enriching soups and puddings.

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At the first sneeze or snuffle take down the little white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently over the congested spot.

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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83



that Fred had been trying to borrow money, and he wondered if the thought of marriage had been a possible spur.

"Marjorie will have something," he suggested, a little diffidently.

"I don't want to marry any one!" Fred said lazily. Yet he was scowling, and Stephen knew that he had somehow missed his confidence.

He was hardly conscious of the fact that presently Fred turned in. At about two o'clock he roused himself from his window-sill reverie and went to bed in a sort of waking dream. He thought of Kingsgreen Square, and of Lucretia lying asleep, in this heavenly rush of coolness and sweetness, with her tawny hair braided, and her dreams all for him.

The clock in the city hall chimed three. Stephen said to himself that in only six hours—swift hours, happily—he would see her again!

THEY breakfasted together; he helped her with last duties, admitted this morning into the bare, white, conventual bedroom that was dismantled for the Summer. Lucretia, charming in a white linen suit and a small white hat, directed and helped him. "She was businesslike about keys, about arrangements for telephone and milkman and paper-boy. But he felt all the time that their newly confessed feeling for each other trembled behind the mask of efficiency and composure. She was as conscious of him as he of her; her averted eyes and the little unmanageable shake in her voice betrayed her over and over again.

They walked in Kingsgreen Square, and it was irradiated with the light that never was on land or sea. Stephen bought her daisies and magazines; it was wonderful to him to have charge of her light coat and her hand-bag. He saw her into the chair-car, pulled a shade, packed her impedimenta away in a rack, and left her in the reflected shine of the big shady window, smiling him a grateful good-by.

And immediately it occurred to him that he might well go to Farley's with her. Farley's was on the way to Red Pine Mountain, and he was expected by Mimi and his aunt on Saturday—the next day.

It was only a matter of five minutes of telephoning before he came back again into the pleasantly shaded chair-car, and established himself in the chair next to her own. The sense of surprise and adventure kept them smiling while the train drew through the hot, cluttered streets of the poorer districts, out between factories and warehouses, and so to suburban houses with gardens, and corner groceries on unpaved streets.

At Farley's they had fifteen minutes for good-bys in the stream of afternoon sunshine that poured over the mountain. The air, after the heat of the train, was deliciously fresh and pungent.

Stephen put Lucretia's luggage into the white surrey marked "Gunter's," longing to go with her to the old-fashioned house that was three or four miles up in the hills, longing for the right to be alone with her, away from all other eyes, free to wander in the meadows and climb up through the pines, fishing, swimming, sharing the country meals of old Ma Gunther's famous table, talking, talking, talking.

"When do I see you again, Steve?"

"I'll write—I'll manage it!"

"You'll have your talk with Mimi first?"

His face grew grave.

"Immediately!"

"Can you believe that we found this out only yesterday, Steve?"

"I think I knew it always," he answered, "since George and Grace had their quarrel in the rose-arbor!"

She seemed to take the light of the day with her; he got back into the train, for the six miles' run to Warren's Mills, with a dreary sense that life was dull and stale.

He picked up a magazine, glanced at the empty chair where she had sat so recently, and sighed with utter distaste. When she was with him, when he could watch the movement of her lips, the clean, firm line of chin, the shining eyes under her bright hair, everything seemed simple and easy. But now that he was alone he began to wonder how he could begin his talk with Mimi—

There was Aunt Bessy to think of, and Uncle Sam. They would both be heart-broken. His engagement was the dream of many years come true.

Politically, too. His party had been pointedly flattering of late. Was the rich wife in the background of this? He knew she was. Not in any mere mercenary sense, but as the daughter of a prominent old resident of Sanbridge, the donor of the public library site and the green acre of West City Park, and as being herself the sort of wife who would give a rising young statesman a dignified home, a proper background of social standing and hospitality.

Stephen thought of all this as the train made its final stop at Warren's Mills, and as he engaged a livery-hack upon which to ride up to the cabin. Ordinarily he would have driven straight from Sanbridge in his car, but to-day was out of the ordinary. He would take them all by surprise. He reflected that some other way would have been wiser; wiser to write Mimi that he had something important to say. Or perhaps write her the whole story, omitting Lucretia's name of course.

Up—up—up wound the wooded road,

sometimes passing a cabin perched high in the pines, but for the most part a deserted brown shelf rising through the miles and miles of Summery greenness. Stephen knew every inch of it; he and Fred had hunted and camped in these woods every Summer of their lives.

And even in the old days squarely built, responsible, gentle little "old Steve" had been always the guardian of wild and reckless "Freddie," and of the little gipsy Mimi of the gingham and straw hats. When Stephen was twelve years old Fred was eight, and Mimi only five.

And now he and that Mary Yolande—that same little grinning girl in the sun-bonnet, were man and woman, and had the plan of their marriage been fulfilled, they would still be coming up here every Summer, perhaps some day with another mischievous little Mimi and clumsy, adoring Stephen—

Mimi loved children, and would make a wise little mother—

A sudden thrill shook him; his heart stood still, raced for a few lightning seconds, seemed to turn over, with an odd frightening and yet wonderful sensation. Unbidden had come the thought of Lucretia, with her tawny braid falling over one shoulder, and a child in her arms.

To possess her, to have that miracle come to complete their love and their happiness! Stephen looked off across a cañon that was filling with the first purple light of the waning afternoon, a purple shot and flooded with hot gold. For the first time in his life parenthood seemed to him the crowning pride and achievement of life.

He thought of the men he knew; their wives and children. And he thought of himself looking at Lucretia, the beautiful, mysterious, amber-eyed Lucretia, newly lovely, and with the aura of motherhood about her, and of the child of whom he might say "my son."

"STEPHEN WINSHIP!"

It was Mimi herself, answering his call at the open door of the cabin, materializing suddenly from the dimness within, and quite simply putting her arms about his neck and kissing him on the cheek.

"Aunt Bessy!" she called. "Marjorie! Look who's here! Steve—but sit down there, and we'll get you some lemonade—Steve, you old darling! We were going to meet you on the afternoon train to-morrow. And can you stay until Sunday night? Oh, goody!"

She was looking very pretty in the khaki knickerbockers and loose white blouse, with leggings and sturdy brown shoes that were a sort of uniform for Marjorie and herself in the mountains. Mimi was always charming at the cabin, happy and at her ease, full of gaiety and hospitality.

And Stephen found the cabin itself delightful to-night; there was a stillness and bigness about the encircling woods, a piny fragrance in the air, a deep and soothing silence everywhere. The little house, smelling so pleasantly of wood; the delicious, cool supper served on the side porch; the walk he and Mimi and Marjorie took, inspecting the tennis-court and the creek, the fruit-trees and spring-house, were so many sources of satisfaction.

Stephen was no moral coward, but as the evening progressed, with a hundred shy evidences of affection from Mimi, a hundred allusions to the wedding from Marjorie and Ted, a hundred casual hints from the Judge as to what might be expected from the party when the primaries came about next Spring, he felt his resolution change rather than falter.

Could he disrupt all this happiness and confidence? And if he could, should he do so? What was his devotion to Lucretia, after all, but a sudden moment of selfishness, far, far more easily wiped away than this established and dear old order of things, to which life had bound him as it had bound all this loved group?

The tide came back. He loved Mimi, loved them all—loved the thought of other Summers here, of making them all pleased and happy and secure in their various ways! The Kinnicut Road house would be their home, and Aunt Bessy and Uncle Sam would come to Christmas dinner, and there would be a chance perhaps to bring Fred and Marjorie together. Far wiser to pursue this allotted scheme of things than to find himself, perhaps in some Western city, beginning his career all over again, looking at six- or seven-room apartments with Lucretia—

But again the thought of her betrayed him, and his heart stood still, raced—performed that extraordinary and thrilling revolution. House-hunting with Lucretia—to share a dining-room and a sitting-room, to plan Sundays together, to introduce the beauty and radiance of her as "my wife!"

He put the thought away. His final reflection was that a gentleman did not withdraw his offer of marriage with a lady, whatever the circumstances. Ted Rutger was extremely gallant with Mimi, and Fred, who came up the next day, overwhelmed her with affectionate attentions. Stephen had a mad moment of hoping that Mimi herself might waver. How easy he would make it for her!

But there was no wavering for Mimi, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

BOYS WANTED!



Jimmie Wright, way down in Texas, has a new wrist watch, just

like a soldier's! He got it in ONE WEEK, while he was going to school. The watch has a real leather strap and radium hands and numbers so he can tell time in the dark!

And Les Smith

just got a \$2.00 Spalding Official Baseball exactly like the



one Babe Ruth knocked over the fence! Now they've made Les Captain of the team, and they play a "World Series" with the "West-siders" every Saturday. Play Ball!!!



Bob Duffy is speeding around on a new Pathfinder "Motor-bike"—the

dandiest bike a boy ever did own, says Bob. Brand new, red and black, with nickel trimmings, and an enamelled husky carrier for packages.

Wesley Daley, up in Canada, gets OVER \$3.00 A WEEK on an



average, and he tells other fellows how to do it. "Just be honest and truthful," says Wesley. That's easy, isn't it? You bet, and Wesley got one of those dandy bikes too. You ought to see the picture he makes, riding down Main Street.



But—let's cut the tale short. All these boys, just average fellows,

worked on a regular plan to get watches and baseballs and bikes and things. But every boy made spending money and got these fine presents besides!

Would you like to know how? We'll be glad to tell you. Not only that, but



we'll start you off with everything you need. Don't send any money, not even postage. We will help you get your own business started and send everything you need to start FREE.



A complete outfit is waiting for you. It is all tied up and ready to go out—as soon as you send in the coupon below. You will think it's Christmas the whole year 'round when you see how easy this is. Mothers, if you want your boys to learn how to build up a business for the future and earn money while doing it, send in this coupon.

Dept. A, Young Hustlers Division,
The Pictorial Review Company,
Seventh Ave. and Thirty-ninth St.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send full particulars of your "Spending Money" offer and one of the big Gift Catalogues to:

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Motherhood brings Gray Hair



MANY a charming young mother finds herself aging long before her time. The cares of the family and household worries often gray the hair prematurely.

Children, as well as many elders, do not discriminate. To them gray hair means age. The devoted mother who would stay young with her children, or any woman who takes pride in her personal appearance, should make her toilette a matter of concern. At the first sign of gray she should call to her aid that magic of modern days—

BROWNAONE

With this clean, odorless and guaranteed harmless liquid she can tint either gray, faded or bleached hair to its exact girlish color—any shade of brown or black.

For a trial bottle, with easy and complete directions, send 10c for postage, packing and war tax.

"Brownatone" is durable and lasting and easily applied at home.

Sold everywhere at drug and toilet counters, or direct. 50c and \$1.50. Two colors: "Golden to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black."

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Indera FIGUREFIT KNIT SKIRT

For Cold Weather Wear!

When you take the youngest out over the glistening snow—you both should be warmly dressed. Exercise and clear cold air are good for you—if your body is well protected from the effects of the icy winter weather.

An Indera Figurefit Knit Underskirt will keep you as warm as toast. It is fashioned to fit snugly around waist and hips, without any bunching. There isn't even a vent to gap open—it's made so the top gives easily, and finished with a drawstring at the waist. It will not ride up over the knees because of a special patented knitted bottom which prevents it. Indera Knit Underskirts come in many colors and styles—even an underslip which hangs from the shoulders. Made in heavy and medium weight cotton and worsted mixed.

And for children, there are soft, warm underslips which hang from the shoulders, and fit in slightly at the waist, without any uncomfortable binding. They are fashioned all in one piece and slip over the head—no buttons nor clips to come off!

If you cannot get just the Indera skirt you want, write us direct.

THE MALINE MILLS, Dept. 1-1, Whitton Salem, North Carolina



THE LOVE OF LUCRETIA LOMBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

down behind the far end of the mountain had suddenly stared at her, Mimi would not have been much more frightened and horrified. Stephen had always been so good to her, it had seemed so natural that he should go on taking care of her until the end of time! She had to joyfully taken his gallantry and his interest and his concern for granted, wanted it all—always.

Her face burned with shame. She had taken too much for granted—that was the trouble. She had given herself too readily, dancing so lightly heartedly into the questions of gossip and homes and rugs and linen!

The world was turned upside down for Mimi as she walked slowly back to the cabin. Apart from her own wretchedness, there would be the suffocating business of telling the others—

Aunt Bessy would cry, and the Judge puff out denials and deprecations. And they would be angry at Stephen. Mimi felt a bitter satisfaction in the thought of their utter disappointment in her idol.

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reason. After all, what had Stephen said? That was all. And what was it that suddenly like Steve, when one analyzed it, to be afraid he was not quite vent enough? Wain't that a part of his extraordinary scrupulousness?

Mimi was refreshed by tears, she had eaten no supper, and felt pleasantly exhausted and relaxed. The strain at her heart was relieved; might this be her lovers' quarrel, after all, as Margie had suggested? The delicious anticipation of reconciliation warmed her very soul. That angry talk in the road would become only the cause of a wonderful reunion, when she would have Stephen's arm about her again while they talked the whole thing over, and while he told her that he could not live without his Mimi, and she confided in return that the measure of devotion he could give her more than satisfied her heart.

"You may be very sure," said Margie, through the bridge of her teeth, "that Steve is biting a club pen to pieces while he writes you eleven pages of explanation. I suppose he told you that he thought Grace had pretty hair, and you said that he had always admired her hair. Stephen's lack of enthusiasm for Grace being well recognized, Mimi laughed.

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WHERE DID YOUR MONEY GO?

HOW much money have you on hand to buy your Christmas presents? Will you have to make a big hole in your December income before you get half-way down your Christmas list? Do you know what became of the extra money you meant to save? Make a budget for your next year's expenses and know exactly where your income goes. Learn how to do this in Mrs. Short's practical article in the next issue of Pictorial Review.

The first instalment of "The Love of Lucretia Lombard" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published December 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.



DELILAH: BY FRANCES NOYES HART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89



"Not you," he whispered. "Never, never."

"We are delicate machinery, tragedian. Touch a hidden spring in us with your clumsy fingers and the little thing that was ticking away as faithfully and peacefully as an alarm-clock stops for a minute—and then goes on ticking. Only it has turned to an infernal machine—and it will destroy you."

She was silent for a moment, letting her fingers rest lightly on that bowed and humble head. When she spoke again, her voice was gentle. "Last night after—after you had gone, I remembered what you had said about Antony and his Egypt—and I found the play. Parts of it still go singing through my head. They loved each other so, those two magnificent fools. He finds her treacherous a hundred times—and each time forgives her, and loves her again, and she repays him beyond belief—far, far beyond power and treachery and death. Do you remember his bitter cry in that first hour of his disaster?"

"O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?"

"And when she weeps for pardon, how he tells her,

"Fall not a tear, I say: one of them rates All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss; Even this repays me."

"WHY, he was well repaid," said that strange, humble voice.

"I am glad that you feel that," Delilah told him, and she rose swiftly. "Would you like to kiss me, tragedian? You see, I have ruined you."

O'Hara stumbled to his feet. "What are you saying?" he whispered, a dreadful incredulity driving the words through his stiffened lips.

"That I have ruined you—I have sent your notes on the Irish situation to the other party in Ireland."

"You are mad."

"No, no." She shook her lovely head reassuringly. "Quite sane. I did not address them in my own handwriting, naturally. The envelop is typewritten—but the notes are in longhand; yours. The English Government will be forced to believe that for once it has misplaced its trust—but Ireland should pay you well—if she lives through civil war."

"By God—" His voice failed him for a moment. "This is some filthy dream."

"No dream, believe me." She came closer to him, radiant and serene. "Did you think that I was a yellow-headed doll, that you could insult me beyond belief, mock me to my friends, slander me to the committee of which I was a member? Monsieur de Nemours was good enough to warn me against you, also. I am no doll, you see; I happen to be a woman. We have not yet mastered that curiously devised code that you are pleased to term honor—a code which permits you to betray a woman, but not a secret—to cheat a man out of millions in business, but not out of a cent at cards. It's a little artificial, and we're ridiculously primitive. We use lynch-law still—swift justice with the nearest weapon at hand."

O'Hara was shaking like a man in a chill—his voice was hardly above a whisper. "What have you done—what have you done, Delilah?"

"Don't you understand?" She spoke with pretty patience, as tho to some backward child. "I have ruined you—you and your Ireland, too. I sent—"

And suddenly, shaken and breathless, she was in his arms.

"Oh, Ireland—Ireland and I!" But even at that strange cry of bitterness, she never stirred. "It's you—you who are ruined, my magic—and it's I who have done it, driving you to this ugly madness." He held her as tho he would never let her go, sheltering the bowed golden head with his hand. "Tho I forgive you a thousand thousand times, how will you forgive yourself, my little love? You who would not hurt a flower; where will you turn when you see what you have done?"

HE COULD feel her tears on his hand—she was weeping piteously, like a terrified child.

"Oh, you do love me, you do love me. I was so frightened—I thought that you would never love me."

He held her closer, infinitely careful of that shining fragility. "I love nothing else."

"Not Ireland?"

He closed his hunted eyes—shutting out memory.

"I hated Ireland," wept the small voice fiercely, "because you loved her so."

"Hush, hush, my heart."

"But you do—you do love me best?"

"God forgive me, will you make me say so?"

There was a moment's silence, then something brushed his hand, light as a flower, and Delilah raised her head.

"No, no, wait." She was laughing, tremulous and exquisite. "I have something to tell you. Did you think—did you think that I had really sent your notes?"

O'Hara felt madness touching him—he stared down at her, voiceless.

"But of course, of course, I never sent them. They are up-stairs—wait, I'll get them for you—wait!"

She slipped lightly from his arms, and was half-way to the door before his voice arrested her.

"Lilah!"

"Yes?"

"You say—that you have not sent the notes?"

"Darling idiot, how could you have thought that I would send them? This is life, not melodrama!"

"You never—you never thought of sending them?"

"Never, never." Her laughter rippled about him, mocking and tender. "I wanted to see—"

But he was groping blindly for the mantel, sick and dizzy now that there was no need of courage.

Delilah was at his side in a flash, her arms about him.

"Oh, my dear!" He had found the chair, but she still clung to him. "What is it? You're ill—you're ill!"

SOME one was coming down the stairs—she straightened to rigidity, listening breathlessly, then was at the door in a flash.

"Captain Lawrence!"

The young Englishman halted abruptly, wheeling.

"Captain Lawrence, Mr. O'Hara is here—he had to see me about some papers—and he has been taken ill. He's been overworking hideously lately. Will you get me some brandy for him?"

"Oh, I say, what rotten luck!" He lingered, concern touching his pleasant, boyish face. "Where do I get the brandy, Mrs. Lindsay?"

"Ask Lucia Dane—she knows how to get hold of the maids. And hurry, will you?"

She was back at his side before the words had left her lips—he could feel her fingers brushing his face like frightened butterflies,

but he did not open his eyes. He was too mortally tired to lift his lids.

"Here you are, Mrs. Lindsay. Try this, old son. Steady does it."

He swallowed, choked, felt the warm fire sweep through him—tried to smile, tried to rise.

"No, no, don't move—don't let him move, Captain Lawrence."

"You stay where you are for a bit, young feller my lad. Awfully sorry that I have to run, Mrs. Lindsay—but they telephoned for me from the Embassy. Some excitement about Turkey; the devil swallow them all. Good night—take it easy, O'Hara!"

"Oh, Captain Lawrence!" He turned again. "Have you the letter that I asked you to mail?"

"Surely—right here. I'll post it on my way over."

"Thanks a lot, but I've decided not to send it after all." She stretched out her hand, smiling. "It's an article on women in public life, and it's going to need quite a few changes—under the circumstances."

"The circumstances?"

"Yes. You might tell them at the Embassy—if they're interested. I'm handing in my resignation on the International Council to-morrow."

O'Hara gripped the arm of his chair until he felt it crack beneath his fingers. Captain Lawrence was staring at her in undisguised amazement.

"BUT I say! How in the world will they get along without you?"

"Oh, they'll get along admirably." She dismissed it as lightly as tho it were a luncheon engagement. "That young Lyons is the very man they need—he's really brilliant, and a perfect encyclopedia of information. I'll see you at the Embassy on Friday, won't I? Good night."

Her arms were about O'Hara before the hall door slammed.

"You're better now? All right? Oh, you frightened me so! It wasn't that foolish trick of mine that hurt you? Say no—say no—I couldn't ever hurt you!"

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"Never. I should be whipped for frightening you, unspeakable ass that I am." His arms were fast about her, but his eyes were straying. What had she done with that letter? He had caught a glimpse of it—quite a bulky letter, in a large envelop, with a typewritten address—typewritten.

"Have you noticed my hair?" The magic voice was touched with gaiety again, and O'Hara brushed the silken mist with his lips, his eyes still seeking. "I remembered what you said, you see—it grows most awfully fast—one of these days it will be as long as Rappunzel's or Méliande's. Will you like it then?"

Ah, there it was—face down on the lacquer table. He drew a deep breath.

"Lilah, that letter—what did you say was in that letter?"

THERE was a sudden stillness in the room; he could hear the painted clock ticking clearly. Then she spoke, very quietly.

"It's an article that I have written on woman in public life. Didn't you hear me telling Captain Lawrence?"

"Will you let me see it?"

Again that stillness—then, very gently, Delilah pushed away his arms, and rose.

"No," she said.

"You will not?"

"No." The low voice was inflexible. "I know what you are thinking. You are thinking that those are the Irish notes—that I had fully intended to send them this evening—that it was only an impulse of mine that saved you, as it would have been an impulse that wrecked you. You are thinking that next time it may fall differently. And you are willing to believe me guilty until I am proved innocent. You have always been that—always."

He bowed his head.

"I could hand you that envelop and prove that I am entirely innocent, but I will not purchase your confidence. It should be a gift—oh, it should be more. It is a debt that you owe me. Are you going to pay it?"

O'Hara raised his haggard eyes to hers.

"How should I pay you?"

"If you insist on seeing this, I will show it to you; but I swear to you that I will never permit you to enter this house again—I swear it. Do you believe me?"

"Yes."

"If you will trust me, I will give you your notes, love you for the rest of my life—marry you to-morrow." She went to the table, picked up the envelop, and stood waiting. "Well, what shall I do?"

He rose unsteadily, catching at the mantel. It was no use—he was beaten.

"Will you—will you give me the notes?"

He saw her shake then, violently, from head to foot, but her eyes never wavered. She nodded, and was gone.

He stood leaning against the mantel, heavily, his dark head buried in his arms. Beaten! He would never know what was in that envelop—never, never. She could talk to all eternity about faith and trust—he would go wondering all his life through. She would remain forever the eternal sphinx, the riddle to which he could find no answer. If he had stood his ground—if he had claimed it and she had been proven innocent, he would have lost her, but he would have found his faith. He had sold his soul to purchase her body. The painted clock struck once, and he raised his head. No, no—he was mad. She was right—entirely, absolutely right—she was just and merciful, she who might have scourged him from her sight forever. What right in heaven or earth had he to distrust her? Because her voice was silver and her hair was gold? Because violets scattered their fragrance when she stirred? Oh, his folly was thrice damned. If he had a thousand proofs against her, he should still trust her. She was woman—she was mystery—but she was his beloved. What was it that that chap Browning said?

"What so false as truth is, False to thee?"

THAT was what love should be—not this sick and faltering thing—

"Here are the notes," said Delilah's voice at his shoulder, and her eyes added, wistful and submissive, "and here am I."

He took them in silence, his fingers folding them mechanically—measuring, weighing, appraising. The envelop could have held them easily—

She turned from him with a little cry.

"Oh, you are cruel, cruel!"

He stood staring at her for a moment—at the small, desolate, exquisite figure with its bowed head, one arm flung across her eyes, like a stricken child—and suddenly his heart melted within him. She was weeping, and he had made her weep. He took a swift step toward her—and halted.

In the mirror at the far end of the room he could see her, dimly caught between firelight and candle-light, shadowy and lovely—in the mirror at the far end of the room she was smiling, mischievous and tragic and triumphant. He stared incredulously—and then swept her to him despairingly—burying his treacherous eyes in the bright hair in which clustered the invisible violets.